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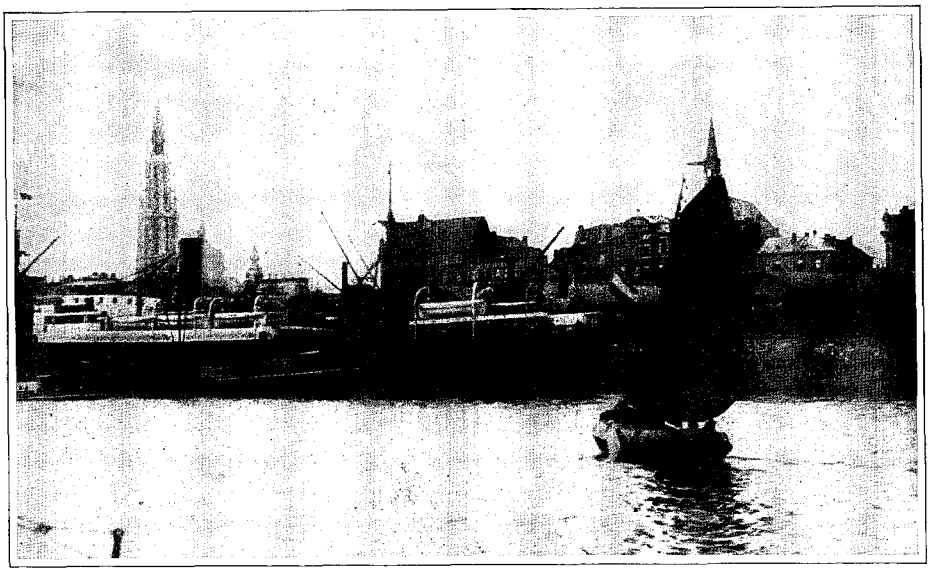

The dominating spire of the cathedral, rising as from a broken plain, is certainly the noblest landmark to greet the mariner's eye in any port.

THE WATER-SIDE OF ANTWERP

By Ralph D. Paine

THE white-winged ship and the tarry breed of sailor-men are fast vanishing from the Seven Seas and with them pass forever much of the romance and mystery of blue water. Commerce hurries its cargoes from clime to clime in engine-driven steel troughs manned by sooty mechanics. The mellowed antiquity of the harbor front is swept away to make room for modern quays and machinery and the whole business of seafaring takes on a prosaic aspect. A few great ports there are, however, in which the immensely varied charm of the days that were pervades the present, where the spars of stately square-riggers soar beside the squat funnels of tramp freighters, the electric hoisting crane purrs within sight of timbered warehouses that were crammed with spicy bales of merchandise before the *Mayflower* voyaged westward, and the landsman hears loudly singing in his ears the immemorial call of the ocean.

The tourist goes to Antwerp to see the cathedral, the paintings, and other storied attractions duly recommended in his red guide-book. It may reveal shockingly crude taste, but I, for one, would rather loaf at my leisure among the crowded docks and basins and along the swarming quays. There

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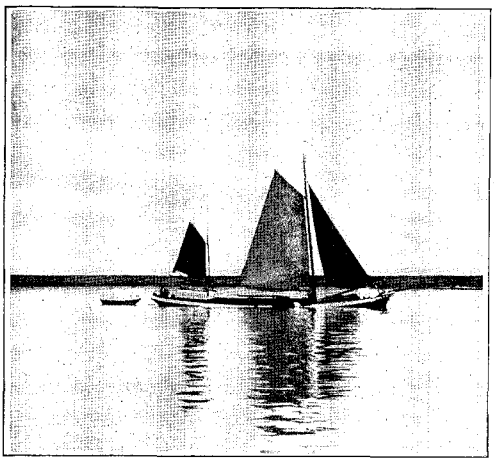
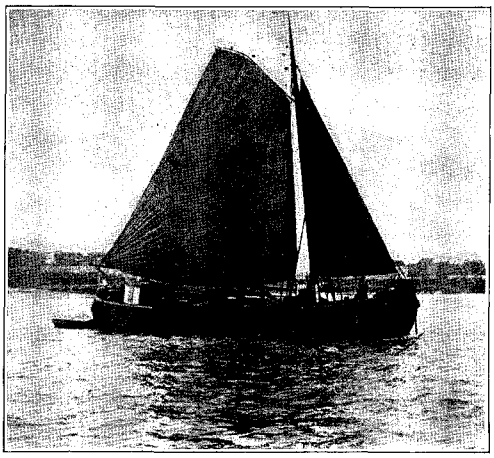


A deep-laden coaster steering down the river.

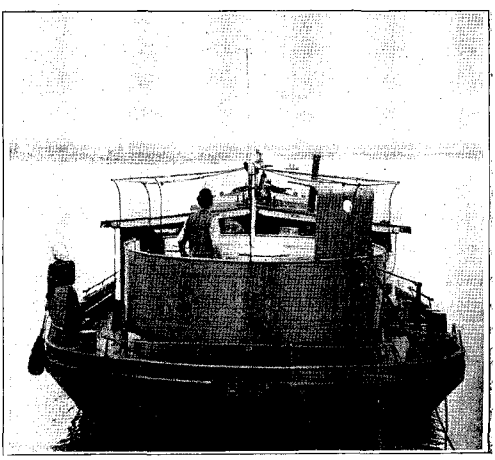
are other majestic cathedrals in Europe, and no lack of old masters, forsooth, but there is no water-side like that of the mighty port on the Scheldt, its atmosphere so mediæval, its equipment so amazingly modern. Up the broad estuary that leads from the North Sea, into the river held between the ramparts of the dykes, the shipping rolls home from all the world and Antwerp empties the holds to put the cargoes afloat again in vast flotillas of canal boats and barges which traverse the myriad waterways of Holland, Germany, and France.

It is this far-flung inland traffic by river and canal that has given Antwerp her rank among the greatest seaports, a prestige won almost four hundred years ago when her commerce was waxing more splendid than that of Genoa or Venice and the house-flags of her merchant princes floated over vessels in every known sea. There followed two centuries of such misery and stagnation as would have obliterated a port less advantageously situated and broken the spirit of a people less tenacious. Battered and gutted, swept by the Spanish Fury, Antwerp was given no chance to rally and one generation after another of her burghers beheld the blockading fleets of the Dutch closing the Scheldt at Flushing to commerce in order that Amsterdam should have no rival. As recently as 1803 Napoleon found this melancholy city "little better than a heap of ruins," as he expressed it. The canals were choked with debris, the streets grass-grown, the wharves empty of shipping.

The greatness of Antwerp is therefore not a matter of slow growth but a renaissance, swift and brilliant. The awakened Hamburg, giant of the north, is its only Continental rival, and the gaze of Germany is hostile and envious as she surveys the streams of traffic which flow in and out of the Rhine country through the gateway of the Scheldt. This river is the life blood of Belgium and of many thickly peopled regions beyond her bor-



Their models more like the lines of a wooden shoe than anything else.



The Dutch barges go dropping down the river to Hanswerth.

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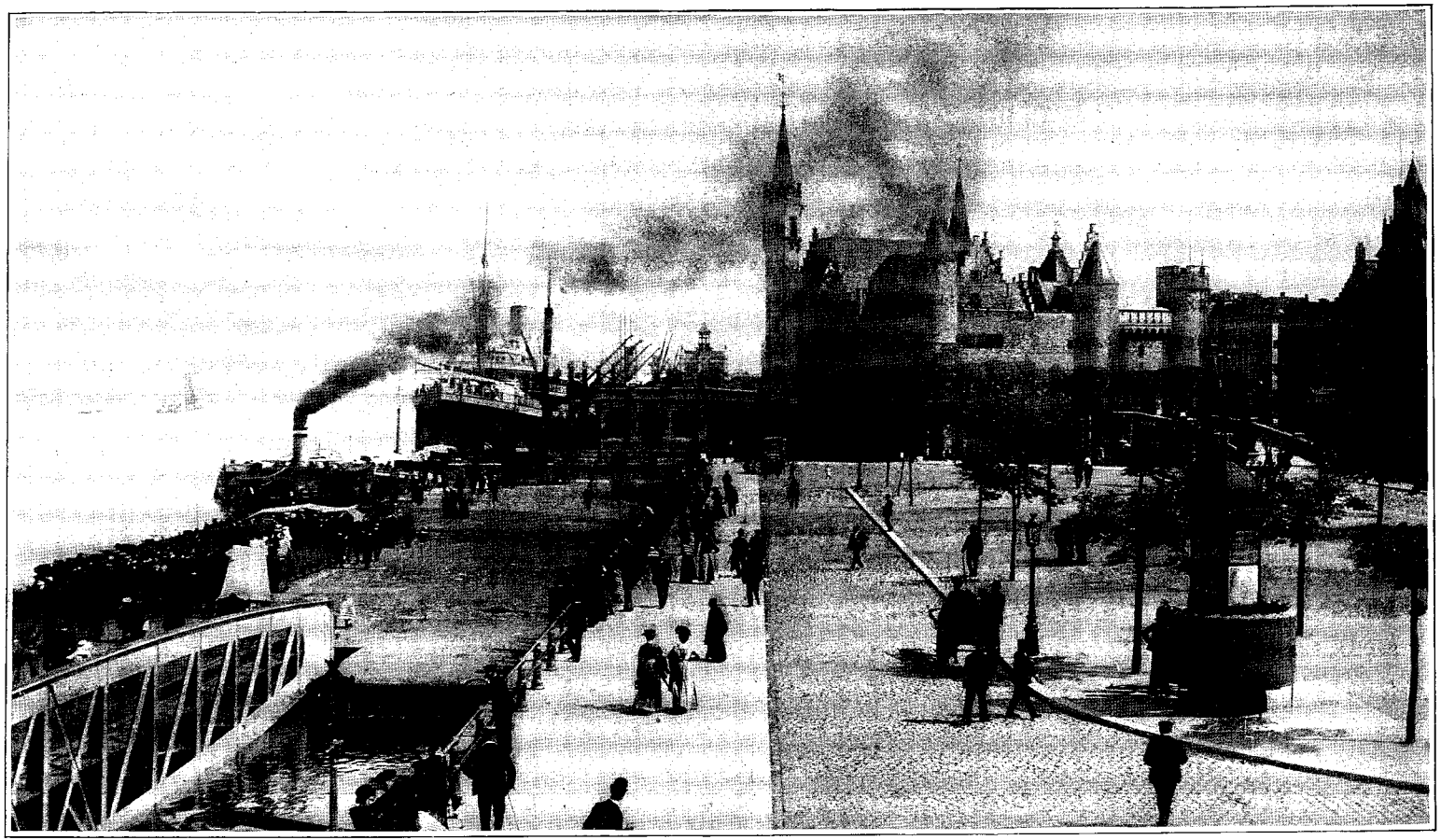

A German liner is berthed alongside the quay and the smoke from her funnels drifts across the gray towers of the Steen, which was the castle of the lords of Brabant.

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The drowsy quiet of one of the ancient pools in the heart of the town.

ders. Held and lost by Spain, Holland, France, and Germany, it is one of the golden prizes of European dominion.

As one nears the entrance of the Scheldt from the North Sea, the surf foams on crumbling yellow beaches whose monotony is unbroken by rock or cliff or summit. To the northward, along the coast of Zeeland, stretches a watery landscape of shifting islands almost awash, wind-blown dunes, and errant channels. As much of it as was worth fighting to reclaim as dry land, the sturdy courage of the Dutch has saved from the submersion which Nature obviously intended. Although the river and its commerce are no longer theirs, they still hold the mouth of the Scheldt, the gateway to Antwerp, with Flushing as the key.

A few miles inland and the checkered patchwork of tilled fields fenced by tiny canals and the cheerful red-brick villages begin to drop below the surface of the river, a topsy-turvy phenomenon in which the keels of the shipping are level with steeple, roof and windmill. Along this elevated highway moves a singular variety of traffic under steam and sail. A deep-laden freighter from the Congo whistles for the right of way. Black seamen are chattering at her hatch-covers, and under the deck awning is a group of colonial officials bound home on leave, gaunt, sombre men dressed in tropical duck, who have been marooned for years in fever-stricken ports that the rubber, oil, and ivory might be fetched to Antwerp warehouses.

In her wake crawls a Norwegian steamer almost hidden under a deck-load of lumber which rises higher than her bridge. Bad weather and a shift of cargo have listed her so far to port that the landsman expects her to capsize before his eyes. The skipper and his crew are used to living on a fearsome slant, however, and display practised agility in climbing up a deck that slopes like a house-top. If they find nothing to worry about, then the men of yonder sea-worn old sailing ship were not born to be drowned. Once a fine Scotch clipper in the Australian trade, she, too, brings lumber from Norway, and so rotten and strained are her timbers that the hull is wrapped about with four stout chains to hold it together.

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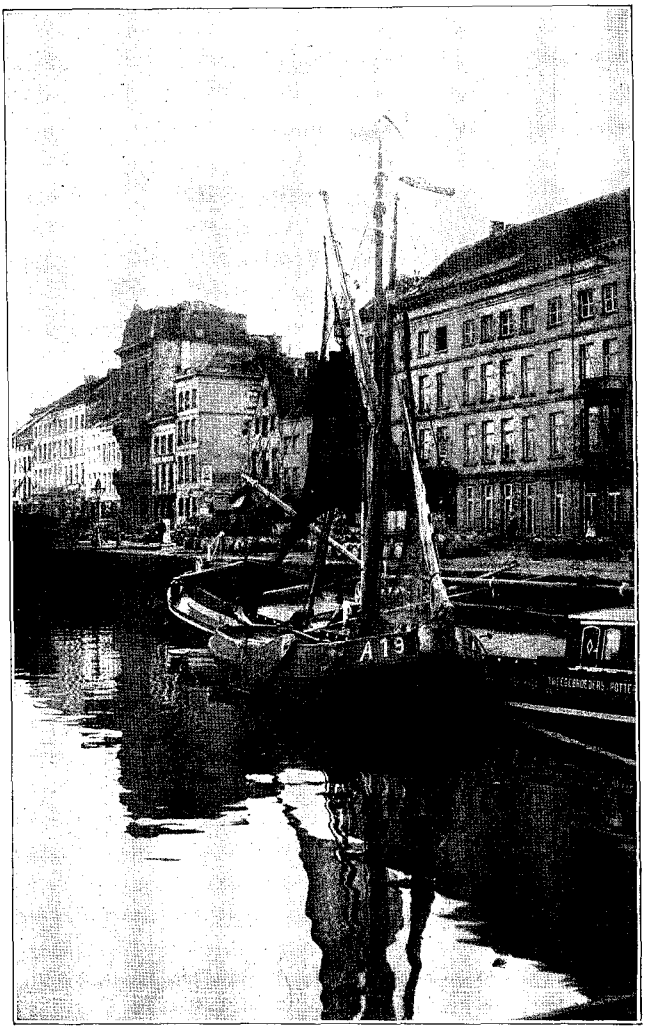
Grimy colliers from Hull and Cardiff surge past French and Italian craft from the Mediterranean, whose disorderly decks are bright with the flash of red neckerchiefs and the glint of ear-rings. Ore boats from Spain, rusty tramps from Hongkong and Manila with blue-clad Chinese crews, tall barks from the nitrate coast, cotton-laden steamers from Savannah and New Orleans, dodge the small fry leisurely steering for the canal route to Holland and the reaches of the Zuyder Zee. Dutch fishermen and coasters are working clumsily to windward with leeboards down, their models more like the lines of a wooden shoe than anything else, and long strings of barges blunder across the fairway.



A fishing sloop in the William Dock.

At a bight of the broad river, fifty miles from the North Sea, Antwerp reveals itself behind an immense expanse of quays and docks and ships. Built on the low marshlands and surrounded by fat meadows which the Scheldt would overflow but for the dykes, the city has an inconspicuous sky-line beyond the water-front, and the dominating spire of the cathedral, rising as from a broken plain, is certainly the noblest landmark to greet the mariner's eye in any port.

The old world welcomes sea-borne commerce as a bulwark of the common welfare and provides every facility for shipping as a public duty and a profitable investment. It is only in the United States that improvements of this kind are begrudged or actively opposed. Antwerp is still tearing down, building, excavating, to find more room for the craft that swarm up the Scheldt to make her richer. All the rotting, picturesque wharves that belted the water-front in the Middle Ages were long ago obliterated and in their stead there stretches for three and a half miles a massive wall fashioned of cut stone. It rises sheer from deep water and along its length, moored stern and bow, ride the squadrons of ocean steamers flying the flags of a dozen nations. Often they must swing at anchor in the stream waiting for vacant berths at these spacious quays.

This extended parade of shipping makes an unusual appeal to one fond of things maritime. It is an exhilarating pageant. Other ports lack this *ensemble*. You see the vessels in glimpses, a dock here, a

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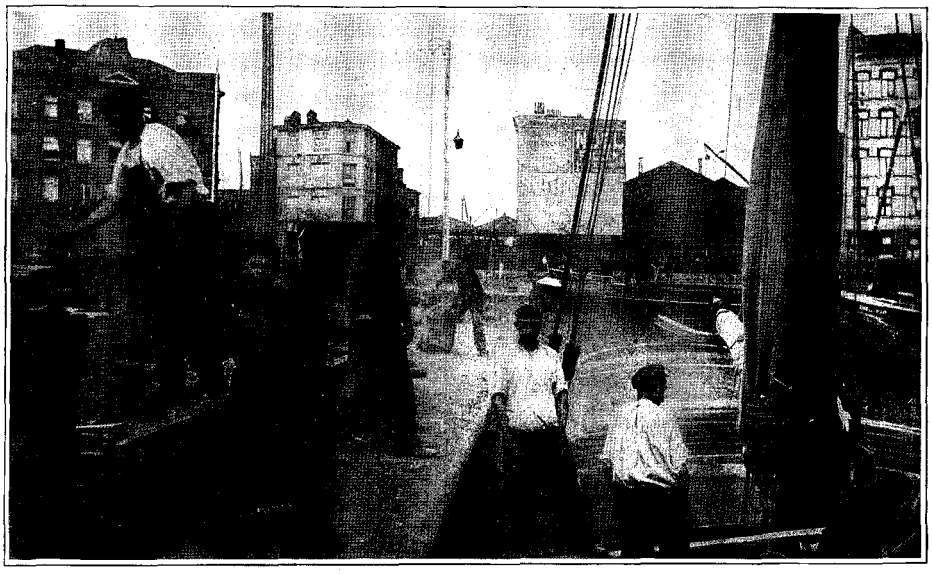

In the Bassin aux Briques.

group of wharves there. Antwerp proclaims herself for what she is. These miles of spray-stained funnels, canvas-screened bridges, the forest of derrick masts and stays, the towering hulls, fill the eye and make a picture that has the sweep and bigness of an epic. One steamer, by itself, may be commonplace. A hundred of them ranged in such a perspective as this thrill the imagination. They suggest the sights and sounds of so many distant seas through which their throbbing screws have driven them, so many exotic ports and peoples that have heard their anchors splash.

This great wall is something more than a resting-place for ships. They must make haste to finish their business and turn seaward again, to the River Plate, or the Straits Settlements, the shining harbors of the Caribbean, or the nearer havens of the Baltic and the Black Sea. Above their open hatches swing the huge arms of the hydraulic cranes marshalled along the wide floor of the quays, and always a legion of these quiet, powerful machines is lifting and lowering cases, bales, barrels, between the sheds and the vessels. No timbered, odorous old warehouses are these structures that roof the quays, but airy shelters of stone and metal, severely practical, astonishingly convenient for their uses. On the one side are the ships, on the other the railroad tracks to make the transfer of merchandise as speedy and economical as possible. The activities of these imposing granite quays are so well-ordered and intelligent, their whole aspect so aggressively up-to-date, that the Yankee voyager, having his first sight of Antwerp from the Scheldt, forgets to boast of the enterprise of his native land and may, perchance, blush for the backwardness of New York and Boston.

With a certain gracious consideration for the pleasure and comfort of its people, the government of Antwerp was unwilling that the demands of commerce should deny them the fair prospect of the river and the ships. Accordingly a large extent of the Quay Van Dyck and the Quay Jordaens was covered over with terraces of stone to form the *Promenoirs*, reached by wide and easy stairways. Here is one of the most attractive sauntering places of Europe and on any pleasant afternoon it is thronged with men, women, and children. The salt wind gushes cool across the low lands, the stream is always populous with moving craft, and the dust and noise of the street traffic are made remote by intervening park-like spaces handsomely adorned. And this noble recreation area has been created at great cost in the heart of the shipping district of one of the busiest seaports of Europe.

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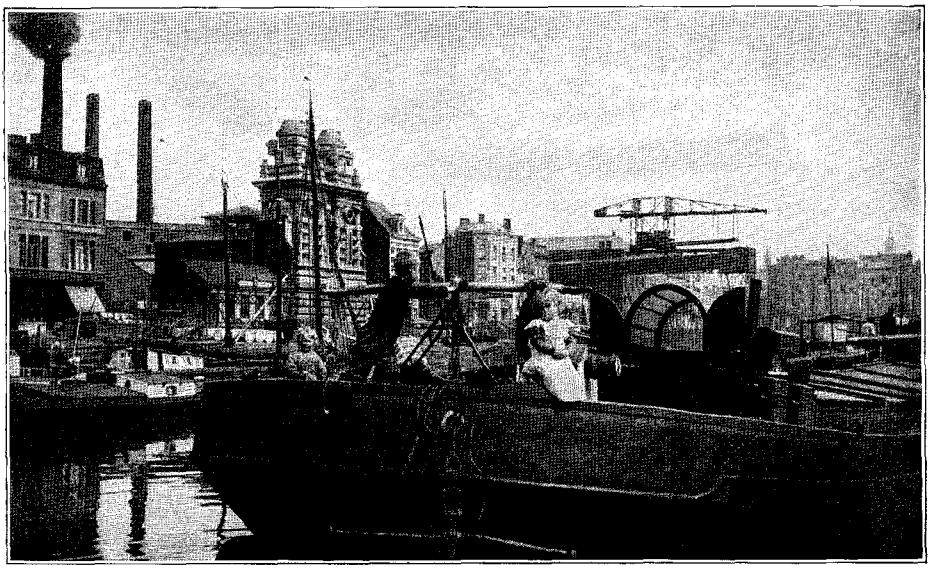

Tow-headed children romp on the decks of their floating homes.

The *Promenoirs* link the mediæval and the modern Antwerp by means of notably contrasting scenes. A German liner is berthed alongside the quay and the smoke from her funnels drifts across the gray towers of the Steen, which was the castle of the lords of Brabant almost a thousand years ago. When Alva scourged the Netherlands the Steen was made the seat of the Inquisition, and a great number of Protestant heretics, doubtless many stout Flemish sailors among them, died of the torture in the dungeons into which the idler on the *Promenoirs* peers with an agreeable shudder. At the other end of these terraces rises the sculptured gateway, or *Waterpoort*, for which Rubens himself drew the designs. It holds a seated figure of the river god to signify that ancient Antwerp cherished worthy pride in her commerce and recognized the source of her strength.

Beyond the Steen beckon the tall façades of ornate buildings which housed the merchants of the Middle Ages, but before quitting the delightful *Promenoirs* and the spick-and-span quays, it seems a pity not to quote from a quaint little booklet easily worth its price of one shilling which conducts an extraordinary wrestling match with the English tongue and calls itself "The New Guide." Unsuspecting shipmasters from London and Liverpool sometimes buy it in the little shops of the seafaring quarter, and after blinking at its pages wag their heads with a solemn air and forthwith become total abstainers. It jars their simple intellects to read that "when her stock of tools shall be completed and improved, she, Antwerp, shall victoriously sustain the pacifical struggle for the economical predomination of the hemispheres," or that "the quais are daily visited by walkers interesting themselves in the light running of passing vessels, the gracious curve made by the meandering ferry boat and a picturescal enumeration of other sights."

It is well, however, to harken to the author's suggestion "if you will have a complete idea of the Antwerp agglomeration, please to visit some excentrical quarters and view a great deal of particularities which we have uselessly omitted." To find the oldest basins, such as had space to hold the small vessels of the mediæval Antwerp when the great shipping families of the Fuggers, the Stettens, and Spinolas were in their glory, one must seek, not the region of the great modern dock system down the river, but the part of town which lies just back from the quays.

These little pools, rimmed by decaying bulkheads and hidden among quaint, low-roofed Flemish dwellings, no longer float the argosies that once brought sugar and

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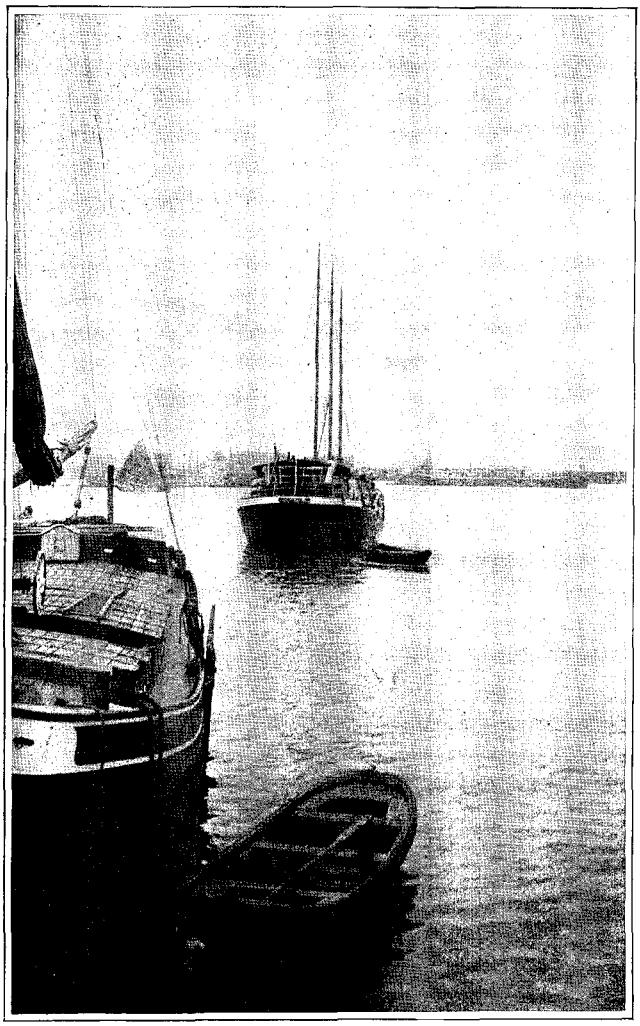

The wooden canal boat . . . is making way for the steel barge. . . . Many of these steel barges are as long as ocean-going vessels.

spices from Portugal and Spain, silks from the East Indies, and silver from the New World. They have fallen to baser uses and are become the *Bassin aux Briques* or the *Bassin aux Charbons*. Even the new canal boats and barges carry much greater tonnage of merchandise than did those high-pooped arks of sailing craft in which the Dutch seamen of the sixteenth century ventured past the Cape of Good Hope.

These oldest basins, into which the tide flows gently through dark, narrow passages, are frequented by the shabby antiques of the canal flotillas. Not for these stubby sloops and weather-darkened barges are the long inland voyages to Germany and France. They tow lazily among the green fields of Belgium, to the brick-yards of Boom, perhaps to bustling, prosperous Ghent or mouldering Bruges and the wide plains of Flanders, among the rows of pollards, embowered country houses, lush fields and woodland patches. They are no longer gay with bright paint, tar, and brasswork, but theirs is a self-respecting old age. Dirt or disorder can be found nowhere above or below decks.

The robust Flemish folk who man these boats are a placid race of mariners. There may be stir and noise along the quays, great ships coming and going, and sailors of many nations roaring songs among the cafés and dance halls, but a stone's throw away the old basins sleep in the sunshine. Nothing is ever hurried, no one excited. Tow-headed children romp on the decks of their floating homes or sprawl across the huge tillers, and now and then one of them falls overboard to be fished out by a deliberate, matter-of-fact parent who counts such mishaps as in the day's work.

The white caps of the women bob in and out of the tiny boxes of cabins. They somehow find room to stow their flocks and achieve other miracles of housekeeping. In summer the stove is set up on deck, and when dinner is cooking under the stern awnings of a dozen canal boats in a row, and the skippers, the deck-hands, and the children are wistfully grouped to watch mother deftly juggle her pots and pans, the old basin wears a picnic air and the impression that the life of these mar-

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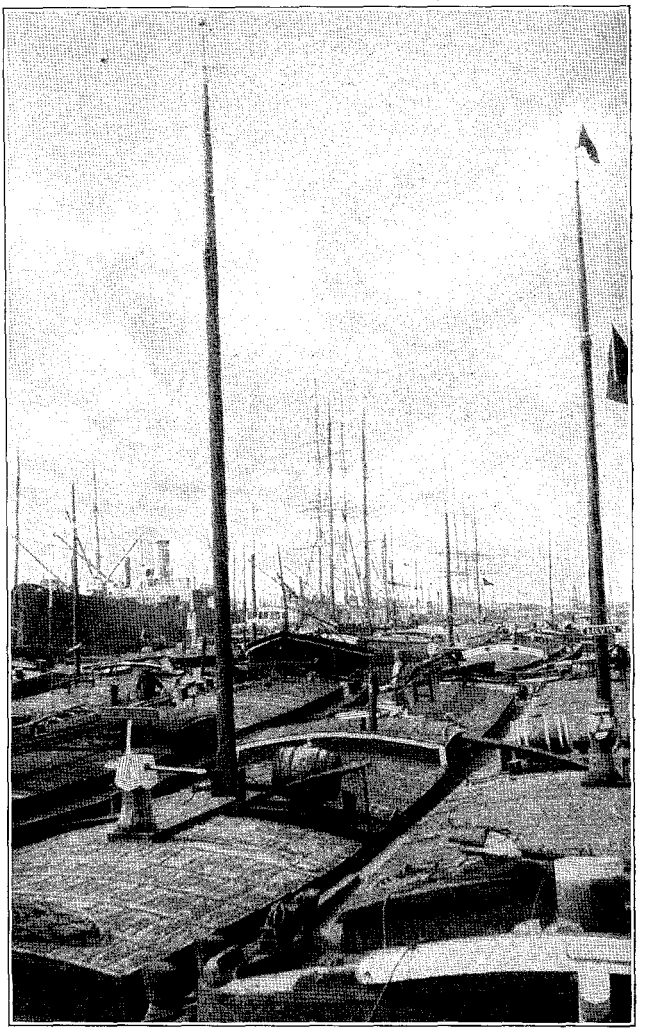
iners is one long holiday becomes more vivid than ever.

Alas, once in a great while a quarrel arises between two of these worthy skippers. The *Twee Gebræders* may have been moored to a piling which the *Marie Marthe* had reserved to tie up to, or there was the matter of that trifling collision when the tow ropes fouled during the last voyage. The principals jam their fists deep in their baggy breeches, stand very stiff in their wooden shoes, and face each other on the cobble pavement beside the basin to argue in slow, stubborn fashion. The laborers piling bricks forsake their tasks. The brawny women unloading bags of lime wipe the dust from their eyes and become interested spectators. The old gentleman nodding over a fishing-pole carefully coils his line and ambles within earshot. The business of the old basin moves at so leisurely a gait that little is needed to make it stand stock-still.



The trafflic of the Kattendyck Dock. Here the barges are so thickly crowded that it is an easy matter to cross by stepping from one deck to another.

The hostile skippers continue to growl at each other, somewhat red of countenance but otherwise unheated. The respectful audience weighs and discusses the arguments in subdued chorus. Thus the quarrel drags its dignified length along until a compromise is threshed out. The observers appear pleased, whereas there are countries in which the tame conclusion would provoke disappointment. The skippers grin awkwardly and a pretty ceremony ensues. Each strikes his own hands sharply together and they exclaim in a guttural duet the mystic word "*Tap*" which signifies that the dissension is dead and done for. Then arm in arm they move toward the nearest *estaminet* to sit at a table on the pavement and soberly sip a mug or two of beer in token of the amicable understanding. They do these things very well among the Antwerp basins of the old town, but it is a different matter when Spanish firemen and Greek coal-trimmers draw knives among the docks. Then the gendarmes are summoned.

This row of small antiquated harbors dug among the houses of the town is tucked away from the sight of the casual visitor. It is recommended as a refuge for tired nerves. The quiet boats, the slow, untroubled people, the surrounding and over-

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A corner of the Quay Van Dyck.

hanging edifices mirrored in the still water would have pleased Rip Van Winkle himself. It is to be presumed that this quarter of the town has not been thoroughly awakened since a prodigious explosion of dynamite shook Antwerp to its very foundations a generation ago.

Elsewhere in the city traffic moves at a brisker pace but without jostling or uproar. When one deep-water steamer is to be loaded in New York, Front Street is a little inferno of blockaded trucks, straining horses, and blasphemous drivers. The pedestrian is appalled and takes his life in his hands as he dodges through the tangle of vehicles. Twenty ships are laden and depart from Antwerp with less commotion. The great Flemish dray horses plod with a kind of majesty. Their coats shine like satin, the harness is effulgent with brass plates, bells, and dingle-dangles. The Belgians are proud of these mighty horses which pull the ponderous carts and low-wheeled trucks without urging. Their sedate, unhurried pace is that of the port, immensely efficient, yet wasting no effort.

The laborers of the docks and quays, and there is an army of twenty-five thousand of them, maintain this same plodding gait, but the day's business of Antwerp is done and well done. The wisdom of the world has not been cornered in the fevered land of Uncle Sam. The thorough, painstaking Flemish and Dutch have solved the problem of transacting a vast amount of commerce with the least possible wear and tear. It is characteristic of the people and their traditions that when this multitude of longshoremen went on strike several years ago they made such a thorough, stubborn job of it that a civil war raged. Inflamed to violence by the rampant faction of Belgian socialists, they burned millions of dollars' worth of warehouses and merchandise and fought the regular troops. The Spanish aforetime had some experience with this native spirit of resistance in the Low Countries.

During a century of maritime expansion the system of docks has been extending further and further from the heart of the city. The earliest of these were constructed by order of Napoleon whose far-sighted purpose was to create a powerful and menacing seaport, opposite the mouth of the Thames, as his chief naval station. "Antwerp must avail itself of the immense advantages of its central position between the North and South," he declared, "and of its magnificent and deep river." Had Waterloo and St. Helena not intervened he would have made it the foremost port and fortress of Europe a century ago.

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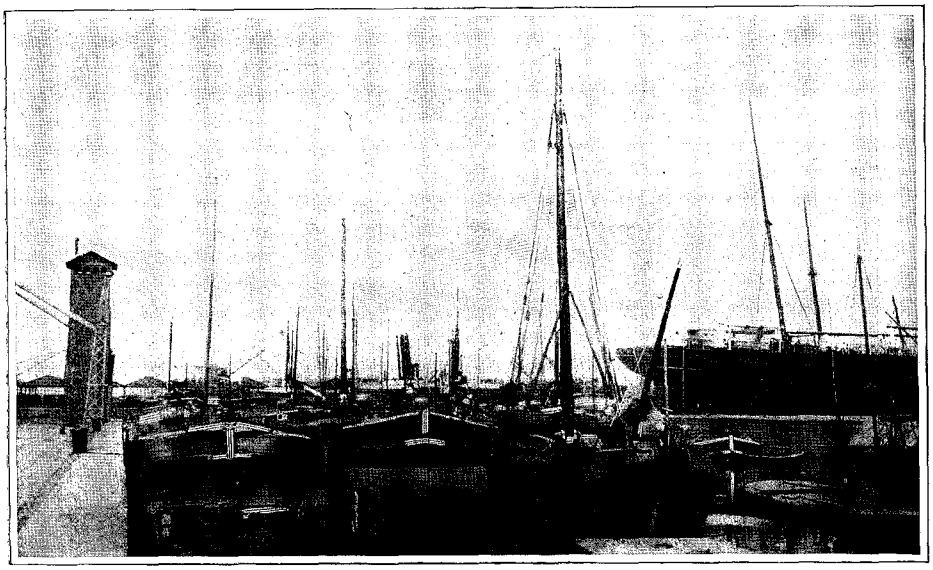

The clustered barges that float away to France and Holland.

These two docks of his, called *Bonaparte* and *William*, were designed to hold the ships of the French navy. Their walls of solid masonry were built to endure, and within these spacious shelters and their broad connecting canal five hundred vessels of moderate tonnage can be moored without crowding. Sluice gates shut out the booming tide of the Scheldt with its rise and fall of from twelve to twenty feet. Daily at flood-tide these barriers are opened and the basins display an animated movement to and fro, of picturesque small craft, archaic hulls and rigging, colored sails, bright costumes.

Even here, however, utilitarian modernity is changing time-honored sights and customs. The wooden canal boat, gay with red flower-pots, green-and-white paint work and other adornments, is making way for the steel barge. This modern inland carrier has naught to charm the artistic eye but it is transforming the methods of transportation in northern Europe. Many of these steel barges are as long as ocean-going vessels. They suggest more than anything else the steamers of the Great Lakes stripped of funnels and forward deck-houses. Some of them are propelled by gasolene engines. They are a product of the commercial Germany of to-day and their trade is largely in the valley of the Rhine. Their cargoes are transferred at trifling expense from the steamers alongside, and with perhaps a thousand tons of grain and merchandise aboard they swim away on voyages of weeks and months.

These uncouth giants of the canals are commonplace to behold, but as one of them floats out past the sluice gate bound for her distant port, the heart of the beholder is mildly stirred by the spirit of adventure. It was from an Antwerp basin that Stevenson embarked on his own "Inland Voyage" by canoe, and was moved to exclaim:

"Of all the creatures of commercial enterprise, a canal barge is by far the most delightful to consider. There should be many contented spirits on board, for such a life is both to travel and to stay at home. The chimney smokes for dinner as you go along; the banks of the canal slowly unroll their scenery to the contemplative eye; the barge floats by great forests and through great cities with their public buildings and their lamps at night; and for the bargee in his floating home, 'travelling abed,' it is merely as if he were listening to another man's story or turning the leaves of a picture book in which he had no concern."

The Dutch barges go dropping down the river to Hanswerth and steer north behind the outlying barrier of islands, through canal and estuary, to find their way to Am-

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sterdam, Rotterdam, Schiedam, and Haarlem. Others are loading to fare slowly from the easterly arm of the Scheldt across Belgium and into the Rhine for Cologne, Mannheim, Duisburg, and Strasburg. Here also are the skippers who have re-

The great Flemish dray horses plod with a kind of majesty.

turned with cargoes picked up among the carpet factories of Charleroi, the flax mills of Courtrai, and the coal mines of the Borinage which blacken the landscape for miles around Mons. Or pleasanter still is it to sprawl on the edge of the dock and hear the rambling talk of voyages to France, through the Oise and along the vale of the Meuse, past the rugged steeps and dark forests of Ardennes.

The gossip of the basins runs on in a medley of tongues, Flemish, Dutch, Walloon, French, and German. Time was when the *Bonaparte* and *William* docks heard much of the speech of the down-east Yankee and the Novia Scotia "bluenose." Then the stately clippers drove a mighty trade in cased and barrelled petroleum and their main-yards brushed the roofs of warehouse and tavern. They warp into dock no more to the stirring chorus of deep-sea chanties, and the Yankee seaman in Antwerp deserves a place among the collections of marine curiosities in the halls of the Steen.

I know a red-bearded viking of a ship-master who is wont to survey this part of Antwerp with a kind of reminiscent wistfulness. Recalling the days of his youth he grumbles:

"It was different when the schooners used to fill the south side of the dock yonder. Ah, there was a fleet that made sailoring something like fun. We used to go to Tiene Major, to the southward of Santander, to fetch back iron and copper ore. Sometimes there would be thirty or forty sail of us, waiting for weeks to get over the bar. The men lay on the sand and played cards, and the cigars and wine were cheap and good, while the Spanish women brought the ore off in little baskets on their backs. Tell me, my friend, wasn't that better than jamming along in a cargo steamer on a time charter and the owner damning the skipper's eyes if he is two days overdue?"

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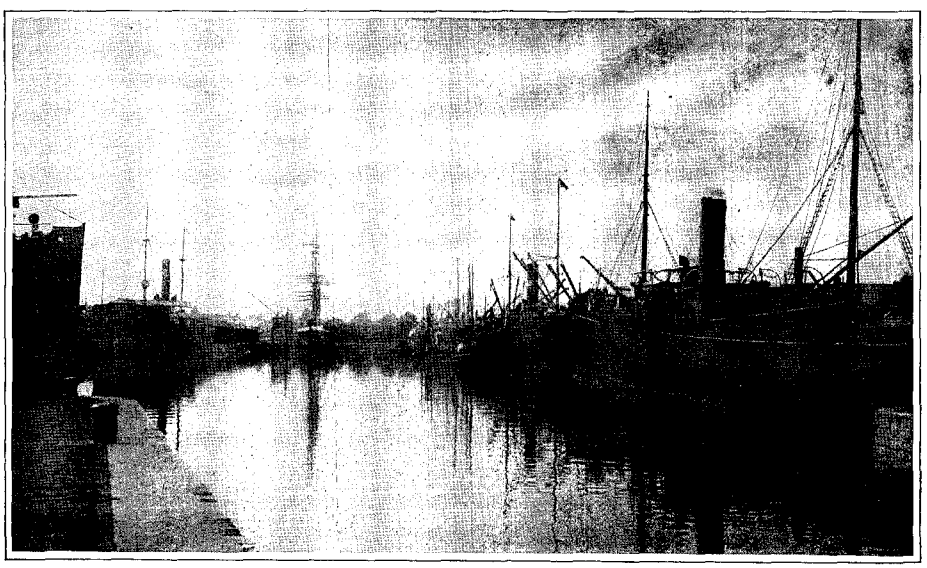
Flemish women sweeping hides on the quay.

The sailor ashore in Antwerp finds no such slums as disgrace the harbor-side of London, Liverpool, or, worst of all, New York. The water-front has been so swept and garnished and adorned that one misses the characteristic haunts of Jack in mad haste to fling away the hard-earned wages that blister his pockets. One must explore the narrow, crooked streets that lie just back of the William Dock in the old town where Skipper Straat dips underneath the old church, and the crews of all nations come footing it from the ships to enjoy the lively diversions of the *Swarte Kaat.* Here the hurdy-gurdy makes a joyful noise from dark till dawn and tireless elbows ply



When the high-sided cargo steamers moor in one of the modern docks.

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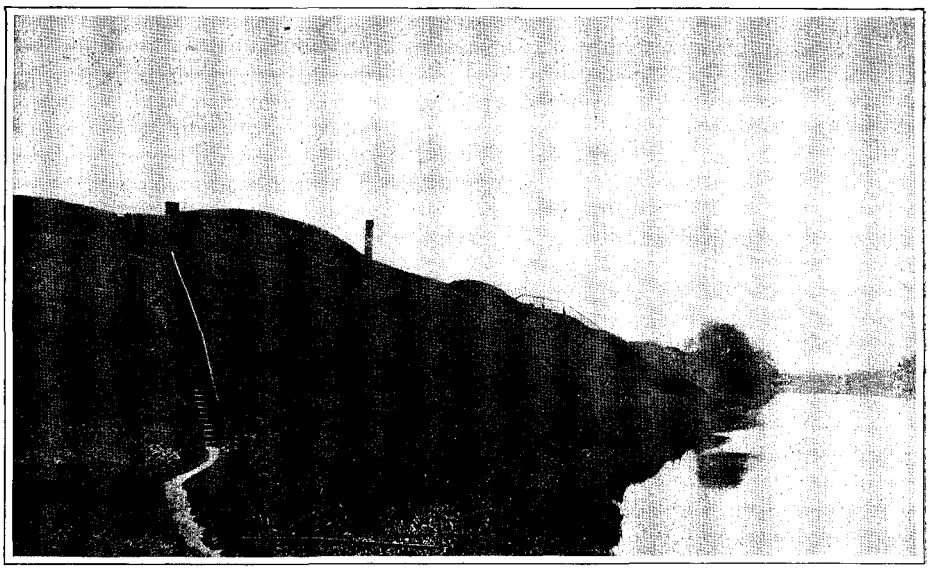

A bit of the fortifications which are being removed to make room for more docks.

the fiddle bow. Much music, good beer, and buxom Flemish girls to dance with,—what more can a sailor ask? He does very well without the bad whiskey that curses most seaports, and his life ashore in Antwerp has a pleasanter flavor, is less sordidly vicious than in an Anglo-Saxon environment.

Dutch, Portuguese, Flemish, Italian, Congo blacks, Japanese and what not, they good-naturedly drift from dance hall to sidewalk café or crowd the famous Punchinello Kelder hard by the *Blood Barg* and shout polyglot approval of the mimic actors whose pantomime needs no explanation. When the performance is not up to par, however, custom ordains that bad eggs should be hurled with a reckless ardor that causes a casual visit to be classed as extra hazardous. When it so happens that a stalwart seaman or stoker has to wipe his own eyes clear of a passé omelet, trouble is apt to start without further notice.

"I don't know why it is," said my shipmaster friend aforesaid, "but ever since I was a younker before the mast the sailors have liked to go to the Punchinello Kelder and amuse themselves by throwing rotten eggs at the show and one another, if they happen to feel like it."

The life and backgrounds of these little streets, the vistas of gilded gateways, now tarnished and forlorn, of fretted gables overlooking court-yards given over to decay, of brick mansions faced with marble that have become the noisy haunts of sailors, recall, as can no other quarter of the town, that Antwerp portrayed in the painting which hangs in the Hotel de Ville, of the burgomaster welcoming the first sugar ships to arrive from the Canary Isles in the faraway year of 1508, only two years after the death of Christopher Columbus.

North of this quarter and beyond the old basins of Napoleon, extends the series of great modern docks, like so many lakes framed in stone and concrete, joined by a network of sluices and canals. There is the *Bassin Kattendyck*, the *Bassin Asia*, the *Bassin America*, and half a dozen more, hundreds of acres of them, costing many millions of dollars. Merely to walk among them is to discover that the magnificent quays reveal only a part of the port's activities. Here the barges are so thickly crowded that it is an easy matter to cross by stepping from one deck to another. Their crews and families are like village communities. These humble navies are servants to the ranks of high-sided cargo steamers moored along the walls.

The scenes are like those along the city water-front except for the clustered square-rigged ships. As they come home one by one from beyond the Horn, the few survivors of the American sailing ship era of

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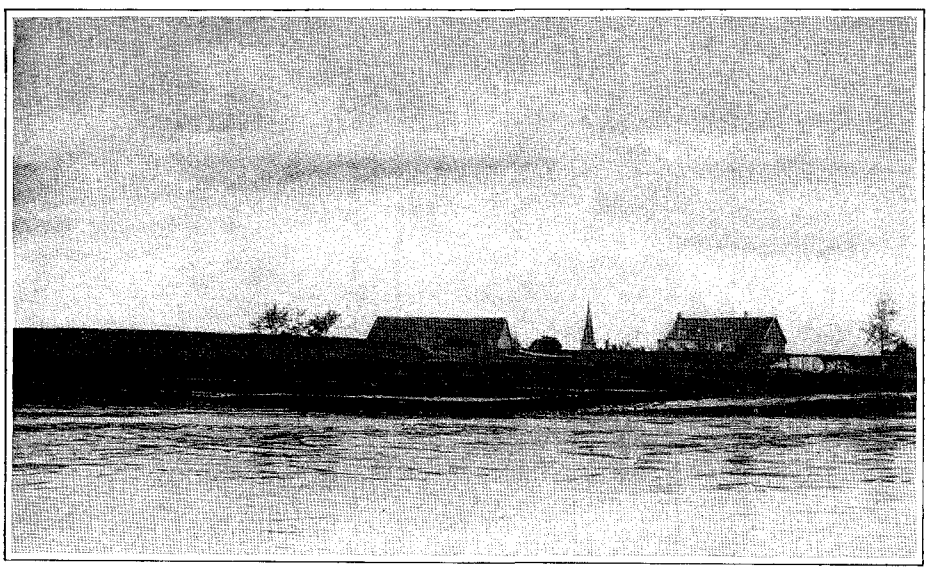
glorious memory are towed to the graveyard of Erie Basin to be dismantled and end their days as melancholy coal hulks. In such a port as Antwerp, however, it is still possible to find many four-masted ships and handsome barks in active service in the deep-water trade. Without them a seaport is a picture incomplete, inadequate. They satisfy the love of salty romance and adventure as nothing else can. It is something deeper than sentimental fancy that mourns the obliteration of this, one of the loveliest and most inspiriting fabrics of man's handiwork.

There is no jumbled background of warehouses and grain elevators, coal-hoists and derricks, to detract from the romantic prospect of the sailing ships in the docks of Antwerp. Behind them unfold the flat green meadows, the sweeping curve of the river, the swelling mounds of the grass-grown fortifications, and the silver ribbon of moat. The barges huddled alongside may float in drowsy safety and contentment along the sluggish streams of the back countries, but these splendid ships have a braver destiny, to battle close-reefed with the gales of the Western Ocean and lift gleaming spires of canvas to the breath of the Pacific trades. Their captains courageous, English, German, and French, belong to a species almost extinct, tanned, resolute men who walk the quays with a deep-sea roll.

The Antwerp boulevards are pleasant places for a leisurely stroll at the twilight hour, but there is a better place to be, down where the great docks and dykes march beside the gleaming river. Against the violet sky the slender spars and mazes of rigging of the sailing ships are etched in confused, delicate tracery. The clank and clatter of commerce are stilled. The longshoremen have trooped homeward and sailors are singing upon the forecastle-heads. Cabin windows begin to show cheery little patches of light among the shadows. The sound of the cathedral chimes comes clear and sweet across the lowlands and the tinkling music of ships' bells proclaims the hour from a hundred decks.



A village behind the dykes of the Scheldt, between Antwerp and the sea.

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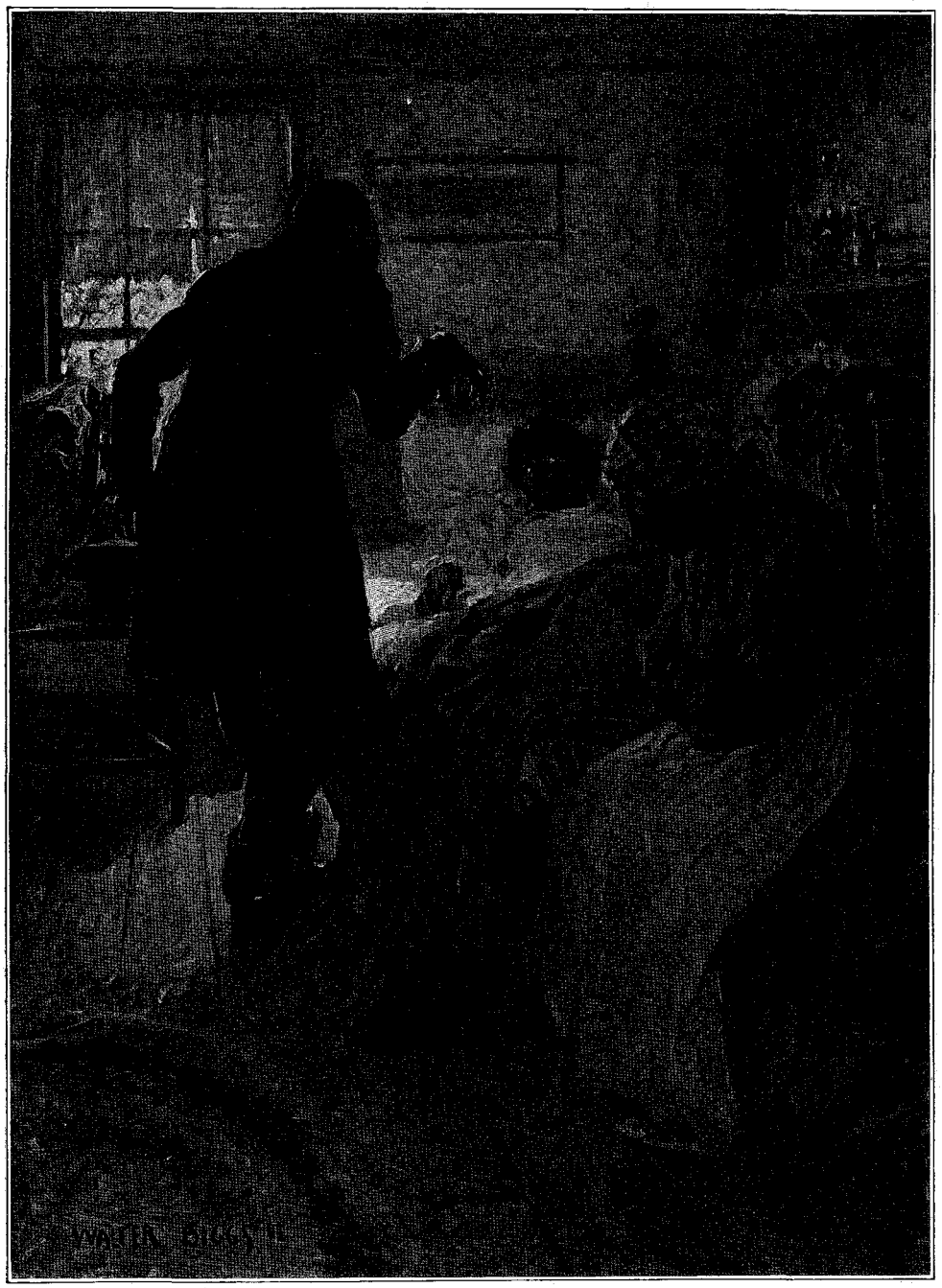

Drawn by Walter Biggs.

At the moment he was making slow passes with his hands.—Page 277.

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THE TRICK-DOCTOR

By Thomas Nelson Page

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER BIGGS

I

IT was some years ago, before the old relation between the "white folks" and their old "servants" in Virginia had so changed as it has of late, and yet when the change had already begun.

In the late afternoon of a spring day, Doctor Hunter had just come in from his rounds about the neighborhood, and had laid his hat and gloves on the old piano in the sitting-room, and placed his worn riding-whip beside them in a wilderness of books, flowers, and nondescript articles, when the door opened and his wife entered. She appeared always to know by some instinct when her husband arrived.

"I did not see you ride up," she said, as if she had failed in some duty. "You didn't get to see Jane?"

"No," said her husband, "I did not get down in the direction of The Bend—I was detained—that child was so sick. I will go there the first chance I have—I don't suppose there is much the matter with her—except malaria."

Mrs. Hunter looked sympathetic. Jane had been a favorite servant, and now she was ill. "I am afraid she is in rather a bad way. Old Moses was here to-day and he reports her as very badly off. He seems to be in great trouble about her. He was very anxious to see you. He says there is a man up here from the city—a sort of preacher who is turning the people against him—wants to be the preacher at Mt. Hagar, himself."

The Doctor grunted—"I heard down the road that there was a young city negro up here stirring them up. I must look into it."

"He was very much disturbed about Jane," said Mrs. Hunter, "I will see if he has gone." She left the room.

"Hysteria, probably—" mused the old physician. "She may be mad."

A few moments later there was a knock on the door, and a tall, elderly negro man, very black and with bushy white hair, entered. His white collar gleamed high against his black skin. In his hand he carried an old and much battered beaver hat, which he deposited carefully on the floor.

"Good-evenin', master."

"Howdy do, Moses? How is everything with you?" inquired the Doctor.

"Tollerble, master—tollerble, suh—ev'ything is tollerble, thankee, suh—Yes, suh—. How is you, master?" It was the old form of salutation.

"I'm pretty well, thank you. How is Jane? Your mistress tells me that she has been ailing?"

The Doctor spoke as if the old man had not replied at all.

"Yes, suh—Jane—she's tollerble po'ly. I'se right smart troubled about her, suh—yes, suh."

"What is the matter with her?"

"Well, suh, I don't rightly know. Some folks thinks she's been—" He shambled and hesitated, and glanced around the room—"some folks thinks as how she mus' 'a been tricked," he added with conviction.

"Ah! Tricked? I thought, Moses, you had more sense."

"Well, suh, I don't edzactly say as *I* thinks so; but some folks thinks so—her mammy thinks so—and she certainly do act mighty irresponsible—yes, suh, she certainly do."

The Doctor reflected. "Who says she's been tricked? How long has this been going on?"

The old man laid one long, black forefinger in the horny palm of the other hand and began to count—"Dthat young man have been here five Sundays—or, maybe, hit's six—I disremembers which it is rightly—and she was tooken just about de second week after he come."

"What young man?" The Doctor was interested.

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"He's a young colored man—from Richmond—he says—he's a sort of doctor——"

"A doctor! I thought he was a preacher?"

"Yes, suh, dthat too; but he's a sort o' doctor—not a doctor like you, master—but a sort o' sperits doctor——"

"A spirit doctor? What sort of doctor is that? What sort of things does he do?"

"Well, suh, he ken show you a thing in de hand, dat you ken see dyes as plain as dat dyah book on dat table, an' nex' minute it ain' dyah, an' you'll fine it jis as likely as not in you' hat or in yo' pocket."

"Ah! I see," said the Doctor, with a nod of satisfaction. His scepticism was not lost on the old darky.

"An' dat ain' all," he continued. "He done fin' things dthat no one else ain' know nothin' about—dat's what I air talkin' about. Why, he fin' de trick-charm sewed up in her baid—sewed up *in* it—'way in de middle o' de shucks!"

"Ah!"

"Yes, suh, he did dat thing—I see him wid my two eyes. And dthat ain' all!" he added, seeing a look of amused incredulity come over his old master's face. "He went out and found another trick-bag in de middle of a hollow tree right by de spring—in de very middle—cause I see him when he put he han' in and fin' it right whar he tol' me to cut."

"Why, he had it in his hand all the time," ejaculated the Doctor.

"Nor, suh, he didn't—cause he had done roll up he sleeves to git his arm in de holler and he striched he hands wide open—so—" He illustrated with outstretched hands, palms down.

The Doctor chuckled.

"Der is de skorripins and things dthat dee conjure wid—you never see nothin' like dem things dats in em—hyah—and finger-nails—and tacks an' dried insecks, and worms, an' bat-wings, and I don' know what all— Dee is de things dee done set against Jane to destroy her health, and los' her soul. And he says he kin cure her."

The Doctor nodded with satisfaction. "And what does he want for this cure?"

"Dyah tis!" said Moses briefly. "He say he ken cure Jane; but he got to have de deed to my place to do it—he cyan do nothin' tell he stan' in my shoes——"

"Ah! I see—I thought so—" muttered the Doctor. "Well, you are not fool enough to do that, I hope?"

"Nor, suh—I'se mighty pestered—I done offer him bofe my pigs and de chickens; but he say he got to have land—cause she come from de dust and she got to go to de dust agin—dat de cuss is in de lan'—or dem whar own it. An' he ain' got de power to help her long as I got de lan'." He pondered deeply. "Sometimes dat man talk mighty curisom—you might think *I* had done trick her de way he talk. I hear he tol' some of de elders dat it was somebody mighty nigh to her what bring dat trouble pon her and dat he's got to give up all he's got and stan' befo' Gord naked befo' he kin meck de 'tonement. I thought, maybe, 'twas her mammy; but he said hit was somebody dats versed in de Scriptures—and you know Rea cyarn even read her Bible—not very good—so it mus' be me he's signifyin'——"

"I see— I see— You say he's a preacher?"

"He done meck 'em tu'n me out, suh."

The Doctor wheeled and faced him—"It isn't possible!"

"Yes, suh— Nex' Sunday is de las' time I is to preach at Mt. Hagar."

"Well, it's an outrage!" protested the Doctor.

"Yes, suh, 'tis!" said the old man simply.

The Doctor reflected. "We must see about this. I shall look into it——"

"I sho'ly wish you would, suh, cause dat man done tu'n me out o' my pulpit and tryin' to tu'n me out o' my place."

The Doctor came very near swearing. It manifestly encouraged the old darky to be more confidential.

"You don' know what a bad man dat is." He lowered his voice and approached him slowly, with his tall figure bent forward. "He says de ain' no sich place as hell!"

He spoke in a horrified tone hardly louder than a whisper.

"Says there is no such place as hell!" exclaimed the Doctor, subduing the twinkle in his eyes— "Why, I never heard of such a thing! Why it's—it's positively outrageous! Why, in a month I sha'n't have a sheep left on my place!"

"Nor, suh, dthat you wouldn't!" exclaimed the old man in a tone of sympathy and of conviction. He stood slowly shak-

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ing his head in an attitude of deep dejection. "I'll tell you de fac', master, if dyah ain' no mo' hell, I don' want to live no longer!"

"Well, there ought to be one if there isn't," agreed the Doctor, "for just such gentry as he. What is his name?"

"He call hisself 'Doctor Simon.' He say he name is Dr. Simon Jambers——"

"Ah! Well, he ought to be a sorcerer with those two names—Janes and Jambres seem to be still contending with Moses —ah?"

The old darky was listening attentively——

"Dthat's in de Bible, ain't it?"

"Yes."

The old man gave a nod of satisfaction and a glint came into his eyes.

"Ken you lay yo' han' pon dat place?"

"Why, yes, I think so— It's in Timothy, I know——"

"Ah! well, if it's in Timothy, I ken fin' it— I 'members de name very well——"

The Doctor rose and walked over to the door of the wing-room which he used as an office. As he opened it he turned solemnly and said, "I will give you a little physic for Jane. I must come down and see her —and, meantime, I will give you something to give her which will take the trick off. Come this way."

An expression of mingled relief and hope came over the old man's face as he stepped forward.

"Yes, suh— Yes, suh— I'se mighty obleeged to you— I'll gin 't to her, sho— Dat's des what I wants her to have."

The room which they entered was one that certainly looked as if it might have been the workshop of some old practitioner of the black art. The floor was bare, except for an old worn deerskin or two; the black mahogany furniture with carved heads and wings had been originally covered with horsehair, but now it was broken and worn in places and the springs stuck up. The table was covered with books, papers, and bottles in what others might have considered a litter; which the Doctor, however, always declared the perfection of order. A bookcase, filled with medical books and what the Doctor termed generically "apparatus," lined one side of the room and on the other was a large double press with glass doors; behind one of which was a conglomerate array of bottles of every size and hue, while behind the other, partly veiled by the remains of an old green curtain, was an old and very shaky skeleton which might have been the victim of some of the ingredients the bottles contained.

The old negro, as he entered the sanctum, insensibly moved on tiptoe, and his face assumed an expression of undisguised awe as his eyes roved around the apartment and finally rested on the glimmering white bones behind the glass door of the press. The old Doctor was quite oblivious of his presence. The effort required to open the drawer shook the press sufficiently to set the skeleton to shaking, and one of the arms slipped from the pin on which it rested and was falling forward when the Doctor caught it.

"Ah! old man, you are getting tired of standing there, are you?" he said, as he replaced the arm carefully. "Wait a little longer. Don't be in a hurry to come down—I may have further use for you. There's a young man who maybe will have some work for you to do. Good-evening—" He shut the door softly and turned to the table where his glass stood. He was talking of his son who was beginning to study medicine and he was not aware of the effect of his words on his companion.

But old Moses' eyes were bulging, his bushy white hair was standing on his head. He interpreted the Doctor's words literally as applied to the case of his daughter and the young trick-doctor. It gave him at once a new feeling of awe and of infinite respect for his former master.

This was increased when the Doctor, after much mashing and mixing of a blue substance on the bottom of a plate, rolled up two bluish pills, and, putting them with a number of white ones in a small round box with a skull and bones on the top, held the box out to him with a solemn injunction to give his daughter both the blue pills that night, and six of the white ones next morning—following them up with spoonfuls of the liquid from the phial. Moses was about to take the box when he observed that on it was a red picture of a skull and cross-bones, and he started back with an exclamation:

"Lord, master, what is dat?"

"Take it," said the Doctor sternly—

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"I am trying to save your daughter, and this will do it if you do as I tell you."

The old man took it, trembling, holding it much as if it were a coal of fire.

"Yes, suh. Yes, suh, I'm gwine do jest like you say—on'y I'se sort o' skeered o' dem things——"

"Your daughter will be one of them soon if you don't follow my instructions," said the Doctor.

"Yes, suh, I'm gwine to foller 'em, sho," faltered the old negro.

"Well, don't let that young man know anything about it——"

"Nor, suh, he ain' gwine know nuttin' 'tall about it. I ain' gwine to say a word to nobody——"

"And if you can keep that rascal away from there, so much the better—in fact, you must keep him away——"

"Yes, suh, I am gwine to do dat too—ef I kin," he added with a touch of pathos——

"Well, if you can't, I can," said the Doctor, "and, maybe, it would be just as well to let him be there when I come; but don't let him know I am coming, you hear——"

"Nor suh—I won't do dat," said Moses.

II

THE road which the Doctor took next day lay through a low-lying district of swamps and "mashes" in the bend of the river from which it took its name, "The Bend." Here the negroes in the first flush of freedom had established a settlement, where they lived to themselves.

When the Doctor arrived at the old preacher's house, he was impressed by the fact that it was the best of the score or more of homes that composed the colored settlement. Most of them were ordinary cabins with little clearings of an acre or two about them and a rickety out-building or two near by. But Moses' home was a two-story, frame structure with a little porch, and the out-buildings were in good shape, while the fields about the place showed the care of a good and industrious farmer.

"Naboth's Vineyard," reflected the Doctor, as he cast his eye over the signs of thrift. His gaze rested on a buggy, with a scrawny horse hitched to it, standing near the door, and an expression of speculation came into his mild eyes.

As, having tied his horse, he approached the door the sound of a woman's moaning, accompanied now and then by a man's voice in a high nasal tone, caught his ear. He paused and listened. The woman appeared to be in much pain or distress; and the man was explaining it; for fragments of the colloquy reached the Doctor.

"Yes—you are worse than you were—You feel worse, don't you?"

"Yes, sir——"

"As I told you— Your enemy is after you again——"

The woman groaned and there was a buzz within from some one else. "I felt sure of it—all the signs related it— As I told you, you must put yourself in my hands before I can help you. Do that and I can cure you—otherwise you have not long to live."

"Yes, suh."

"If your father will sign the paper I can cure you—if not, I am powerless— The malign influence is too strong— The power of evil that keeps him from helping me to take away the spell on you, keeps you in misery and will sink you in torment——"

There was a moan of fear attended by the low expostulation of some one.

"Now, I will show you— Although I removed two days ago the conjure-bag that your enemy put in your bed, I will show you that another one has been placed there since— You will all see——"

The buzz within grew louder—and at that moment the Doctor walked up, and pushing the door wide open, stepped inside.

The apparition brought the proceedings within to a sudden halt.

In the little room which was partly darkened by a thin red curtain hung over the single window were a half-dozen persons, most of them seated around the fire. In a corner the patient, a young woman, very black, but now ashy with terror, lay in bed, her eyes now drooping, now fastened on the man who stood above her. At the foot of the bed sat an old woman with arms folded, rocking backward and forward in mingled fear and grief, two or three young slatterns sat a little further away, their expression divided between apprehension and curiosity, while over the bed of the terrified patient bent a young, slim mulatto dressed in a long, loose, black coat.

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At the moment he was making slow passes with his hands. On his fingers were a number of rings, and about his neck were hung two or three chains and strings of beads to which were attached a number of charms.

At the apparition of the Doctor there was a sudden cessation of the incantation. The young man straightened up and fell back from the bed with an exclamation of surprise—the women rose from their chairs.

"Hello! What is going on here?" demanded the Doctor. He addressed the conjurer. "What are you doing to that woman?"

"I am her physician— She is very sick and I am endeavoring to cure her." He had recovered himself and was trying to impress the spectators.

"You look like a physician— You are endeavoring to kill her—and appear to be in a fair way of doing it." He turned to her mother. "Where is Moses?"

"He has to go to see the Justice—" began the woman——

"He was unexpectedly called away this morning," interrupted the young mulatto——

"And you are taking advantage of his absence to kill his daughter——"

"No, sir, I am employing the means of Psychotheripee to relieve her pains."

"Psycho—what?" demanded the Doctor, taking a paper from his pocket, and holding it out to him. "Write that down."

"Psychotheripee— You have surely heard of that?"

"Oh, yes— I have heard of it. Go ahead and write it down."

"Well, you see," began the young man, "I don't happen to have a pen and ink."

"I have a pencil," said the Doctor inexorably, handing him one.

He walked to the door and, glancing out, said, "Come in Moses, I want you to see 'the doctor' work." The old negro came in somewhat reluctantly and took a seat near the Doctor which the latter had indicated. His expression was one of great gravity.

The mulatto took the pencil and turned to the window. He knew that the eyes of all the negroes were on him and he was on trial. He wrote slowly and handed it to the Doctor, who read the word, "Sycher-therripee."

"Ah, yes," he said, and put the paper back in his pocket. Now go ahead and let me see how you proceed."

The negro looked at him keenly and then swept the room with a swift glance. All eyes were fastened on him. It appeared to decide him.

"Well, you see," he began, in a voice intended to impress the audience, "I cannot guarantee that the supernatural powers will testify their presence in the company of—er—strangers— They require a sympathetic audience——"

"Oh! nonsense!" said the Doctor, rousing up a little. "Go ahead, and let us see, or else confess yourself an imposter."

"No, sir, I am not that," declared Simon. "I will give you the proof—if I can get the proper—er—atmosphere."

"Humph!" grunted the Doctor. "Open the door, Moses."

"No, I don't mean that— I have light enough——"

The Doctor's grunt this time was one of contempt.

"Don't open it," he said to the old negro, who was proceeding to carry out his order, and now stood near it. Turning his back to the window the Doctor settled himself as if for a nap, only his feet were drawn up close to his chair. The mulatto continued to talk on monotonously, addressing the others, but evidently to impress the Doctor. He moved about quietly, ostentatiously pulling up his sleeves and he "discoursed" of the wonderful dealings of the spirits, using a curious jargon of mingled lingo and scientific terms.

As the negro with much talk and many movements of the hands and arms proceeded to perform his acts of legerdemain —so wonderful to the ignorant, so natural to the initiated—his dusky audience were wrought up gradually to the highest pitch of wonderment and alarm—and exclamations half religious, half terror constantly broke from them, which gradually appeared to act on the trick-doctor and excite him to renewed acts. Now and then he cut his eye at the Doctor, who appeared to have lost interest in him and was now on the border-land of a doze. At length, the trick-doctor appeared satisfied. He gave a last shrewd glance at the Doctor whose eyes were almost closed.

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"I feel sure that the evil spirits have been at work. You all see that I have nothing in my hands—" He waved them in the dusk, palms down— "I will now show you that I was right. The trick has been worked again. I feel sure that I shall find in the mattress the same bag which I discovered there the other day. Watch the chimney—one of you—" All eyes turned toward the fireplace. He leaned over the bed.

At this moment there was a slight noise behind him—an arm shot by him and his right hand was seized with a grip of iron. "Open the door, Moses," said the Doctor—"Ah! I thought so— Look there." He had given the trick-doctor's arm a wrench which brought the palm into view, and there held fast in the palm by the Doctor's firm clutch was a little black bag. The Doctor caught it as it dropped on the bed. "Get out," he said, as he turned the mulatto loose and moved to the door where with his pocket knife he cut the bag open. It contained the usual assortment of charms: hair, tacks, a dried frog, a beetle or two, etc., etc. The other occupants crowded about him with wide eyes while he inspected them, but now and then turned their gaze timidly on the sorcerer who stood glowering in the rear, and one or two of them after a moment at a sign from him moved back nearer to him, where he began to whisper to them the explanation that that was a trick which the person who laid the spell sometimes performed. "You all saw that I didn't have anything in my hand," he whispered sullenly.

The Doctor caught his meaning if not his words. He turned on him sharply. "Get out," he waved toward the door. "There'll be an officer here for you soon." He stood pointing to the door and the mulatto passed out with an angry look in his eye.

The Doctor watched him climb in the buggy with the lean horse and drive slowly down the road into the woods.

Then he turned to the patient. When he finished his examination, he said, "I'll cure her if you keep that rascal away from here—if not, he will kill her."

"Yes, suh, I'll keep him away," said Moses.

"And if you can't keep him away, I can——"

"Yes, suh, I'll keep him away from heah now," said Moses firmly. He had been overawed, hitherto, by his belief in the supernatural; but now that this terror was disposed of he was on ground that he knew, and was gaining courage every second, as he showed next moment. A whisper and nervous giggle among the women at his back caught his ear. He turned on them—"Aint you got no better manners 'n dthat?" he demanded sternly. "Don't le' me have to speak to you agin—and don't any of you try to git dthat man back heah agin—I don' want to have to lay meh han' 'pon none o' you—cause it's heavy."

As the women shrank back abashed, he turned again to the Doctor.

"Yes, suh, I'll keep him away from heah," he said, with the dignity of an old chief. "He may git meh chutch; but he won't git dis place—not ef evy woman whar wyahs a shif on dthis river perishes."

"Now, come with me home," said the Doctor, "and I will give you something that will cure her. If there is any more tricking tried, I will take a hand in it myself."

"Yes, suh," said Moses with conviction —"I been see you." He had in mind the Doctor's conversation with the skeleton.

When Moses returned home from the Doctor's he bore with him certain compounded drugs in which that experienced practitioner placed much reliance in cases of malaria and all its attendant troubles. But he had also that in which he himself placed more reliance. He had got the Doctor to find and mark for him in his Bible every reference to the miracles of Moses and to the sorcerer, Simon. For Moses had still one more battle to fight.

The young mulatto, with his college education and his wonderful performances, had made too deep an impression on the sable element of the community to be disposed of by a single encounter. It was indeed generally given out that he had won the contest and established his power. He had circulated the story that he had found the charm, and the Doctor had proved it. The fact that he had had it in his hand all the time was denied by a half-dozen witnesses.

The Doctor had advised Moses to unmask the rascal and prove to his neighbors and flock how his tricks were performed; but Moses knew a trick worth two of that.

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He also knew his flock better than the Doctor did. He proposed to unmask his rival, but in a way that would relieve him of future peril. Accordingly, he took his own course. For the remainder of that week he plunged in study of the Bible, and only emerged to discourse of the learning and power of his former master, to drop dark hints of his interviews with the dead in the secret sanctum of his office, and to prophesy as to the wonders that would be shown the following Sunday.

Meantime the Doctor had some correspondence with the authorities back in the region from which Dr. Simon Jambers had, according to his own account, come. The result was reassuring—and before the end of a week a stranger with a quiet, unemotional face and cold eyes came from the city with a letter to the Doctor from his correspondent there.

"That is not his name," said the detective. "His real name is Simon Jones, but he has a number of aliases. If he is the man we want, he is a keen one. He is a great hand at legerdemain and has got piles of money out of the fools that trust him."

"He is the man," said the Doctor.

"But how can we catch him? He is as sly as a rat."

"We will find him at church Sunday evening," said the Doctor. "He is to preach there——"

The detective rarely smiled; but he did now. "He must be the one," he said.

III

THE following Sunday night the large colored church in the woods which the negroes had first called Mt. Zion, but which had come to be known as "Mt. Hagar," because the Doctor had, with some humor, dubbed it "Mt. Hagar in the Wilderness," was packed to more than its capacity. Both within and without its whitewashed walls the sable congregation teemed and steamed. For it was known that that night the old preacher, Brother Moses Johnson, was to preach his farewell sermon. His rival, "Preacher Simon Jambers," whose wonderful powers as a trick-doctor were by report only equalled by his gifts as a preacher, had according to rumor supplanted him, and Moses had to go. The younger man was, it is true, a new-comer, and no one knew much about him; but he had education and he had made a deep impression on the newly freed congregation. He could read fluently at sight anything shown him, and it was even asserted by some, mainly on his own testimony, that he could read a "dead language," which only the most learned white people could read. Besides this, he had, according to all reports, shown powers which no other "colored white-gent'man had" ever been known to possess, at least in equal degree. He not only could lay spells—which others could do—though they were mainly old persons; but he could divine, and he could exorcise —in the language of the negroes he could tell if anybody had "put a trick upon you," and "ef you'd jest trus' him," he could take it off—and it was more than half believed that he could "put a trick" or spell on a person himself.

Had the big preaching at Mt. Hagar, at which Moses was to preach his last sermon, taken place a week earlier, there is no telling what the effect would have been. In the preceding weeks Doctor Simon had as good as ousted Brother Moses from his cure and had so wrought on his flock that there was great danger that the old man would be driven out of the community, if indeed he did not suffer bodily harm at the hands of his excited flock. The new-comer had begun to regard the old man's place as his own, for at that time it was known throughout the neighborhood that the young negro was working in this direction, and with his power to cast spells, few negroes cared to resist him. The last week, however, had brought a certain change in the case. It became known that the Doctor—the "sho'-nough Doctor" as they called him—had been down to see the chief object of the new-comer's ministrations and had openly scouted with derision the idea that he possessed any occult powers. "He is just a plain, every-day charlatan and rascal," declared the Doctor to every one he came across. Certainly, something had occurred which had given Moses the power to "stand up against him" and, furthermore, Moses, who had been in abject terror of him but a week or two before, now appeared not only to fear him no longer, but actually to have the courage to withstand him. Still, there were many adherents of the new man who stuck to him and con-

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tended that he not only had the powers he claimed, but would display them signally that night at Mt. Hagar. "Jes' wait," they said, and shook their heads ominously at the dire possibilities at which they hinted so mysteriously.

Thus, long before the hour when the preaching usually began, the grove about the building was filled with vehicles of every description, from old single-stick gigs and rickety, high-pitched carriages, which had somehow survived the war and come into possession of their sable owners, to new buggies, shiny with oil-cloth, and farm wagons bristling with chairs. The church itself bulged with the congregation and the sound of intermittent chanting began to arise and float out at the windows with the pungent odor of the "musky, oiled skin of the Kaffir." The platform was filled with chairs for the inordinately solemn and important-looking elders, mostly with gray hair, and two larger chairs were placed well to the fore on either side near the pulpit for the rivals. The building could not hold the congregation that had assembled.

The afternoon had been peculiarly close and sultry with heat-lightning and the distant rumble of thunder to the westward, and as the dusk fell the clouds began to deepen along the western horizon and the grumble of thunder took on a deeper and more ominous sound. The young preacher was on the field early in the impressiveness of a black coat and shiny beaver, and with a dazzling watch chain. His smug air of assurance encouraged his followers and cast a corresponding gloom over the older part of the congregation.

Moses, however, was later than usual in reaching the church—so late, indeed, that before his appearance there was considerable discussion going on as to whether he would appear at all, many declaring that he did not dare to meet the test. He had been seen that afternoon going in the direction of the old Doctor's and had not been heard of since. This report was beginning to take on the form of his having been seen in flight from the neighborhood when, just after a long rumble of thunder, the old man appeared, with his old high hat and long flowing coat, coming down a woodland path, his old Bible under his arm and his heavy stick clutched in his hand. As he passed across the rough church-yard, though he acknowledged with a silent bow the half suppressed greetings of the groups near him, he looked neither to the right nor left. He kept his eyes on the ground as if in deep meditation. Only when he reached the door he turned and scanned the sky up which the dark blue cloud was steadily mounting, then, as if satisfied, he took out his large watch and consulted it thoughtfully, turned and entered the church, and made his way to the platform.

It was arranged that the new-comer should read and pray first, and then that Moses should preach. It was Doctor Simon's own suggestion, and at the appointed time he rose with a flourish and, advancing to the desk, opened the Bible which lay thereon, and began to flourish the leaves backward and forward till he found the "portion of Scripture" which he proposed to read. His assurance and ease made a marked impression and when in his high nasal tone he proceeded to read fluently in a staccato manner the chapter he had selected, the entire audience were undoubtedly much impressed. Then he prayed a somewhat discursive and protracted prayer. It was, indeed, possibly too protracted; for the evening was sultry, and there was toward the end a decided shuffling of feet and restlessness on the part of his auditors, while another portion were too quiet and gradually fell into the placidity of slumber. Something had evidently disturbed him. His chief card in particular failed. He expressed his gratitude for having been given power to show signs and wonders and to overcome the wiles and evil designs of one who had been deceiving his hearers and whose ignorance he had been able to make manifest. But the same words which on the last Sunday had excited the congregation to frenzy, now unexpectedly fell almost flat. It manifestly disconcerted him and he began to ramble and repeat himself. He changed his tone and became more threatening. At this moment, as he was about to begin his attack which was to thrill his audience and sweep them away —in the doorway appeared two white men —the old Doctor and another. The young man had just got well under way when the tall form that he knew so well emerged from the throng in the aisle near the door, followed by a stranger. They were brought up by the elders and were seated on the

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platform. It was a staggering blow to the young preacher—for his prayer dealt largely with a matter which he could not well discuss with freedom before so influential a white man as the Doctor, not to mention the stranger, who now sat on the other side, a little behind him. He was a spare, vigorous-looking man with a strong, immovable face and a cold eye, and as he sat in his chair he was as detached as fate. He brought a vague association to the new apostle and though Simon could not quite place him, it made him wander and circle in his discourse and, finally, he closed almost abruptly and sat down. As he took his seat and mopped his face, the congregation rustled with expectancy. One of the elders crossed over to old Moses and spoke to him in a low tone. The old preacher took no visible notice of him. He was apparently as oblivious of his presence as though he had been in a wilderness. He sat as still as if he were in a trance and the elder had to lean over and take him by the arm before he moved. Then he apparently awoke. He rose with grave deliberation, and without looking at the audience advanced slowly to the desk. Here he paused and began a slow and solemn search through his raiment until from some deep and apparently almost inaccessible recess he extracted a large iron spectacle-case. From this he slowly took a pair of large silver-rimmed spectacles, which he solemnly and laboriously adjusted on his nose. It was the Thummim and the Urim of his profession and their adjustment partook of a rite. His deliberation and confidence appeared to affect at least a portion of his audience, for first one, then another of the elderly sisters broke forth into exclamations of emotional rapture: "Um-mh! Yes, Lord!"

To the casual witness the old man might have appeared to take not the least notice of it, as, with profound solemnity, he proceeded to turn the leaves of the Bible back and forth, apparently hunting for his text. But a keen observer might have noticed the firmer setting of his strong jaw and the dilation of his nostrils. Still he took no more notice of the expressive outburst than he did of Simon's sudden shifting in his seat. He appeared wholly detached from them.

Having marked a number of places to his satisfaction, he turned back toward the beginning of the Bible and began to speak. "The tenth chapter of the first book of Moses," he announced slowly, and began to read with portentous solemnity the names of the generation of the sons of Noah. He had an abysmal voice and he read the long record of strange names with deep intonation and with an ease which impressed mightily his less literate flock. Having performed this amazing task, to the manifest wonderment of his hearers, he turned the leaves and found another place.

"I will now read to you the miracles by which de Lord by de hand of Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt to de land of Canyan." He read slowly the story of Moses' call and the miracle of Aaron's rod swallowing the transformed rods of the magicians. For the first time he lifted his eyes from the book and addressed his audience. "De names of dem magicians is not set down hyah in dthis chapter," he said solemnly. "But Gord had 'em writ down in his everlastin' record and when de time comes he will tell 'em to you." Once more he turned the leaves and read a few verses about Simon the Sorcerer. Again turning a little further on he read of the seven sons of Sceva, who attempted to exorcise, and of the man jumping on them. He closed the book. "And now," he said, "let us pray."

He was noted as a "clamorer at de throne," no less than as a preacher, and, indeed, at times, except that he shut his eyes while engaged in the former exercise, one might have been at some trouble to distinguish the one from the other. To-night he was in full power and he had hardly begun before the effect on his hearers was profound. Beginning slowly and calmly at first, his sonorous voice soon rose to its full compass, and his utterances became more and more rapid, till the words poured forth in a volume too great for him to catch his breath, and he drew it in as if his throat had been a great suction pipe. Picturing the terrors of torment in lurid terms, he prayed for all before him—and he described them all as wicked and condemned and perishing sinners and he called on the God of Moses to come and save them from eternal torment and fetch them to the promised land.

He followed the story of Moses through the journeyings and troubles in the wil-

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derness; dwelt on the rebellion of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and pictured the death of all who clave to them and went down quick into the pit. He recalled the fact that only two of all the men that left Egypt as God's chosen people had crossed the Jordan; and he pleaded for greater mercy now—praying that though God should "shake the rebellious sinners over hell till it singed their eyebrows and blistered their soles," he would not drop them into eternal torment.

The effect on his congregation was immediate. He was unconsciously using the language of the psalms and the prophets, and as he intoned his sonorous sentences they began to sway and rock and respond with fervid groans and shouts.

Then suddenly, as a rumble of thunder rolled into a crash, Moses ceased. Rising, he once more went through the rite of adjusting his glasses, opened his Bible and read his text: "And the Lord said unto Moses, 'Now shalt thou see what I will do to Pharaoh'"—one more turn of the leaf—"And the Lord said unto Moses, 'Stretch forth thine hand toward heaven that there may be hail in all the land of Egypt—upon man and upon beast, and upon every herb of the field throughout the land of Egypt.'"

He closed the book and facing slightly toward the west, after a moment, stretched his arm solemnly over Simon's head to where the sound of the thunder was growing louder. It manifestly made a deep impression, for the congregation gasped and gazed toward the western windows, where the sky was growing black with the swiftly coming storm. Simon shifted uneasily in his seat and glanced nervously toward the windows like the others. Moses, however, was as calm as the Sphinx. He turned and began to speak in a deep voice. With a simple directness he pictured the recent happiness and content of the people in their new freedom and their reliance on God, who had set them free, and their confidence in his word that had plucked them from the eternal torments of hell-fire and given them the hope of heaven with its golden streets and its rest beside the waters of comfort. He described himself as the poor and stammering Moses who had been taken from the wilderness and sent to Pharaoh to bring them out of Egypt and lead them to the promised land— But Pharaoh had hardened his heart and had sent and brought his magicians to deceive them and keep them in bondage.

"And who was this deceiver?" he demanded. 'Who was the magician?" He would tell them. He turned to one of the marks in his Bible and read slowly and impressively the account of Simon the Sorcerer. Closing the book he addressed them again: "Simon—not Simon Peter—but Simon the Sorcerer, who had thought that for money he could buy Jehovah — Simon who had deceived the people and led them away from Moses—led them back toward Egypt—back to the place where they were enslaved—back to the company of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, to be swallowed up quick in everlasting fire." His long, rhythmic sentences, in the very words of the prophecies of Isaiah and Ezekiel, as he denounced curses upon them told more and more. He rang the changes on Simon—repeating the name at the end of sentence after sentence—Simon—who envied the Apostles—Simon—who worked his charms and enchantment and called them miracles which only the apostles could perform—Simon, who said there was no hell, and so he could do all his wicked deeds and not be punished—"Simon—Simon—Simon—" he repeated, with ever-changing and ringing intonation till the congregation, thrilled by his resounding voice, rocked and swayed and shouted in unison, while the object of his attack shifted and shrank deep into his chair and tried in vain to appear unmoved.

"But there were several Simons— It would not do to make any mistake about the Sorcerer— There was Simon Peter and Simon Zelotes—and Simon the Cyrenian——"

At this moment the young man could stand it no longer— He rose suddenly.

"I hate to interrupt Brother Moses," he said, "but my name is neither Simon Peter nor Simon Zelotes—my name is Simon Jambers." A murmur of approval from some younger members greeted his interruption—but it was hushed instantly as Moses with uplifted hand turned to him.

"Simon—what did you say?" he demanded in a solemn voice—"Simon Jones?" His glance took in the detective (who suddenly appeared to awaken to life) and then rested on Simon.

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"Simon Jambers," said the other in a weakened voice, as the knowledge that he was known came to him.

"Simon Jambers!" repeated Moses in a deep voice. He turned to the congregation and catching up the big Bible opened it at a mark as if by accident and read slowly: "When Janes and Jambers withstood Moses—" He held the book out till it almost touched Simon's face. "Here it is," he thundered, "set down in de book—de very name!" He faced the congregation. "Didn't I tell you Gord had it set down in his everlastin' record! Jambers—Simon Jambers!" The stillness could be felt. At this moment, after the dead calm, came the racing wind over the trees, whirling their leaves before it, and shaking the house as if it would tear it from its foundations.

He turned back to the luckless Simon—"Thou spawn of Satan—thou offspring of hell and damnation—thou hast come back, hast thou, to withstand old Moses and try with thy serpent's guile to deceive this people jes' set free and lead 'em back to bondage to de flames of de fiery furnace! De hell thou hast derided is yawnin' for thee even now—de torment thou hast been sent from to work dthy evil spells is waitin' and blazin' and heated seven times seven to scorch and shrivel dthy po' yaller body and dthy miserable sin-blackened soul! Thou snake-bearer of Pharaoh and of sin—go get thee hence and let my people go!" He suddenly turned and stretched forth his arm with out-pointing, long, lean finger—"Behold de pillar of de cloud has come and de pillar of fire is approachin'!"

At this moment the storm broke and a peal of thunder, beginning with a terrific crash, rolled across the sky, shaking the building and startling the shouting and swaying people. Many of them, with nerves already wrung and senses deluged with emotion, cried out in an agony of terror and began to pray aloud. But Moses was in his element. The more blinding the lightning and the louder the crashing of the thunder, the louder he proclaimed the judgment of Omnipotence against the sin of the sorcerer and all who sided with him. "Don't you hear 'em comin' for him!" he thundered. "Ain't dat de hail dat's rattlin' and de lightenin' a-runnin' along de ground?" And as the flashes merged into each other—so close were they: "Ain't death a-followin' in de track, and ain't dat de fo'-runner o' de fire of hell a-gleamin' and a-comin' nigher an' nigher for sinners ev'y minute?" And with each successive gust of the tempest and successive crash which rocked the building he called on his people to fall on their knees and repent—lest they be swept away, and swallowed up quick like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. He set the example and prayed fervently for pardon for the ignorant. Was there a Jonah in de Ark? Let 'em arise and fling him out and save themselves from the wrath to come—even dtho' the great leviathan of hell was awaitin' to swallow him up.

Whether it was the apt allusion or for some other cause, with a sudden impulse from the overwrought multitude, the cry arose, "Fling him out! Fling him out!" And to the crashing of thunder and the glare of lightning those nearest the pulpit, with a shout, made a rush for the magician. But Simon Jambers did not wait. His nerve had already given way, and, as the wild rush was made for him, with a sudden leap of terror, he dashed for the low window at the side of the platform, sprang through it, and disappeared in the darkness of the storm.

A moment later the storm appeared to have passed, rolling on in the direction the sorcerer had taken. Moses, who had risen as the rush was made, held up his arm, and the tumult hushed down.

"De gates of hell was opened wide jes' now. Let us pray."

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FROM MALOLOS TO SAN FERNANDO

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON
Brigadier-General, United States Army

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

VARIOUS considerations made it necessary for the Second Division to remain at Malolos for more than three weeks before resuming the advance along the railroad. A short delay would have been welcome, as the men had been much exhausted by the week of marching and fighting that had placed them in possession of the enemy's capital. The marches, it is true, had as a rule been short, but we were in the midst of the hot season, and the troops were not properly clothed for service in the tropics. With the exception of the Third Artillery, that had been designated as provost guard, the various regiments constituting the division were not sheltered in the buildings of the town, but were bivouacked on its outskirts, each covered by its own outposts, this arrangement being necessary in order to avoid surprise and disaster in case of a sudden attack.

Our brigade commander, Brigadier-General H. G. Otis, believing that the war was about over, resigned his commission and returned to the United States in order to attend to important private interests that he had been compelled to neglect while in service, and was succeeded by Brigadier-General Lloyd Wheaton, who had heretofore been in the command of a separate brigade acting as a reserve and as line of communication troops in the advance up the railroad.

General Wheaton, who is still living as a major-general on the retired list of the army, was without doubt the most striking individual and the most interesting character among those who served in our army in the Philippines. He had served in an Illinois regiment throughout the entire Civil War, rising from sergeant to lieutenant-colonel commanding his regiment, was desperately wounded at Shiloh, and had received the Medal of Honor for gallantry at the storming of Fort Blakely, on which occasion he was the first man to enter the enemy's works, leaping sword in hand through a gun embrasure. The passage of half a life-time since that great struggle had not abated to the slightest degree his military ardor nor his fiery valor, or caused any diminution in his restless energy. He was of slender build and quick in movement, and had a voice that could be heard above the roar of the stiffest fight. He seemed to enjoy fighting for its own sake, and had a positive contempt for danger. The only sort of man he despised was a coward, and woe unto him who in his sight showed the slightest yellow streak, for he would hear something that he would remember for many a year. General Wheaton, on the other hand, was most generous in his recognition of every gallant action by members of his command, and was very much inclined to stretch a point to give to others the credit for successes that were largely due to himself. It is needless to say that he inspired all the members of his command with a feeling of personal devotion.

The delay at Malolos was not without stirring incidents. The insurgent forces, still under the able and energetic Luna, were in heavy force on our front and right, and, despite the numerous drubbings they had received, were full of fight. Our line of communication with our base, Manila, was guarded by the Second Oregon and the Thirteenth Minnesota, there being, as a rule, one or two companies stationed at bridges and other important points. But a line of railroad is especially vulnerable, on account of the ease with which it can be damaged in a very few moments, and on

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the night of April 10 the attempt was made by some thousands of the enemy who had swung around our right flank for the purpose. It was a little after midnight when those of us at Malolos who happened to be awake heard the indistinct rattle of rifle fire far to our rear. Then came a few brief and alarming messages from Marilao, Bocuae, Bigaa, and Guguinto, and nothing more, for the telegraph wires had been severed. The sound of firing became more distinct as the attacks on the various posts progressed, and as those nearer Malolos became involved. With an escort of only a few dismounted cavalrymen, General Wheaton hurried on foot down the track, picking up here and there detachments from the companies on guard at various places, and with his small force struck the enemy like a cyclone, routing him in four stiff fights. Near Guguinto we had an armored car with several machine guns. This was pushed into the various fights by hand, and those of us listening at Malolos could distinguish the drumming of the Gatlings above the heavy and incessant rifle fire. The insurgents had gained some minor successes before being driven off, but practically all the damage done had been repaired by daylight.

During this period our outposts were occasionally attacked at night, and we had some lively scrimmages in the darkness. On one of these occasions a very profane captain of the Twentieth Kansas caused no little merriment by falling into a shallow but unguarded well. The sulphurous remarks that reached the ears of those in the vicinity were the theme of many a subsequent camp-fire story and are still dwelt on fondly at reunions.

In the meantime, all preparations were made for continuing the advance up the railroad. Our old comrades of the Third Artillery were to be left behind to garrison Malolos, so that the First Brigade was reduced to the Montana and Kansas regiments. In the Second Brigade the Tenth Pennsylvania was relieved by the Fifty-first Iowa, a regiment that had not yet had opportunity for field service. As one of the preliminaries of the resumption of the campaign, Major J. F. Bell with Troop K, Fourth Cavalry, was sent on April 23 on a reconnaissance toward the town of Quingua, on the river of that name, and became so deeply involved in an engagement with a greatly superior force of the enemy under Pablo Tecson that portions of the Nebraska and Iowa regiments were sent to the scene. The ensuing combat was one of unusual severity, the Nebraska regiment alone losing four killed and thirty-one wounded, among the former its able and gallant commander, Colonel John M. Stotsenberg, an officer who during the campaign had won an enviable reputation for dash and courage.

The division resumed operations on the next day, Hale's brigade moving out from our right flank, crossing the Quingua near the scene of the fight of the previous day, and sweeping down its right bank, carrying one line of trenches after another. The distance to be covered by this brigade was much greater than the march required to bring our own in such a position that the whole division would be in line at the Bag-Bag, the first stream up the railroad from Malolos, so that we were merely formed in column and marched out of the town to await developments. The men were allowed to fall out of ranks and lie down or make themselves as comfortable as possible, but were all held well in hand so that the march could be resumed at a moment's notice. The day was one of the hottest I have seen in the Philippines, and as there was but little shade where we were along the railroad track, we lay about fairly sweltering and listening intently to the heavy firing some miles to our right.

To me the sounds of battle have always had an absorbing interest. We were so far from the scene that the general effect was not destroyed by any uproar in our immediate vicinity. Individual shots could not be heard, and had it not been for the cloudless sky and the pitiless blazing sun one could have imagined it the rumblings of a distant thunder-storm, now rising and now falling, but always drifting toward the Bag-Bag. All day we were held in position, and bivouacked there for the night, but on the morning of the 25th Hale's brigade, having reached the desired position, resumed the march, following a cart road to the left of the railway track. General MacArthur accompanied our brigade, and the armored train was pushed along the track by a number of Chinamen. This train was in command of Lieutenant C. H. Bridges, Twenty-second Infantry, and consisted of

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four cars, the first and last being flat cars, while the other two were box cars. The first car was to do all the fighting, and was armed with a naval six-pounder rifle and three machine guns, the others being merely to carry the impedimenta and serve as a living quarters for the personnel.

A few miles brought us to a field of young corn about a foot high, and half a mile across it we could see the railway bridge over the Bag-Bag, and the brown earthworks of the enemy on the other side of the stream. Under cover of several lines of bamboo a few companies each from the First Montana and the Twentieth Kansas were deployed, those belonging to the former regiment to the right of the track, while we were on the left. A few hundred yards above the bridge the Quingua and a lagoon known locally as the Rio Chico unite to form the Bag-Bag. Hale's brigade was separated from us by the former, while the latter lay between it and the enemy, whose trenches lay along the Bag-Bag and the Rio Chico.

So far not a shot had been fired, and as we peered through the screen of bamboo across the light green of the cornfield to other fields of corn and lines of bamboo across the river it was hard to realize that in a few short moments this placid landscape would be marred by lines of madly rushing men, yelling and firing, while the air would quiver with the rattle of rifle fire, the crash of artillery, and the demoniacal drumming of machine guns. But the transformation came like a whirlwind. I was standing near Generals MacArthur and Wheaton and their staffs, just to the left of the armored train which was slowly being pushed into view. There was a spurt of flame from the long, slender muzzle of the naval gun, and a sharper and more vicious crash than we were used to from our field-pieces, for this was a high-power gun, and a shower of earth flew from the top of the trench across the river as the shell struck and exploded. Shell after shell from the quick-firer followed in rapid succession, while the machine guns opened from the sides of the car on such portions of the trenches as they could be brought to bear on. Two field-pieces with our brigade, and the guns with the Second Brigade across the Quingua, as well as all the infantry of both brigades that had been deployed, added to the uproar.

With the first shot from the naval gun the apparently empty trenches had come to life, straw hats bobbed up and down, once more we heard the peculiar "pow" "pow" of the Mausers, and bullets zipped through the bamboos or flicked up dust spots in the dry cornfield. A private of the Hospital Corps, waiting with his pouch for the call to others in need, leaped from one of the box cars, grasped wildly at his throat, deluged with blood those who were trying to assist him, and fell dead at our feet. A normal man can hardly become so used to the tragedies of war as not to be shaken by such a spectacle.

For half an hour the uproar continued, when I received orders from General Wheaton to sieze the bridge. The attack on the structure could not be made to advantage by more than one company, so that I directed Captain Boltwood to advance his company rapidly across the cornfield, the movement being covered by the fire of several other companies and the armored train. The company selected went at its work with a vim, and closed in quickly, making the advance by rushes. Accompanied by Sergeant-Major Warner and Chief-Trumpeter Barshfield, I kept abreast of its right flank, running along the margin of the cornfield about thirty yards from the railway track. As we came to close quarters the troops supporting us had to cease their fire, and for about ten minutes the situation was interesting, to express it mildly. The men of Company K lay close to the ground just to the left of the north end of the bridge, and fought silently and hard. They had no breath left for yelling, and it was a poor time for it. Absolutely in the open, at seventy yards' range, they were at a disadvantage against the men in the loop-holed trench on the other bank. But the enemy's nerve had been shaken by the severe fire he had been under for more than half an hour.

Hale's brigade was already about to force the passage of the Rio Chico, and the men of the First Montana were closing in. We could see that the farthest span of the fine steel bridge had been let down into the water, so that an attempt to rush the structure and get directly into the trenches on the other bank was not practicable. I thought it might be done by swimming around the broken span, and called on the men near-

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est me to come along. Most of these were from a small detachment of Company E, under Lieutenant Colin H. Ball, that had just reported from a reconnaissance down the stream, but I was also accompanied by Barshfield and Warner and by First-Sergeant Enslow of Company K. About ten of us ran up the enbankment to the end of the bridge, and then discovered that the ties and rails had been removed, so that we had to work ourselves along the sides, a slow and tedious operation. But very few shots were fired at us, none at all after we had got half-way across, as the enemy had already begun to vacate the works. I thought it advisable to get into them at once, nevertheless, for fear that they might be reoccupied.

The bridge, including the sixty-foot span that had been dropped into the water, was a little more than two hundred feet long, but in time we reached the gap. It developed now that some of us could not swim, but it would at any rate be a good idea for some men to remain on the bridge and cover us with their fire in case the enemy should be "playing possum" or should make a counter attack on those of us who succeeded in crossing. Taking off our shoes and leaving behind our arms and ammunition, Lieutenant Ball, Sergeant Enslow, Chief-Trumpeter Barshfield, Corporal A. M. Ferguson of Company E, and myself swung ourselves down until we could grasp a steel rod that ran diagonally from the top of one pier to a point on the opposite one a few feet above the water, slid down this, and were soon in. As soon as I got in I reached for bottom, but could not find it, subsequent examination showing the stream to be ten feet deep at that point so that we had to swim for it, no great task, as the distance was about forty-five feet. Although I had got into the water first, Ball beat me to the bank, being a faster swimmer, and the four of us, barefooted, unarmed, and dripping, rushed into the trench, to find in it only the dead and disabled.

The firing at this point had ceased before we entered the water, but we hastily gathered up a few rifles and cartridges to use in case of emergency, and awaited developments. At about the same time troops belonging to Hale's brigade had forced the passage of the Rio Chico above us, and as this stream in conjunction with the Quingua forms the Bag-Bag they were on the same side with us. The sharp little fight of the Bag-Bag was over in less than an hour after the naval gun on the armored train had opened the ball, and one more of the elaborately built lines of the Filipino defences had been given up to the invader.

The infantry of Hale's brigade, having crossed the Rio Chico by wading, pursued the enemy to the town of Calumpit, about two miles, and was there brought to a stand by the broad and deep Rio Grande. The engineers, having succeeded in constructing a foot-bridge over the broken-out span of the Bag-Bag bridge, our infantry crossed the next day, the artillery of the whole division having been brought across by fording the Quingua and the Rio Chico at their junction. As the position at Calumpit was so contracted, there was not room for the whole division to operate, the task of forcing the passage was entrusted to General Wheaton, the division commander remaining with his brigade and exercising general supervision.

Reconnoitring parties crept cautiously forward to the river bank and seized advantageous positions, from which they opened fire on the enemy. The position was by all means the strongest that we had yet been brought against, the river being about four hundred feet wide, deep and swift, while the opposite bank was defended by fully four thousand men occupying elaborate trenches. These were so constructed as to afford excellent head cover, long slits being left for firing through, the earth being held in place by strong revetments of bamboo. The works for some distance above and below the bridge were roofed with steel rails taken from the railway. There were bomb proofs, traverses and flanking trenches, and, in fact, nothing that the cunning ingenuity of General Alejandrino, chief engineer of the insurgent forces, could conceive of had been overlooked. In addition to their infantry the insurgents had three pieces of artillery and a Maxim gun.

In an old trench we found fair shelter for the main body of the Twentieth Kansas, a few hundred yards from the river bank. The railway freight-house, a brick building, stood a hundred yards from our end of the big steel bridge spanning the river, and Company I under Captain Flanders suc-

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ceeded in occupying it. We loop-holed the building and opened a blistering fire on the trenches across the river, but could make no impression, merely succeeding in drawing a hot return fire that continually peppered the building and swept the ground all about it. A piece of artillery in one of the enemy's works at the end of the bridge fired twenty shells at the building, but failed to hit it. When we captured the gun the next day it was found that the sight had been lost, which undoubtedly accounted for such bad shooting at only a little more than two hundred yards. One of these shells landed among the men back in the main position of the Twentieth Kansas, but did not get any one, and after I had gone back of the track to explain the situation to General Wheaton and was talking with him, one of them struck and exploded within a few yards of us, whereat the general merely sniffed contemptuously. Major Young, the chief of artillery, and Lieutenant Ball of my regiment had been with us, and had just started away, when the shell struck, and threw earth all over them. Ball was badly wounded in the face by a bullet a few moments after

Returning to the freight-house, half an hour later, a few of us rushed the ruins of a burned rice mill right on the river bank, and a detachment from the cover of its walls continued to keep up a fire on the enemy. The First Montana, on the other side of the railroad track, was doing its share, and some of our guns, having found suitable positions, opened fire. And so wore away all of a fiercely hot day, with the popping of rifles, the occasional boom of a cannon and swish of a shell, and no end of stirring incident, but when night came to the exhausted men with its cooling breezes but little had been accomplished. I talked with both the division and the brigade commander, and saw that they were deeply concerned over the situation, and thought it was up to some one to do something, and so volunteered to attempt to carry the bridge by assault with about a dozen picked men. General MacArthur at first seemed appalled by the proposition, but after a moment's hesitation gave his permission. I knew that if a dozen of us with plenty of ammunition ever got into the trenches on the other side all the Filipinos this side of Kingdom Come could not get us out before daylight, when we could cover the crossing of other troops.

It had already been ascertained that the rails and ties had been removed from the bridge, and that there was nothing left but the stringers, these being about eight feet apart. The plan was for each man to carry a strong plank and use it to bridge his way from stringer to stringer. The attack was to be covered by the fire of both regiments and all of our artillery, which were to advance to the river bank and sweep the trenches above and below the bridge. There was a suspicion, however, that even the stringers had been removed from a part of the bridge, in which case the enterprise must surely meet with disaster.

Corporal A. M. Ferguson, now an officer of the regular army, who had on several occasions shown himself equal to any emergency, volunteered for the hazardous enterprise of ascertaining the condition of the bridge throughout its length, and accompanied by Captain Flanders and myself crawled carefully to the end of the structure, where he removed his shoes and nearly all his clothing, and crawled hand over hand through the angle irons underneath the stringers. It was a perilous and exhausting task. A single slip would have meant a drop in the dark waters, forty feet below. For two long hours Flanders and I crouched at the south end of the bridge, but finally Ferguson came back with the information that at the far end of the bridge the stringers had been removed for several yards. Our cherished enterprise was shown to be absolutely hopeless, but in the meantime the requisite number of men had volunteered to assist in the assault.

I sent word to my superiors that the plan was hopeless, and with one hundred and twenty men from my regiment sneaked down the river for a mile, thinking that we might find a raft or improvise one, and by effecting a surprise get across enough men in the darkness to hold on until others could cross. Just as we were scouting for a good crossing a dog barked, there was a flash of a score of rifles on the other bank, and we were again beaten. At the same time a cannon boomed through the night to warn the insurgents to be on their guard, and a number of rockets ascended. At one o'clock in the morning, tired, disgusted, and disheartened, we dragged ourselves back to the regiment's

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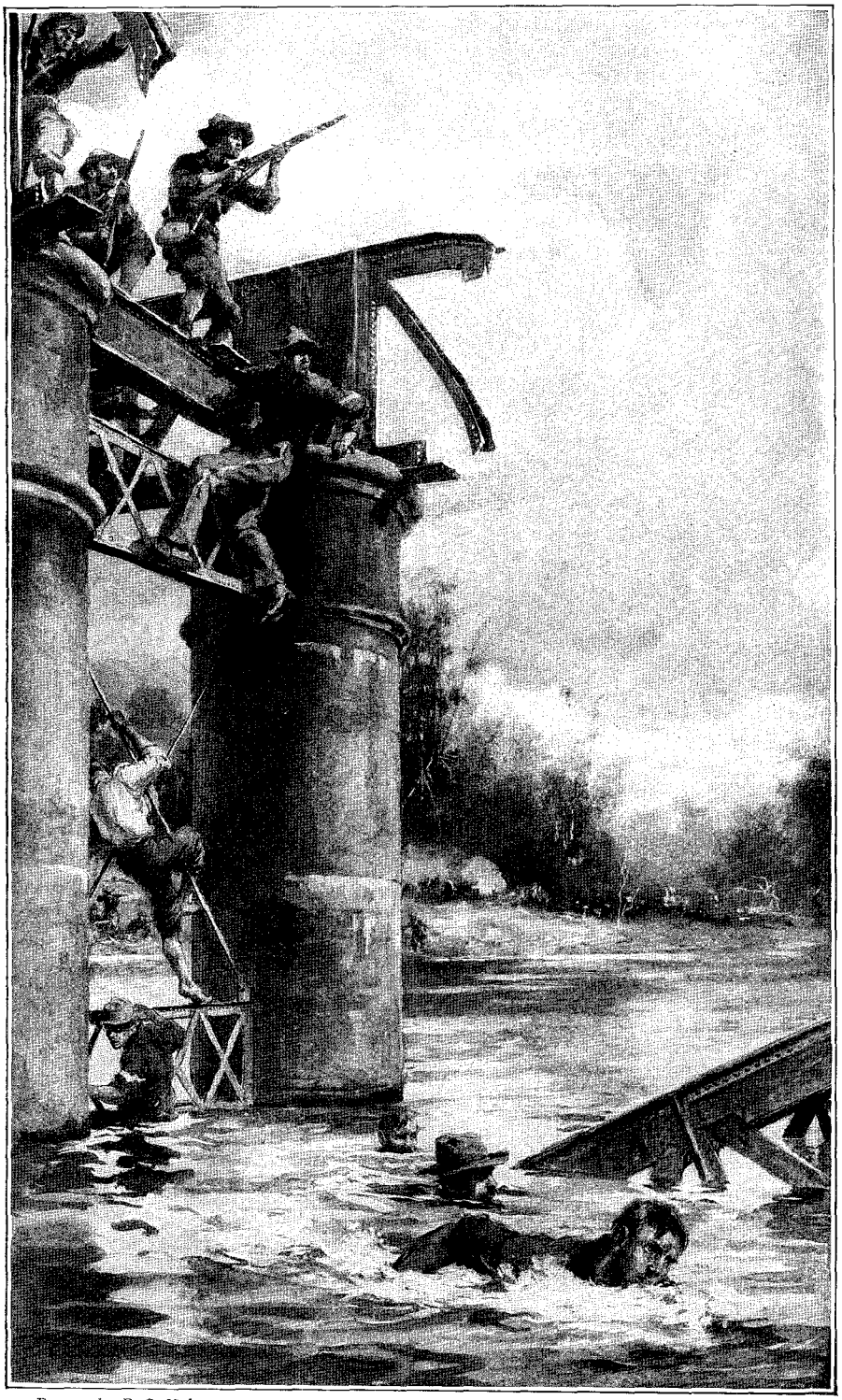

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Although I had got into the water first, Ball beat me to the bank.—Page 287.

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position and threw ourselves on the ground for a little sleep. Both sides were worn out, and there was no firing until daylight.

The sun rose blazing hot on the morning of the 27th of April and the "sniping" back and forth across the river recommenced, being varied by an occasional cannon shot. Some of our men engaged in this sharpshooting discovered close in to the bank, six hundred yards below the bridge, a small raft which the enemy had unsuccessfully attempted to burn. This find suggested a way out of the difficulty of crossing the stream. A light rope of the necessary length was obtained, but in order to be able to make a ferry it was necessary to get one end of this fastened on the enemy's side of the river. Several men volunteered for the perilous feat of swimming the stream with the rope, though they would necessarily have to land within a few feet of trenches occupied by the enemy, and from these were selected Privates W. B. Trembley and Edward White of Company B. Before leaving Malolos twenty-five Krag-Jorgensen rifles had been distributed to each company of the volunteer regiments, and now one hundred picked men armed with these weapons were selected from the whole regiment, rushed down to the river bank, and given the necessary instructions as to covering the crossing. General MacArthur had placed at the disposal of General Wheaton all the artillery and machine guns of the division, and by his orders all these were placed in readiness to assist in the enterprise.

White and Trembley stripped stark naked behind the cover of a clump of bamboos, took the end of the rope between them and plunged into the river. They were powerful swimmers, but their progress was slow, owing to the strength required to drag the rope, which was being paid out to them by their comrades on the bank. As soon as they struck the water the music began. The hundred men crouching on the bank with their Krag-Jorgensens began to sweep with bullets the top of the trench where the two were to attempt to land; just to their right Lieutenant Fleming with several machine guns, including a Hotchkiss revolving cannon, was pounding the same work. Still farther to the right, that is, toward the bridge, several field-pieces under Major Young were battering the heavier trenches near the enemy's end of the bridge in order to keep down their fire, while one field-piece in the freight-house was firing diagonally across our front and partially enfilading the trench where the two men were to make their landing.

As a melodrama the whole scene was a howling, or rather a roaring, success. The greatest lover of the sensational could not have wished for anything more thrilling. The two men battling slowly across the current, with the snake-like rope dragging after them, the grim and silent men firing with top speed over their heads into the trenches on the other bank; the continuous popping of the revolving cannon, a gun of the pom-pom type, the steady drumming of Gatlings and the constant succession of crashes from the big field-pieces, their shells flying harmlessly from the armored trenches on the other bank, or hurling steel rails and wagon loads of earth into the air, the thin film of smoke rising along both banks of the river, and the air filled with dust thrown up by striking shells and bullets made a scene that could not fade from one's memory in many a lifetime. There was now being carried out one of the most difficult of military operations, forcing the passage of an unfordable river in the face of an entrenched enemy. The Rio Grande was, in fact, a vast moat for the defences on the north bank.

Finally, the two swimmers, panting and all but exhausted, dragged themselves out on the other bank at the base of the work that had been so mercilessly battered. The fire of the artillery and the machine guns on that particular trench had, of course, now ceased for fear of hitting the two men, and only a few of the detail of infantrymen were allowed to fire, and they under strict supervision, as their bullets must clear White and Trembley by only a few feet if the latter stood up. There was, however, no cessation of the fire on the works between them and the north end of the bridge.

The situation of the two naked and unarmed men was, of course, precarious, as they were separated from all the rest of the division by a deep and swift river that had taken all their strength to cross, while all around them were hundreds of the enemy, who, however, were prevented from molesting them by the fire still sweeping the adjacent trenches. We could see the two men groping about on all-fours trying to find

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

As each raft load arrived, the men were ordered to crouch low.—Page 292.

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something to which they could tie the end of the rope. In order to see whether there were any of the enemy still alive in the trench nearest them they made mud balls and pitched them over the parapet. Several men dashed out and toward the rear, but the most of them were brought down by our men on the south bank. Finally, White and Trembley made a noose in the end of the rope, gathered in several feet of slack, and, astonishing to relate, made a dash for the trench and slipped it over one of the bamboo uprights of the work, returning then to the river bank, while we opened fire again directly over them to prevent the occupants of the trench from cutting the rope.

The ferry was now established and we were ready for the next move. It was highly desirable to take the arms, ammunition, and clothing of the two men to them at once. After White and Trembley had taken to the water some one had found concealed under a house a very small and cranky dug-out canoe. Corporal B. H. Kerfoot, now a captain in the regular army, and Private O. E. Tyler launched this craft and started across, but upset in the middle of the stream, and had to swim out, having lost not only their own arms, but the arms and clothing of the two men on the other side, their very laudable enterprise having failed through no fault of their own.

In the meantime the raft was floated down the few yards to where the rope was tied on our side of the stream, and preparations made to ferry across enough men to drive the enemy from the end of the bridge. I realized perfectly well that according to the rules of the game a colonel should not leave the bulk of his regiment on one side of a stream and accompany a detachment smaller than a company in size, but I had initiated this enterprise and felt that I must see it through. I could not but consider the outcome as doubtful, and knew mighty well that if I should send a small force across and sacrifice it I would be damned in my home State all the rest of my life, and held up to scorn by all the corner grocery tacticians in the country.

It was found that the raft would support eight men; so I got on board with seven others, and by pulling along the rope we had in a few moments joined White and Trembley on the other bank. In the meantime the artillery and infantry fire against the trenches near the bridge had decreased in volume, but had by no means ceased. Two men took the raft back for another load, and as two were always required for this purpose, the net gain for each trip was usually about six men. As soon as the six of us had landed we dashed into the trench near us, finding it simply full of dead and wounded men. The few who were uninjured surrendered at once. As each raft load arrived, the men were ordered to crouch low under the cover of the river bank. Finally, I had with me Captain Orwig, Lieutenants Whisner and Hopkins, and forty-one enlisted men, every man of whom carried two hundred cartridges for his Krag.

Leaving orders for the raft to continue its trips, and for all subsequent arrivals to form in order to beat off any attack on our left flank and rear, I formed the little detachment in a single line with its right near the river and we began moving up the stream. About half-way between the spot where we had landed and the bridge a small but deep stream called the Rio Francis empties into the Rio Grande. Until we reached this we found the trenches of the enemy deserted, but the works between this and the bridge were fairly swarming with men. We opened fire straight down the trenches across the Rio Francis, enfilading them from end to end, but the occupants were well protected by traverses and the roofs of steel rails. However, they saw that if we succeeded in crossing the Rio Francis we would be among them, and having been terribly shaken by the fire poured into them from across the Rio Grande, they began to vacate, not across the fire-swept open, but along trenches leading to the rear. For a moment it looked as if the fight was won, and we tried to cross the Rio Francis, but found that it was beyond depth, though not more than sixty feet wide. Accordingly, we moved rapidly up it, marching by our left flank, and soon were in a veritable hornet's nest. We had come out from the shelter of the bamboos along the bank of the Rio Grande and were in the margin of a field of young corn about two feet high. The whole farther bank of the Rio Francis was a maze of trenches, and as the stream curved around our left flank we were getting it from two sides. The nearest trenches of the enemy were within a stone's throw, but we could not rush them because of the intervening stream.

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As soon as we had broken into the open, the men had been ordered to lie flat and fire from that position, as otherwise we would have lasted about as long as the proverbial snowball in a blast furnace. We officers went down on one knee, as it was necessary to have something of a lookout, once in a while jumping to our feet for a few seconds to survey the situation. The men, though having the hardest fight of their lives, were under perfect control. We changed the front of the left flank of the detachment in order to bring a fire to bear on the trenches that were enfilading us, and as all of the trenches that we were now engaged with were of the open, standing variety, we were able to accomplish considerable in the way of keeping their occupants down.

But the situation would have been hopeless had it not been for the splendid support rendered by the artillery, machine guns, and infantry on the south bank of the Rio Grande, the fire from these troops enfilading some of the trenches that we were fighting. The shrapnel from our own guns, sweeping across our front at a distance of sometimes less than a hundred feet, caused us no little uneasiness, as a defective fuse might cause a burst short of us with disastrous results. We were not sure, either, that our own people could exactly make out our position, as the air was laden with smoke from bursting shells and with dust thrown up by striking projectiles. Had it not been for the fact that all the troops engaged on both sides were using powder that was at least nearly smokeless, our position would have been impossible. Although there were four thousand insurgent troops on the north side of the Rio Grande, the portion that we were engaged with did not probably number more than six hundred men.

The fire of the enemy had begun to lessen somewhat when a startled exclamation began to run along the line of prostrate men, as we heard directly on our front the unmistakable whirring of a machine gun, and at the same time, just past our right flank, at a distance of not more than thirty feet, the dust was being whipped up along a space four or five feet wide and sixty feet long. A dozen men cried out, "It's the Maxim," and one added the cheerful prediction, "We're goners," being immediately afterward affectionately kicked by his colonel, with an injunction to keep his views to himself. I had stood up as soon as the Maxim opened, and, by following back the direction indicated by the stream of dust kicked up, had no difficulty in locating the gun and the men serving it. It was under a stone culvert of the railway, about two hundred yards north of the bridge, and three hundred yards from our front, being completely protected from the fire of our troops on the south side of the river.

"Cease firing" was blown, and as soon as one could make himself heard the men were ordered to load their magazines, then to rise to their feet, and then the command, "Under that culvert, rapid fire." The Maxim stopped business, then and there, every man in the detachment serving it being killed or disabled. It is my firm belief that, if the weapon had been played laterally instead of being held on the same spot, not a handful of us would have survived, as they had our range perfectly.

It was now plain that the enemy was rapidly vacating the trenches on our front, the most of them taking advantage of numerous trenches and "get aways" to retire under cover. I had heard firing in our rear, and looking around saw that the men who had followed us on the raft and who had been deployed to protect us from rear attack were having a lively little affair of their own.

The time had come to cross the Rio Francis, and we swarmed down the steep bank, where for a moment we were out of sight of the enemy as well as of our own people on the other side of the Rio Grande. A number of the men waded out, but found the sluggish stream too deep. But there were several small "dugouts," and we piled into them and began scrambling up the opposite bank, one man taking back each one of the boats. The first one, containing Captain Orwig and several enlisted men, being overloaded, sank. The strain was now over, and at the spectacle of that gallant officer spouting muddy water like a small whale as he swam for shore, I sat down and had a good laugh. As soon as half a dozen of us were across we dashed for the end of the railway bridge, but not a shot was fired at us, the trenches being empty except for the dead and dying, and what a shambles they were in some places!

During all this time Generals MacArthur and Wheaton had been standing in the open

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near the freight-house, closely watching the progress of events, and directing the work of the troops that had given us such invaluable support. As soon as General Wheaton saw us dash down the steep bank of the Rio Francis he had called on the nearest organizations to follow him, and had started for the bridge. They worked along the wrecked structure, holding onto the sides, and were nearly across when Orwig and I with a few men reached the north end. The place where the girders had been entirely removed was bridged over with planks and timbers. The general and his staff were the first to reach us, and there was some vigorous hand-shaking and mutual congratulations. Companies of the First Montana and the Twentieth Kansas followed as rapidly as they could work their way over the bridge, and by order of General Wheaton took up the pursuit of the enemy retiring toward Apalit. The open plain was fairly covered with them, the whole four thousand of them, minus those left dead or wounded in our hands, being in sight. They were beyond rifle range, but the pursuing troops had a lively brush with their rear guard, in which Captain W. H. Bishop, one of the most capable and courageous officers of the Twentieth Kansas was severely wounded.

In a redoubt just above the end of the bridge we found the cannon that had made such poor practice on the freight-house. It was a bronze muzzle-loading, rifled howitzer, of about three-inch calibre. A visit was at once made to the culvert under which had been stationed the Maxim that had come so near to being our undoing, but it had been removed, the wheel marks being plainly visible. On the ground under the culvert were about twenty dead and wounded men, seven of them being Spanish prisoners of war in the hands of the insurgents, they being still in the uniform of their service. One of the wounded, a corporal, told me that he and his six comrades had been compelled, under threats of death, to handle the Maxim, as the insurgents did not understand the weapon. When we had risen to our feet and opened fire four of the seven had gone down killed, and three of them wounded. The corporal assured me that the gun had jammed just as we opened on them, so that after all our fire had not silenced it, though it had wiped out the personnel. The three surviving Spaniards had been hit in several places, and all died that night.

The battle of Calumpit was over, and the passage of the Rio Grande had been forced. Our dead and our own wounded, as well as the enemy's, were sent to Manila at once, while the enemy's dead were buried in the trenches they had so bravely defended. I do not think anybody took the trouble to count them. Hundreds of rifles and many thousands of rounds of ammunition had been captured. In his official report General MacArthur, a man not given to gushing even to the slightest degree stated, "The successful passage of the river must be regarded as a remarkable military achievment, well calculated to fix the attention of the most careless observer and to stimulate the fancy of the most indifferent." Based upon the recommendations of Generals MacArthur and Wheaton, both of them eye-witnesses of the whole affair, White, Trembley, and myself were, by direction of the President, awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Serveral days were required to ferry across the river the artillery and trains of the division, and it was not until the morning of the 4th of May that we were ready to resume the advance. Our brigade had been in bivouac near the town of Apalit, and early in the morning we had formed in columns of fours, and were pushing up the railroad track. Hale's brigade had the wagon road to the right, and a number of lagoons necessitated a considerable gap between the two brigades. Our friends of the Second Brigade got into it first, and, as the country was perfectly open and flat, we were interested spectators of the fine fight that they were having. But in a short time our advance guard, consisting of Company H of the Twentieth Kansas, came under fire.

The country was so cut up by watercourses that effective work was very difficult. A deep and sluggish lagoon, crossed by the railway bridge, was defended on its farther bank by several hundred of the enemy in open trenches. We had with us on a hand-car one of our Gatling guns, and this weapon was placed in position and opened fire, sweeping the enemy's defences from right to left. General Wheaton, who, as usual, was on the firing line, became somewhat impatient at the volume of fire deliv-

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ered by this weapon, and called out to the sergeant in charge, "Turn that damned thing faster. Are you trying to take a nap?", whereat the thing was made to fairly hum for a few moments, until the sergeant, a grizzled old regular with an Irish brogue that could not have been cut with an axe, turned about, saluted very correctly, and said, "Sir, we are out of ammunition." The return blast from the brigade commander was in every way worthy of the occasion.

In the meantime Company H had deployed and advanced under a very hot fire to the bank of the lagoon and had tried to rush the bridge, but found it dismantled as usual. The men under command of Lieutenant A. H. Krause lay down and engaged in a hard short-range fight with the enemy entrenched on the opposite bank, and finally drove him out, losing Private Wilcox killed and three other enlisted men wounded.

While this affair was going on I had sent for Captain W. S. Albright, commanding Company C of my regiment, and was giving him instructions as to what to do with his company when a bullet struck one of the steel rails of the railway track on which we were standing, missing General Wheaton less than a foot, and then buried itself in the thigh of the unfortunate Albright. It was this officer's birthday, and as he dropped to the ground an embarrassed grin overspread his features as he said, "Well this is certainly one hell of a birthday present."

As the enemy vacated the trenches on the opposite bank of the lagoon our men pushed out on the bridge and were able to cross a few at a time, their progress being very slow, owing to its wrecked condition. I had got across with two complete companies and was examining the trenches abandoned by the enemy, when General Wheaton sent me orders to push up the railway track toward the Santo Tomas station and ascertain what was going on in that vicinity. We hurried forward, reached the station, which was some distance from the buildings of the town, and mighty soon found out what was doing. The insurgent commander-in-chief, Antonio Luna, had just deployed a force to make a counter attack on those of us who had crossed the bridge, and was advancing with it in person, apparently not knowing that our small detachment had pushed up toward the railroad station. The two forces, having been screened from each other by a line of bamboo, came into contact in the open at four hundred yards' range. The enemy outnumbered us about three to one, and for a few moments there took place one of the finest stand up and knock down fights that one would care to see. The gallant Luna himself was hit, shot in the abdomen, and we could see the riderless and terrified horses of himself and staff tearing across the fields. It was a wild five minutes. Fortunately, the scouts a short distance out on our front had given us sufficient warning, so that we had formed line before being struck.

Lieutenant W. A. McTaggart, a most capable officer, sank to the ground with both eyes shot out, but happily died before regaining consciousness. This horrible spectacle for a moment sickened me, and then I saw a corporal, shot through the brain, from one temple to the other, fall almost across McTaggart's feet. It should be of interest to know that this man entirely recovered from his wound, and died of disease a year after his muster out of the service.

Our fire soon mastered that of the enemy and the greater portion of them fled in disorder, but their left, consisting of about eighty men, had reached the shelter of a roadway, and lay down it, keeping up a lively fire at a distance of about two hundred yards. I saw that Company G, commanded by Captain Howard A. Scott, was coming up at double time, and resolved to have him turn the enemy out of his cover by a flank attack, in the meantime ordering the two companies with me to lie down behind the railway track, which here was on a level with the general surface of the ground, there being neither cut nor fill. Captain Scott arrived in advance of his company, and I was giving him instructions as to what to do when I felt a most terrific blow on my left hand, in which I was holding a pair of field-glasses. At first I did not realize that I had been shot, but Lieutenant B. J. Mitchell, who for some years afterward served me as aide, picked up the glasses, which had been hurled through the air for some twenty feet, took me by the arm, and called a man of the Hospital Corps. Blood was spattering all over me, and I had no desire to look at the offending hand, and so held it out to the man, looking the other way in the meantime. As he examined it, I asked, "Is there anything left of it?" He

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replied, "Clean shot," and told me to sit down. As I backed up against the little station building I saw Warner, the regimental sergeant-major who had been at my side through every fight of the campaign, reclining against the wall, and looking decidedly peevish. I said, "Warner, where did you get it?" He held up his left hand, and it was a most remarkable coincidence that we had been hit in exactly the same place, barring the fraction of an inch. My hand was being bound up, and I was not yet on my feet when General Wheaton, who, accompanied by Captain H. C. Cabell and Lieutenants F. D. Webster, P. P. Russell, and E. S. Kimmel of his staff, had crossed the bridge and hurried on foot toward the sound of the firing, joined us. The general, seeing the men lying down behind the railroad track, and engaging in a fire fight with the enemy on their front, and noting the fact that I had been wounded, misunderstood the situation, thinking that the men had "flunked," and strode among them. With his tremendous voice he called out, "Get on your feet, you damned mice, lying down here, with your colonel shot. Get on your feet, and charge."

My bandage having been put on, I got up and ran toward the general to explain the situation, telling him that I had ordered the men to lie down. But it was too late. One company had risen and started forward, followed quickly by the other two, Company G having in the meantime been deployed. It was a quick dash, and soon over. The general, accompanied by his staff officers, was on the firing line, and I was a few yards to their left. The recollection of that little charge is one of the things that I treasure. The fiery old veteran discharging his revolver and calling out to the men near him to shoot faster and "burn their powder," and the general hubbub and excitement gave us a lively minute. There could be but one result. We had covered but half the distance when the Filipinos began to break and run to the rear. They were followed by storms of bullets, but our men were so exhausted that their shooting was about the worst I have ever seen, notwithstanding which fact the enemy left on the ground a heavy toll of killed and wounded. Some of the bravest had fired until we were within fifty yards of them.

Darkness was now coming on. We gathered up our wounded and those of the enemy for transportation to the hospitals in Manila. Warner and I, not being in the habit of walking on our hands, were able to take care of ourselves for the time being, and went back to division head-quarters, General MacArthur and his staff having come up and established themselves in a field a few hundred yards to the rear. The general had heard that I had been hit, but not seriously, and as I came up with my bandaged hand, and khaki blouse drenched with blood, said very quietly, as if he were making a remark about the weather, "Well, Funston, you got it at last. I am glad it is no worse."

In the meantime ambulances were collecting to take us back to the Bag-Bag River bridge, where we could take a train to Manila. The ride was a very trying one, the road being horribly rough, and the four native horses that we had on our vehicle being very fractious. I rode on the seat with the driver, the interior of the ambulance being very properly reserved for those who were not able to sit up. Among these was Captain Dillon of the First Montana, a red-haired Irishman with a brogue that would have turned the edge of a knife. He was desperately hurt, shot clear through the body, and suffered intensely as we were jolted over the atrocious road. On one occasion we stopped to enable the driver to untangle the leaders from a clump of bamboo near the roadside, and the suffering captain called out, "Dhriver, is the domned road all like this?" Being assured that it was, he replied, "Well, be God, I'll get out and walk," but he was not allowed to try the experiment.

But all things end at last, and at about ten o'clock at night the ambulances with their loads of suffering and groaning men reached the Bag-Bag, the wounded were carried in litters across the now partially repaired railway bridge, and placed on the train awaiting them. There was no light in the ordinary day coach that we occupied, and the heat was stifling, but finally we pulled into Manila. As the train stopped at Caloocan I was handed a telegram addressed to me as a brigadier-general. It was signed by Col. Thomas H. Barry, now Major-General Barry, and read, "Congratulations. Shake, if your wounded hand will permit. No man better deserves the star."

For a moment I was dazed, not understanding what was meant, but it soon

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dawned on me that a cable had been received from Washington announcing my promotion to the grade of brigadier-general of volunteers. It had been quick work, being largely the result of the passage of the Rio Grande at Calumpit, only a week before, and was brought about by a cabled recommendation from the corps commander, Major-General Elwell S. Otis, based on the reports and recommendations of Generals MacArthur and Wheaton. I must confess that I was highly gratified, and nearly forgot the throbbing in my hand. My wound was not so severe that I was compelled to go to the hospital, but I was allowed to live in quarters, going once a day to have my hand dressed. In ten days I was allowed to return to duty, though the hand had to be carried in a sling for a couple of weeks more.

General Wheaton had been assigned to the command of another brigade for the purpose of participating in important operations on the "South Line," so that, much to my gratification, I was assigned to the command of the First Brigade of the Second Division, and so had my old regiment and the First Montana until they were relieved by two regular regiments. The narrative of the lively fighting around San Fernando, Pampanga, which had been occupied by our troops on the evening of the engagement at Santo Tomas, forms another story.

THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTIONS OF 1880 AND 1884

By James Ford Rhodes

HAYES became president on March 4, 1877, and was confronted with a Democratic House chosen in the presidential year. The elections of 1878 resulted in a Democratic House and Senate, and there were few to predict Republican success in 1880. Hayes had alienated the "Stalwarts" by his Southern policy and the party workers by his efforts to reform the Civil Service, but, despite factional troubles, there was a strong undercurrent of confidence in the Republican party, due to the President's wise administration and to the improvement in business and financial conditions. That this was felt by the politicians is evident from the eager competition for the Republican presidential nomination of 1880. The Senatorial triumvirate, Conkling, of New York, J. D. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and Logan, of Illinois, were first in the field with their warm advocacy of General Grant, whom, in the various ways necessary to bring a man before the country, they put forward as a candidate during the year preceding the convention.

Soon after the expiration of his second term, Grant started on a tour round the world, and was received both in Europe and in Asia with distinguished courtesies never before accorded to an American citizen. Full reports of his progress were given by the newspapers, and every one felt a glow of pride in reading of the honors bestowed upon the representative of his country. When Grant arrived at San Francisco in September, 1879, he was certainly the most popular man in the United States. His reception in that city could not have been more enthusiastic, and the leisurely trip thence to Chicago was attended by a continuous ovation, which was later repeated when he went from his old home of Galena to Philadelphia. The demonstrations were a non-partisan tribute to the first citizen of the country, but as the "Grant boom" was already well in progress, those favoring it did not scruple to make political capital out of the enthusiasm elicited by their candidate. The Senatorial triumvirate had no assurance from Grant that their efforts met with his favor, but Conkling, from intimate association with him during his presidency, knew his man and was well aware that his silence gave consent.

In August, 1879, Grant wrote to Badeau in a private letter, "I am not a candidate

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for any office nor would I hold one that required any manœuvring, or sacrifice to obtain"; and, during the first few months after his home-coming, his position undoubtedly was that if the Republican party unanimously, or nearly so, demanded that he should be their candidate, he would deem it his duty to comply with their wish. Twice he had been unanimously nominated and, as he believed that he had served his country well in the presidential chair, it is not surprising that he thought the nomination might be offered him again with one voice. While the feeling against a third term might have prevented in any case a unanimous call, yet had Grant rounded out his military career by making an excellent president, it is almost certain that, when the Convention met, he would have had a sufficient following to secure his nomination, by a good majority, on the first ballot. Adept as were the Senatorial triumvirate in all the arts of political manipulation, they could not have hoped for success had not Grant been strong with a mass of the people whose thoughts dwelt upon him at Appomattox, rather than in the White House. Those national traditions, to be sure, which implied distrust of the continuance of one man in high office with the possible consequences of personal ambition shaping the country's policy and misusing the patronage, supplied an argument well-nigh unanswerable against a third term directly succeeding the second; but little weight should be attached to these considerations in the case of a former president.

Early in 1880 Grant went to Cuba and was out of the country a little over two months. Meanwhile, the Senatorial triumvirate were actively at work. It was argued that Grant was needed to maintain a vigorous Southern policy and to protect the negro at the South in his exercise of the suffrage. Already, through the suppression of the negro vote, the Democrats had secured the House and the Senate and, although a number of Southern States had voted for Grant in 1868 and 1872, and for Hayes in 1876, it was evident that in 1880 the "solid South" (that is, all the former slave States), would be for the Democratic candidate. Moreover, so the argument ran, the Democrats, indignant at the manner of their defeat in 1876, and now having possession of the Senate and the House, would by fair means or foul "count in" their candidate unless they had for their opponent the resolute and warlike Grant.

Cameron was the first to produce results, having called the Pennsylvania State Convention for the early date of February 4, but he had to encounter in his State a strong feeling for Blaine who, next to Grant, was the most formidable candidate. Cameron, however, was audacious and had a powerful machine. He dominated the Convention, which by a vote of 133 to 113 instructed the delegates to the National Convention to vote for Grant and then, without a division, adopted the unit rule. The unit rule implied that the whole vote of the State should be cast for the candidate in whose favor the instructions were given, and that, on all questions coming before the National Convention, a majority of the delegation should decide how the State, as a whole, should vote. Three weeks later, Conkling followed with his New York State Convention, which he conducted with great skill, although in one respect his task was easier than Cameron's, inasmuch as the sentiment for Grant was stronger in New York than in Pennsylvania. He did not deem it wise or necessary to provide for the unit rule in unequivocal language, but, by deft management, he had the Convention adopt a resolution which implied this rule without arrogantly overriding the minority.

While the Pennsylvania and New York Conventions gave an impetus to the boom for Grant, they showed that instead of the party calling upon him with one voice for its leader, his nomination must be fought for in the manner of ordinary candidates. The attitude of Grant himself reflects the change in his opinion from December 1879 to May 1880. In December, while in Philadelphia, he was asked, "Will you not be disappointed, after such an ovation from San Francisco to Philadelphia, if you are not returned to the presidency?" "No, not at all, but Mrs. Grant would," was his reply. In January George William Curtis thought that, though he did not seek the nomination, he expected it and, before the end of February, the general impression was that he would take it in any honorable way that he could get it. In May, his bosom friend, General Sherman, wrote in a private letter: "Grant is still a candidate, but, instead of being nominated by

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acclamation, will have to scramble for it, a thing I cannot help but regret, as his career heretofore is so splendid that I cannot help feeling it impaired by common politics. He could so nobly rest on his laurels, but his family and his personal dependents prod him on, and his best friends feel a delicacy about offering advice not asked." Grant's situation supplies a commentary on the neglect of its ex-Presidents by a great nation, which might give them some official position with a liberal salary or, at all events, grant them a sufficient pension to enable them to live in dignified retirement. For Grant needed a job. He loved city life and the society of rich men, but had not sufficient wealth to reside in New York, unless he could obtain such employment as would give him an addition to his private means. This fact, together with the feeling that, if the country elected him for another term, its careful choice would be a vindication of his two administrations, led him, as events progressed, to grasp eagerly for the prize.

The opposition to Grant kept pace with the movement in his favor and at first was based almost entirely on the deep-seated conviction that a third term was undesirable, but, as the canvass grew in heat, the scandals of his administrations were revived and urged as a reason why the great trust should not again be committed to his hands. Blaine had a large following, and was as good a Stalwart as Grant himself, having indeed coined the appellation. John Sherman, the Secretary of the Treasury, and Senator Edmunds were advocated by those who approved of Hayes's administration, Edmunds being the first choice of the Independent Republicans, while E. B. Washburne, of Illinois, had a certain support.

Logan was the last of the Senatorial triumvirate to do his special work and his Convention did not meet until the 19th of May. In Illinois it had been the custom for the State Convention to choose all the delegates, the district delegates as well as those from the State at large, and this custom was now followed, with the result that a solid delegation for Grant was selected, but, under Logan's management, the proceedings were so high-handed that nine Congressional districts at once entered a protest and it was significant that one of these districts was Grant's own. Soon afterward there was an indignant mass-meeting in Chicago. It was decided to send anti-Grant delegates from these nine districts and carry the contest into the National Convention.

The date fixed for the assembling of this Convention was Wednesday, June 2, and the place Chicago. Before the appointed day, many prominent delegates and the advocates of the several candidates came together in order to settle certain preliminaries by private discussion and conference rather than to carry all dissensions into the great Convention hall. This pre-Convention work had for its centre the Republican National Committee, a body always existent, composed of one member from each State and Territory. The contest in the Committee, and, indeed, in the Convention, until the balloting for candidates began, resolved itself into one between the Grant and anti-Grant forces. A majority of the members of the Committee were opposed to Grant's nomination, but Senator J. D. Cameron was chairman and the fact of his holding this position prompted the triumvirate to a bold plan to secure the organization of the Convention. It was the rule for the chairman of the National Committee to call the Convention to order and then to give way to a temporary chairman selected by the Committee. The Committee's choice would be anti-Grant, but Cameron would recognize a motion from the floor to substitute a Grant man, and on this vote he would apply the unit rule and likewise on any appeal from his ruling. The temporary chairman so chosen would continue the same parliamentary practice, a permanent organization friendly to Grant would be effected and he would be nominated on the first ballot. An analysis of the delegations shows clearly that, if the unit rule could have been enforced, this plan might have been carried out to the letter. The plan leaked out and the anti-Grant men were in dismay, for they lacked cohesion and were supporting several candidates, while the Grant party was like a military force obeying implicitly its leaders. On May 30 Garfield arrived in Chicago, and brought order out of chaos by insisting that the defeat of the unit rule was more important than the nomination of any candidate. He, with a number of other delegates,

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representing different candidates, waited upon Conkling and gave him to understand that, on questions of organization, the anti-Grant men would act together. Under this inspiration, which brought jarring elements into union, the majority of the National Committee threatened to depose Cameron as chairman unless this plan of the triumvirate should be abandoned. A compromise was arrived at. Senator George F. Hoar, who was neither for Grant nor for Blaine, was agreed upon as temporary chairman, and the question of the unit rule went to the Convention where the anti-Grant forces were in a majority. John M. Forbes, who was the Massachusetts member of the National Committee and an Independent, made this private note of opinion and of the action of the majority: "In spite of the objections to Grant, I preferred him, as being an honest man, to Blaine; but, for the purposes of a fair organization of the Convention, a combination with the Blaine leaders was necessary, and by patience and firmness we prevented the breaking up of the Convention."

The Convention building on the shore of the lake was said to be "one of the most splendid barns that was ever constructed." It held the delegates, alternates, press reporters, officials, distinguished guests, and ten thousand spectators. The acoustic properties were good. Flags and pictures of prominent Republicans covered the walls. The weather was comfortably cool during the first part of the proceedings, and the demand for tickets to the galleries was great. The Convention was called to order at noon of Wednesday, June 2, by Cameron, who, after a few remarks, said that the Republican National Committee had instructed him to place in nomination, as temporary chairman, George F. Hoar. Hoar was elected unanimously and, on taking the chair, made a brief speech, when the Convention accomplished some routine business and, after a session of three hours, adjourned until the next day.

Conkling and Garfield were the heroes of the Convention and led the opposing forces. Conkling stopped at the Grand Pacific Hotel, and, despite his supercilious manner, courted publicity. While eating his breakfast he was gaped at by curious crowds. Frequenting the office, the lobby, and other public rooms, and reclining on the public sofas, he apparently desired personal homage from the crowd of lookers-on who, coming from various States to witness a Convention and shout for their candidate, wandered about the hotels, eager to see the leaders of their party. Perhaps he thought to win favor for Grant by treating the crowd with unusual affability. His entrance into the Convention hall was a studied performance. Waiting until the opening prayer had secured order, he moved with a graceful stride down the long aisle, his physical attractions displayed to the best advantage. And, like a popular actor coming upon the stage, he got his round of applause. But, once in his seat, he laid affability aside and, relishing the contentious part of his mission, he allowed the spirit of domination full sway and, by sarcastic words and sneering tone, irritated his opponents and alienated wavering delegates whom different tactics might have won to his cause. Nevertheless, his leadership was effective in holding the following of Grant together without a break. When Conkling, early on the second day, was arguing in favor of his motion for a recess, Garfield, the time of whose entrance had perhaps been craftily arranged, entered the hall, eliciting a burst of cheers which drowned Conkling's voice. These two, brought into opposition in this episode, remained antagonists throughout the Convention, and it was an encounter of giants. Garfield was fair, conciliatory, persuasive, and in every move and speech made friends for his cause—opposition to the unit rule and the third term.

The first conflict in the Convention hall between Conkling and Garfield occurred early on the third day when Conkling offered a resolution that each delegate was bound in honor to support the candidate, whoever he might be, and all who refused should lose their seats in the Convention. On a roll-call of the States the ayes were 716, the noes 3. On this announcement Conkling moved that all who had voted no had forfeited their votes in this Convention. These three were from West Virginia; they rose in their places and said that they intended to support the nominee, but did not deem the resolution wise. It was a question how the Convention would act, to what extent it might rebuke this exhibition of independence, when Garfield rose and, in

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a brief but impassioned speech espoused the cause of the three dissentients, ending with a request to Conkling to withdraw his motion. Garfield had so evidently carried the Convention with him that Conkling, after an exhibition of bad temper and an unsuccessful attempt to draw the presiding officer into the controversy [Hoar had been made permanent chairman], complied with Garfield's request. It is said, however, that he wrote on a newspaper, "I congratulate you on being the dark horse," and sent this to Garfield; or, as another version of the incident has it, the message was written on a card which was passed to Garfield, who read, "Is this the first appearance of the dark horse in this Convention?"

The action of the Convention on the report of the Committee on Credentials was on the whole favorable to the anti-Grant forces. The important decision was that the eighteen anti-Grant delegates from Illinois were given seats. It was during the consideration of the case of Illinois on Friday, the third day of the Convention, that a scene occurred which throws doubt on the claim of a National Convention to being a deliberative body. It was midnight and Emery A. Storrs, an eloquent lawyer from Chicago, in a speech advocating the admission of the entire Grant delegation from Illinois, mentioned almost in one breath "James G. Blaine" and "the grand old silent soldier!" When the galleries resounded in cheers for Grant, Conkling rose and waved his handkerchief to the galleries; these responded with the waving of handkerchiefs and the brandishing of umbrellas. The cheers, accompanied by singing, lasted twenty or thirty minutes, after which followed a wild demonstration for Blaine. Robert Ingersoll, who was on the platform, waved a woman's red shawl. Men took off their coats and used them for flags. Forbes wrote that the enormous audience was made up largely of Grant's Chicago friends; on the other hand, the *New York Times* [which favored Grant] declared that the galleries were packed with Blaine shouters. Both seem to have been partly right. Forbes wrote further that the delegates "caught the fever, and one faction after another yelled and paraded with the flags about the hall, acting like so many Bedlamites. An enthusiastic woman jumped on a rail behind the chairman and began to harangue the meeting, balancing herself doubtfully on the narrow edge until ex-Governor Jewell gallantly supported her by both his hands until she could be pacified. In swinging her parasol about, she nearly struck me, just below her, and to avoid further danger I raised my umbrella, and sat safe under her (its) lee until she subsided."

One of the rules which governed the Convention of 1876 had left it doubtful whether the unit rule prevailed and on that account an "unseemly controversy" had arisen. For the sake of avoiding any uncertainty the majority of the Committee on Rules added a clause which in set terms demolished the unit rule. Garfield, being the chairman of the Committee, was again the centre of attraction; he presented the report and made a cogent argument in its favor, at the same time treating the minority with consideration and courtesy. Again he carried the Convention with him and his report was adopted. This action put an end to the hope of nominating Grant on the first ballot and showed that his supporters must win over doubtful delegates by persuasion instead of by force; but, had the unit rule been enforced, Grant would have received on the first ballot enough votes, probably, to secure the nomination.

The majority report of the Committee on Resolutions made no reference to Civil Service Reform, which in 1880 was a vital question, but on the floor of the Convention, Barker, a Massachusetts delegate, moved the addition of a resolution, declaring for it in no uncertain terms. This gave rise to one of the best-remembered sayings of this Convention. Flanagan, of Texas, sprang quickly to his feet declaring, "To the victors belong the spoils," and asking, "What are we up here for? I mean that members of the Republican party are entitled to office, and if we are victorious we will have office." This caused general and hearty laughter. Other objections were made and the result looked uncertain, but Charles R. Codman, another Massachusetts delegate, made a vigorous remonstrance against an indicated tendency to shelve the subject, and, after some further discussion, the Civil Service Reform plank was adopted by a viva voce vote.

Not until the evening of Saturday, the fourth day, were the candidates put in nomination. Two speeches were made, which,

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with the exception of Rufus Choate's tribute to Webster in 1852, are the most splendid examples of our convention oratory. In due course, the turn of Conkling came to nominate Grant. He mounted a table on the reporter's platform, and began with a slight variation of Miles O'Reilly's lines:

> "And when asked what State he hails from,
> Our sole reply shall be,
> He hails from Appomattox
> And its famous apple tree."

He declared that with Grant the Republican party could "grandly win." Pointing out in well-chosen words Grant's title to greatness, he was never effusive, tawdry, or grandiloquent. He seized the salient points that suggested to all grateful recollections. Certainly he was a strong candidate who was victor in war, magnanimous at Lee's surrender, a lover of peace, as shown by the Geneva arbitration, a believer in sound money as exemplified by the veto of the inflation bill. The only objection to Grant, Conkling said, was the "third term" and to this objection he applied his scathing ridicule. He was heard all over the hall, and the long applause that followed was not entirely that of a claque; part of it was in genuine approval of an eloquent speech. Benjamin Harrison, a delegate from Indiana, a cold critic of oratory, who later developed into an excellent public speaker, unconsciously applauded as vigorously as Grant's most sympathetic friends, although he himself was opposed to the general's nomination. Conkling's was an effective speech in holding together his solid phalanx, but it failed in conciliation. As the necessary votes to nominate Grant must come largely from the supporters of Blaine and Sherman, it was not a happy stroke to cast a slur on each of those candidates. After Grant's nomination had been seconded in a five-minute speech, Garfield rose to present the name of Sherman. To follow Conkling's oration was a difficult rôle, and his subject was far less inspiring, yet he made a great speech, presenting strong reasons for the nomination of Sherman and receiving an enthusiastic acclaim from the audience in the Convention hall. Afterward it was often sneeringly suggested that Garfield spoke for himself rather than for Sherman, but this sneer was prompted by the outcome of the Convention.

It was nearly midnight of Saturday when the Convention adjourned. No ballot was taken and the main business went over to Monday. During the interval of one whole day, in which it had been hoped that some combination would be made, nothing apparently was determined, and, when the Convention met on Monday, June 7, the nomination seemed no more imminent than when the delegates had come together during the preceding week. On the first ballot Grant received 304; Blaine 284; Sherman 93; George F. Edmunds 34; E. B. Washburne 30; William Windom 10; necessary to a choice, 378. It was clear that the adherents of Blaine and Sherman could control the nomination by uniting on one or the other, but such a combination was never made. Sherman expected the nomination by drawing from the backers of both Grant and Blaine, in the event that the sharp contest should result in the nomination of neither. He was friendly to both candidates and to their chief supporters, but he suffered by not having a unanimous delegation from his own State, receiving only 34 of Ohio's votes while Blaine got 9 and Edmunds 1. In Ohio two delegates were chosen from each Congressional district by a district convention and four from the State at large by the State Convention, which had this year instructed these to vote for Sherman and requested the district delegates to do likewise. In certain parts of the State, however, there was a strong feeling for Blaine, and Sherman, being aware of this, desired that Garfield's district should send him as a delegate. [Garfield was still a Representative in the lower House of Congress, although he had been chosen Senator for six years, from March 4, 1881.] Sherman had practically the naming of the delegates at large and Garfield, assuring him of his earnest support, told him that he was eager to go to the Convention as one of the four; and so it was arranged. Garfield's influence in his own district was very powerful, yet this district sent two delegates who voted for Blaine. In view of all the facts, it is pretty difficult to avoid the alternative mentioned in a private letter of Sherman's of April 8: "If this district [Garfield's] should be against my nomination, it would be attributed to either want of influence on his [Garfield's] part, or, what is worse, a want of sincerity in my support."

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A survey of the whole proceedings of the Convention reveals Garfield's work on behalf of his candidate as a cold performance of duty utterly lacking enthusiasm; and this is entirely comprehensible when it is remembered that the personal and political friendship between him and Blaine was so close that Blaine's nomination would undoubtedly have given him great pleasure. On the twenty-ninth ballot, nineteen delegates from Massachusetts dropped Edmunds and voted for Sherman, making his vote 116. This proved that he was satisfactory to the Independent Republicans; but on the next ballot he received only 120, and afterward his vote fell off, rendering it apparent that he could not attract a sufficient number of the supporters of Blaine to secure the nomination. This meant that he was out of the race. The highest number that Blaine received was 285. He could not get the votes of the Independent Republicans who actually preferred Grant to him, nor could he attract the Sherman strength. Politically the supporters of Blaine and Grant were sympathetic, both being, in the main, Stalwarts, but the bitter feeling between Conkling and Blaine made any diversion to him from the Grant following impossible. Grant's highest vote was 313, and this on the ballot next to the last, when his full strength was called out to prevent the nomination of Garfield. His average vote was about 306, the exact number that he received on the last ballot, and these 306 have gone down into history as the solid Grant phalanx, steady in their support, holding firm to him to the last. So faithful and consistent a following was exceedingly likely at any time to draw from the other candidates and bring about a stampede to Grant as the strongest; and it was then thought, and present study confirms the contemporaneous impression, that a union of the anti-Grant forces was possible on no other man than Garfield.

For some weeks before the Convention Garfield had been talked of as the possible nominee and, when the delegates and hangers-on came to Chicago, the gossip of the crowd pointed in his direction. On the third day of the Convention, after having espoused the cause of the three recalcitrant delegates from West Virginia and made his famous reply to Conkling, he must have felt that his hold on the delegates was powerful and that if neither Grant, Blaine, nor Sherman could secure the prize, he might win it for himself. His speech nominating Sherman was one of the great efforts of his life and furthered his own cause far better than that of the man for whom he spoke. On the Sunday night, however, intervening between his speech and the balloting, he refused, according to the *New York Tribune*, to entertain the idea of being a candidate. On Monday (June 7th) twenty-eight ballots were taken and the twenty-ninth, the first ballot of the Tuesday, gave no indication that the dead-lock would be broken, nor was there any notable change until the thirty-fourth. On the second ballot Garfield had received one vote from Pennsylvania which, with five exceptions, was continued to the thirty-fourth. On different occasions he got another vote, twice from Alabama, three times from Maryland. On a number of ballots he received two from Pennsylvania, but on no ballot a total of more than two until the thirty-fourth, when Wisconsin gave him sixteen. In this crucial moment of his life Garfield said: "Mr. President, I rise to a question of order. . . . I challenge the correctness of the announcement. The announcement contains votes for me. No man has a right, without the consent of the person voted for, to announce that person's name, and vote for him, in this Convention. Such consent I have not given." This is the official account which Senator Hoar, who, be it remembered, was the presiding officer, corrects slightly in his Autobiography by saying that after the word "given" there should be a dash instead of a period, for he interrupted Garfield in the middle of a sentence by declining to entertain his question of order and commanding him to resume his seat. "I was terribly afraid," Hoar further related, "that he would say something that would make his nomination impossible, or his acceptance impossible, if it were made." Garfield afterward said to the reporter of a Cleveland newspaper: "If Senator Hoar had permitted, I would have forbidden anybody to vote for me. But he took me off my feet before I had said what I intended." These statements must be given their due weight; yet nobody can doubt that Garfield, with his magnificent presence and stentorian voice, could have commanded

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the attention of the Convention and, by declining emphatically to be a candidate under any circumstances, have turned the tide which was setting in his favor. But his characteristic vacillation prevented him from taking the most glorious action of his life, that of absolutely refusing consent to his nomination. But apparently the thought of his trust was overpowered by the conviction that the prize was his without the usual hard preliminary work.

On the thirty-fifth ballot Garfield received 50; on the thirty-sixth and last, 399; to Blaine 42, Sherman 3 and Grant 306. The Blaine and Sherman following, together with the Independent Republicans, nominated Garfield. Both Blaine and Sherman sent telegrams asking their delegates to vote for him, and on the last ballot Garfield had the solid vote of Maine, and all but one from Ohio (that one being, of course, his own).

In his "Recollections" John Sherman has magnanimously absolved Garfield from any breach of trust; after the President's death he once said to me, "Garfield had a great head and a great heart."

Garfield's was probably, with the exception of Sherman's, the strongest nomination which could have been made. In November he was elected, carrying the State of New York, which was absolutely necessary for his success, by over 20,000 plurality. For the first time the "solid South" gave their electoral votes to the Democratic candidate, who this year was General Hancock.

Garfield chose Blaine, his closest friend and most trusted political adviser, for his Secretary of State, and this choice involved him in a quarrel at the outset of his administration. Blaine was the more masterful man of the two, and it was undoubtedly due to him that William H. Robertson was appointed Collector of the Port of New York. The actual incumbent, an appointment of Hayes, was a good officer and there was no administrative reason for the change. But the Collector's position was very important, as he might control the political machine of New York City. Before the presidency of Hayes, this machine had been controlled by Conkling, and Hayes's removal of Chester A. Arthur, Conkling's henchman, was for the purpose of better administration. The appointment of Robertson could be looked at in no other way than an attempt to build up an anti-Conkling machine in a Conkling stronghold. Robertson had been at the head of the Blaine supporters in the New York delegation of 1880, and had joined in the stampede to Garfield. Conkling and his brother Senator, Thomas C. Platt, regarded his appointment as a personal insult and resigned their positions as Senators; they then appealed to their legislature to return them to the Senate as their vindication. This plan met with strenuous opposition, and the New York legislature was engaged in a bitter Senatorial contest, in which Conkling was being assisted by the Vice-President, Chester A. Arthur, when Garfield, after only four months of office, was shot at the railroad station in Washington. On September 19 he was dead, but he left his party in New York State rent asunder. Conkling and Platt had been defeated for re-election to the Senate, but the bitter feeling aroused by the appointment of Robertson remained and two factions called Stalwarts and Half-Breeds contended for mastery. For the presidential nomination of 1884, the Stalwarts in the main supported Arthur and the Half-Breeds Blaine. Though Arthur had been a machine politician of the most advanced type, he had on his succession to the presidency shaken himself free from his old associations and, pursuing a manly course, had gained the confidence of the country. He desired the nomination, and while an analysis of his support in the Convention shows that his office-holders had been active in sending delegates favorable to him, it does not appear that he sacrificed the dignity of his office by making any efforts on his own behalf.

While the Convention of 1880 is one of the most interesting in our history, that of 1884 is one of the least interesting. The eager strife which characterized the action before and during the earlier Convention is absent. At the same time, there was no well-defined issue between the parties and there were no differences of principle within the Republican party itself. The dominant aim seemed to be the selection of a man strong enough to defeat the Democratic candidate, who would, undoubtedly, be Grover Cleveland. In 1882 Cleveland

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had been elected Governor of New York by 192,854 majority over the Republican candidate; he had made an admirable Governor, stood high in his own party, outside of Tammany Hall, and had won the approval of independent thinkers, among both Republicans and Democrats.

In the end the Convention nominated Blaine, but the result came not of self-seeking and manipulation on his own part; on the contrary, the nomination sought him. He was the choice of the majority of the Convention and undoubtedly of the majority of his party. "I neither desire nor expect the nomination," he said. "But I don't intend that man in the White House shall have it." [February 22.] He was entirely sincere when, in writing to one of his most active supporters, he forbade the use of money, saying that the nomination must be the "unbiassed, unbought judgment of the people." [May 8.] The real reason of Blaine's indifference was that he feared that he could not carry New York, and as the Democrats would have the solid South, the electoral vote of that State was necessary to Republican success. He shrank from the canvass, and like many other Republicans cast about for a candidate who might win. His eye lighted on General Sherman, to whom he imparted his views in a private letter, written on May 25. But General Sherman would not listen to the suggestion. "I would account myself a fool" he wrote, "a madman, an ass, to embark anew, at sixty-five years of age, in a career that may become at any moment tempest-tossed by perfidy, the defalcation, the dishonesty or neglect of any single one of a hundred thousand subordinates utterly unknown to the President."

John Sherman, now Senator, had the support of a part of the Ohio delegation, but he also had doubts of Republican success. In two confidential letters to his brother, the general, he showed plainly his position: "A nomination is far from being equivalent to an election. The chances are for the Democrats but for their proverbial blundering." [January 29.] "I would gladly take it [the nomination] as an honorable closing of thirty years of political life, but I will neither ask for it, scheme for it, nor have I the faintest hope of getting it." [March 7.] Later [May 4], when it seemed to the Senator that, if Blaine were not nominated on one of the early ballots, the movement toward General Sherman would be irresistible, he advised his brother to accept the nomination if it came "unsought and with cordial unanimity." But neither Blaine's advice nor his brother's could move the general. His final word, sent to John B. Henderson, who became permanent chairman of the Convention was: Prevent, if you can, the mention of my name; should a break occur after the first ballot and "my name be presented as a compromise," decline for me; lastly, "if in spite of such declination I should be nominated," decline with emphasis. For "I would not for a million dollars subject myself and family to the ordeal of a political canvass, and afterward to a four years' service in the White House."

While the absence of Senators Hale and Frye [Blaine leaders in 1880] and Conkling was conspicuous, there were many able men among the delegates. Massachusetts sent Senator Hoar, William W. Crapo, John D. Long, and Henry Cabot Lodge, as delegates at large, and, as district delegate, Edward L. Pierce: 25 of her 28 votes, including these five, were given to Edmunds. From New York came Theodore Roosevelt and Andrew D. White, as delegates at large, and, as district delegate, George William Curtis, who was made chairman of the delegation. These three supported Edmunds, while Thomas C. Platt, a district delegate, the former lieutenant of Conkling, had separated from the Stalwarts and was strongly in favor of Blaine. Three of the delegates at large from Ohio were Foraker, William McKinley, and Mark Hanna, this being the first appearance of Hanna on the stage of national politics. The warm friendship which existed between him and McKinley until McKinley's death had already begun, although McKinley desired the nomination of Blaine, while Hanna was an earnest and faithful worker for John Sherman. The following of Blaine must not be regarded as entirely of the Thomas C. Platt stripe; some of the best men of the party, like McKinley and William Walter Phelps, were advocates of his nomination.

In the Convention harmony prevailed. The reports of the Committees on Credentials and on Resolutions were unanimously adopted; the majority report of the Com-

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mittee on Rules, without a call of the roll. Nevertheless, a contention occurred on the first day when Lodge, Curtis, and Roosevelt resisted the choice of the National Committee for temporary chairman of Powell Clayton, an eleventh-hour supporter of Blaine, and carried, by a majority of forty, the election of John R. Lynch, a colored man, who was for Arthur. All the delegates knew Roosevelt from his untiring personal canvass for Edmunds and when, to use the words of the reporter, this "active, nervous, light-haired, gray-eyed man" mounted a chair to urge the election of Lynch, "he was greeted with a burst of rousing applause." The division in the main was between the Blaine and Logan delegates [Logan was a candidate, receiving on the first ballot sixty-three and a half votes] on the one side, and the Arthur, Edmunds, and Sherman forces on the other, but it failed to reveal the entire Blaine strength, as a number of his supporters had a personal preference for Lynch over Clayton. On the second day, owing to a premonition of the "mugwump bolt" against Blaine, a resolution was offered that every member of the Convention was bound in honor to support its nominee. This was opposed by Edward L. Pierce, and an animated discussion followed, ending with an impassioned speech by George William Curtis against the resolution, as a result of which it was withdrawn.

Although it is now evident that it was a Blaine Convention, it was not clear at the time to those opposing his nomination—at any rate not until the fourth day, when the balloting began. The objection to Blaine was presented under different aspects. A number of the delegates believed that he had prostituted his high office of Speaker of the House in an effort for pecuniary gain. Others, denying that the charge had been proved, felt that the suspicion was so strong as to render him a vulnerable candidate. And all these were at one in the conviction that he could not carry New York. In the balloting Arthur was the next strongest candidate, but on him a union of the opposition to Blaine was impossible; indeed, it was thought that, owing to party dissensions, he could not carry New York, his own State. Those opposed to both Blaine and Arthur endeavored to bring the other jarring elements together. Roosevelt and Mark Hanna wrought with a common aim in the effort to get the Edmunds delegates to divert their strength to John Sherman, hoping that other accessions might follow; but this combination they failed to effect. Then efforts were made in another direction. Although it was known in the Convention that General Sherman had written a letter to Blaine, declining to be a candidate, and had sent a telegram to Henderson of the same tenor, a belief was held in some quarters that if he were nominated he would not decline. Senator Hoar and George William Curtis, sharing this belief, endeavored to win an important number of delegates from their respective States to their way of thinking. They thought they had succeeded and were intending at the proper time to announce these votes for General Sherman, when it was thought delegates from one or two other States would follow; but, before the announcement could be made, each was met with this objection from their associate delegates—"Our people do not want a Father Confessor in the White House," the reference being to the religion of General Sherman's wife. Thus were they forced to abandon their attempt.

On Friday, June 6th, the fourth day of the Convention, the balloting began. On the first ballot, when 411 were necessary to a choice, Blaine had 334½; Arthur 278; Edmunds 93; Logan 63½; John Sherman 30; Hawley 13; Robert Lincoln 4; General Sherman 2. Blaine gained steadily on the second and third ballots; on the fourth nearly all of the Logan delegates, by Logan's direction, voted for him and there were other changes sufficient to give him 541 votes and the nomination. The majority of the Convention, representing the majority of the party, regarded the allegation of Blaine's venality as a calumny. Logan was nominated for Vice-President.

The revolt in his own party against Blaine has given to this presidential canvass the name of "The Mugwump Campaign." His successful antagonist was Grover Cleveland. New York was the decisive State, and Cleveland received her electoral vote by a plurality of 1,149 in a total vote of 1,167,169.

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THE RUBBER STAMP

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

ILLUSTRATIONS BY K. R. WIREMAN

"I SEE," said the nurse, "Martha has the Nancy Dancy books. Did you know I helped to make them? You wouldn't suspect *me* of having a hand in anything literary or artistic, now, would you?"

Miss Waite's business concerned only the children of other women, but her face was that of the mother of many. My son was in her cushiony arms at the moment going to sleep over his five-ounce bottle. She pinched his inert hand, whereupon he spread his fingers, increased the slit between his eyelids by a hair's breadth, and resumed work with a tiny sigh.

"Just fancy!" said the nurse. "*Me* having anything to do with a book."

She said book with the reverent capitalization bestowed on literature by those who have never tried it.

"They certainly are having a great success," I said. "It's so hard to get satisfactory children's books nowadays. Everything is always eating up something else. The artists seem to love to do dragons and snakes. I suppose because they have nice lines and lend themselves to cheap color processes."

"Dear me," said the nurse, "I don't know anything about that. A picture is a picture to me, though you'd think I might have learned a little being with Mrs. Sterret a whole year."

"Were you really?" said I. "Do tell me what she is like. One hears so many queer things about famous people. Is she really such a sloven? And is it true that she turns her children over to trained nurses and hardly sees them from one year's end to another?"

Miss Waite made a ferocious little sound in her throat: "Who says that?"

"Oh," I said vaguely, "newspapers—everybody."

My son was asleep invincibly. She spanked him scientifically and tickled his neck, but he had sunk beyond reach, so she kissed the top of his head resoundingly, avoiding the fontanelle, and cuddled him to her starched white bosom.

"There's no doctor or head nurse looking," she muttered guiltily. "Oh, how I *do* wish you belonged to me," and she brazenly rocked him with her cheek against the warm fuzz of his head.

"As to turning her babies over to nurses," said she scornfully, "there was never but one nurse, to my knowledge, and I was the one. As to being a sloven, anybody who could do what she did and think about looks——

"When I first saw her I did think she was a crank. She was so thin and sick-looking, and carelessly dressed. And her eyes had a wild look that made me suspicious. She was a sloven if you like, then. The last time I saw her she might have stepped out of a show-window on Fifth Avenue. Her little boy was two months old when I came to her. 'I'm so afraid of making mistakes in preparing the bottle,' said she. 'I am—a—very busy woman, and my husband is not well.'

"We nurses are so used to finding trouble—wickedness too—where you'd least expect it that we take a skeleton in the closet as a matter of course. We know perfectly well that something unpleasant—even horrible—besides the case that brings us there, is always walking around the rooms of every house or flat where a family lives. Some ghost or goblin is sure to grin at us through a crack before we've been in a house twenty-four hours."

"There isn't one here," I said indignantly.

Miss Waite said nothing.

I thought a moment and was silent. Miss Waite continued:

"Sometimes it's rat size—sometimes only mouse. But I've seen—well—wolves and tigers. I shouldn't have said what I did if yours had been bigger than a mouse. We get so we pay no more attention to 'em than

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to the family cat; do our business and go as soon as possible.

"To tell the honest truth, I thought at first she was a 'nervous case.' That's a polite word for almost or quite insane, you know. Still, she had been preparing the baby's food for a month all herself and doing it in a way I had to live up to: boric acid for the nipples, bottle brushes, cream dipper, barley-water, milk-sugar, lime-water —everything as exact and clean as a surgeon's tools. And *that* didn't seem like a 'nervous case.'

"I could feel her great black eyes boring through the back of my head when she showed me into this baby's pantry of hers.

" 'You see,' said she in a kind of apologetic way, 'I can't intrust this sort of thing to untrained hands. I asked my second girl to put the modified milk into the baby's refrigerator, supposing she would do it at once—and found it standing beside the hot kitchen stove two hours afterward. One has to do those things one's self,' said she, 'or trust them to some one who knows how.' Then, suddenly, as I was beginning to brush the bottles, she ran out of the room, and I heard her trying not to cry. A nurse is hardened—at least accustomed—to people's crying, but this—I knew that it was because of something, because of the Thing I was speaking of that was in the house, and I knew that it must be a big one—tiger-size, or worse.

"Not wickedness. When it's wickedness you know it because you begin to feel wicked and cynical yourself. This was big and cold and heavy, like sewer-gas, or like— Did you ever see a picture of a snake twined about a branch and looking down into a bird's nest?

" 'It's fear,' I said.

"And as I set my feedings away, noticing again how beautifully spick and span she had kept everything, I found I was horribly sorry. And that made me cross, for a nurse can't afford to have sympathies. This, I suppose, confused me, so that when I went to have a look at my new baby and take him his bottle I accidentally opened the wrong door. I had never seen a studio before. The light was rather dim so that I didn't see then, what was so plain afterward, that everything was just shadow—hardly more than begun. It looked as if the room were full of children, all laughing—and fairies—well, you know those fairies in the Nancy Dancy books. But of course the drawings were all ever so much bigger than they show in the books, and mostly in color. They were dear! How could Fear be in the same house with that crowd of laughing babies? Still I heard her sobbing somewhere, and then—but it seemed as if it was all those laughing babies that made me do it—I began to cry myself. I stepped out softly and tried the next door, and there was my baby right enough, bless his heart, with his finger half-way down his throat and his eyes wide open, looking for his bottle. I took away his finger and tucked in the nipple instead, and he swallowed away like a little man, staring hard at my cap.

"It was evening when I came, so my first meal there was breakfast. As I went down I saw a maid taking a tray to the studio door—just coffee. But the coffee they had at that house! It wasn't a beverage; it was a drug. I had to fill my cup two-thirds full of milk and then it was strong. But she took a whole breakfast-cup full—black!

"As the door opened she saw me and asked how the baby had slept. You'd have thought from her face that he was desperately ill.

" 'Why,' said I, 'he's the wellest, fattest, dearest little thing that ever was! *You're* the patient,' I said. 'Does your doctor know what kind of breakfast you have?' And I pointed to the coffee.

" 'That isn't breakfast,' said she. 'I had my breakfast two hours ago, when Anne woke up.' Anne was her little girl. 'This is just to help me about working.' She waved her hand toward the pictures, and now I saw plainly how they were really just ghosts of pictures—all cloudy masses of paint. Yet the night before they had seemed all but alive.

" 'I have to get past this stage, you see,' she said to me, just as if I knew about such things, 'and it takes whip and spur to do it. Once past the hill and the rough road, we'll get back to a more normal way of living.'

"She was drinking that terrible coffee while she talked, and by the time it was half gone the color had come into her face and her eyes were bright. I could hardly believe she was the woman I had heard crying the night before.

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"'I may as well tell you,' said she, 'what I am trying to do. You know, my husband is an invalid. Our physician says change of climate might make him well, but we can't afford that at present. And aside from that our affairs are in a bad way—very bad. We've had losses'—she turned white as she mentioned that. I saw it was no small matter—'so that I thought it might be well if I took my talent out of its napkin. We are very ambitious for our children'—she spoke with an odd sort of defiance as though expecting criticism—'and that sort of ambition is as expensive as one can make it. So I thought I could serve them better this way than by being with them all the time. But I had very little training. So I am going to school to myself. Some of the most successful artists have been self-taught,' said she. 'It's very hard to give my children over to others to care for. Still, when I remember the mothers that leave theirs in a crèche, while they go out to scrub'—she gulped down the rest of her coffee and stood up very straight and bright-eyed. 'You see,' said she, 'I've got to do *good* work. There is poor work that pays well, I understand, but I don't know how to do it. And it takes so long to learn; and—we are in such a hurry to go South. But you will help me—' She stopped being dignified and put her hands on my shoulders and looked up into my face—she is a little thing.

"She held on to me for a long time, but was so still I didn't know she had been crying until I found the starch out of my bib."

"'You *will* stand by, won't you?' said she. And in spite of her courageous air I saw in her eyes the Fear that had been weeping around the house the night before, the fear of the bird on her nest when she sees the snake.

"So I patted her and said of course I'd 'stand by,' only she mustn't worry and mustn't take her coffee so strong. She held on to me for a long time, but was so still I didn't know she had been crying until I found the starch out of my bib where her face had been.

"'I don't believe I'll mind *your* having him,' she said at last, giving me a little push out of the room. And I heard a funny scratchy noise like something in a terrible hurry. (I learned afterward she was sharpening her charcoal on sand-paper.) Then walking back and forth; a steady tramp for hours, for she never sat down at her work. There wasn't any model. She said she

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wouldn't let her little girl pose for her, anyway, and that even if she did it would spoil everything because the child would become self-conscious and stiff.

"'I have taught my eye to remember,' she said, and she was always doing little studies of their heads while she was with them. It was the drawing of an eyelid, she told me, or the curve of a cheek or the squaring of the mouth corners when they laughed that she sketched then. 'I do that when another woman would be sewing. Of course I couldn't depend on that if I were a painter, but it's enough for the simple sort of drawings I'm making. And then I use my camera some, but really you can't get much out of a photograph; it's one way of sketching and sometimes you get an idea, but generally they're all wrong. I didn't know that when I started out. I thought my photographs were lovely and that all I should have to do would be to copy them line for line. But when I began to work from them they seemed to crumble into dust.'

"That's the way she put it. I didn't understand then, and I don't now. She had some of the loveliest photographs of her babies that I've ever seen. But they didn't suit her.

"Her camera was a wonderful little thing and I believe very expensive. She could take snaps in-doors if it was moderately light, and she was always gunning after little Anne's smiles, which were rarer than they might have been, for the child was fretting over her last molars and running a temperature and crying at night. It was better after I got her to come to me—but it took a long time. Queer child. Not everybody liked her. 'It's for my rubber stamp,' Mrs. Sterret explained to me one day after shooting off a dozen exposures at Anne. I noticed she always faced her camera toward the sun, and thought it odd, because the directions tell you not to do that. 'It's prettiest,' said she, 'when they are almost in silhouette with the sun on their hair and drawing a line of light around their profiles. You get an effect of sun that way that you can't in any other.'

"I asked her what she meant by 'rubber stamp.'

"'The rubber-stamp artist,' said she, 'is the one that makes the most money. You do a certain kind of picture—one subject done in one way, all the time—enough different so you can tell them apart, that's all. This is the greatest of the rubber-stamp artists,' said she, pulling out a portfolio. She spread out a lot of magazine covers. 'You could almost superimpose one profile on another. All that's different is the hats; the girls all droop their eyelids and part their lips and hold their chins in the air. I'm told he gets three hundred dollars for each of them.'

"It didn't seem possible they could be worth that, but I did think them pretty and to be honest I had to say so, though I could see she didn't.

"'Of course you do,' said she. 'Everybody thinks so except artists. That's the rubber stamp. Now, here's another portfolio. It's hardly fair to call it rubber-stamp work; at least it's a much better one than the other, and I've learned ever so much from her. Children, you see; and they *are* children. *She* knows how to keep things simple. She uses a clean strong line, and you'd never mistake her work for anybody else's. That's where the stamp comes. But her children are always solemn and quiet. Mine are to be always in sunshine and always laughing and wriggling. That's *my* rubber stamp—that—and—keeping them in flat light grays—not much line.'

"Well, it seemed to me she was getting it; only—it was always one new drawing after another. At first glance you'd think, 'How perfectly lovely!'—then there'd seem to be nothing there. Just nothing at all.

"'I'm not ready yet to finish,' she said once, reading my look, I suppose. 'It's the hardest part I'm doing now—composition and tone, making maps of the masses of light and shade as we used to do maps of the States at school. Finishing won't be hard once I'm ready.'

"But I couldn't help being uneasy; perhaps because I saw she was uneasy herself. What if the finishing might not be so easy, after all? But then, what did I know? I took the children out and kept them away all day as much as I could, and took them both at night. She had been taking Anne at night, molars and all. I don't know when she had slept. And the baby only two months old! Think of it! No wonder she couldn't nurse him.

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"Mr. Sterret? I had to change my opinion of him before I was done. At first I put him down for a hypochondriac. I supposed he was dying. But some people show up best then—and some don't; depending partly on what the case is, but not altogether. I met him several times in the halls and he bowed and spoke pleasantly, but kept a handkerchief smelling of carbolic to his face. He had a room at the top of the house and took his air on the roof and isolated himself with all sorts of necessary and unnecessary precautions. I wanted to do something for him, too, but he seemed to be afraid that I'd somehow carry tuberculosis from him to the children if I did; so when I saw it worried him I kept away. He was almost frantic on the subject and martyrized himself almost as much as that poor leper they made such a fuss about.

"She was always gunning after little Anne's smiles."—Page 310.

"But I finally persuaded him it was perfectly safe to bring the baby up to the roof for its airing when he was there, and it did him a world of good. And I told him of all T'b's I had known who got perfectly well and how autopsies almost always show scars on the lungs, so that he brightened up to be almost human after a few days. He had a little insurance, it seemed, so wasn't so worried about his dying as Mrs. Sterret was. She preferred him alive.

"One day I met Mr. Sterret's physician coming down. He was a personal friend, too, and knew how their affairs stood. He called me into an empty room and shut the door.

" 'Does she still keep up that artistic insanity?' he said, speaking in the angry way that one will use when anxious about a friend.

" 'She works constantly in her studio,' I said. He struck his fist into his open palm and went to the window, glaring out as though some pet case were going against him. 'How does she eat and sleep?' he asked, without turning around. I told him.

" 'Don't you think that you, as a woman, might bring Mrs. Sterret to her senses and show her that she is throwing away her husband's life and her children's bread and butter by this madness? That a woman should think of a career under *such* circumstances!' he said.

" 'Oh,' I said, 'it's *not* that. Oh, how can you think so? She knows the money is going and she hopes to earn enough by her drawings to support them all and to go South before it is too late for her husband.'

" 'There was enough,' said the physician, 'when she began. Why, she must have spent five hundred on her camera alone in the past year; and now she's got *you*. There's no money in art or writing except at the top. I know a lot of those people and they all say so. And she has had hardly

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any training—as training counts nowadays. What does her work look like, anyway?'

"'Oh,' I said, 'it's lovely! She only needs time to finish——'

"He laughed angrily. 'Other things will be finished first,' said he. 'Her husband's life and every cent they have. I think,' said he, 'I'll have to talk with Mrs. Sterret.'

"'Oh, don't,' I said. 'Don't discourage her. I do think she is going to come out all right.'

"But he looked at me as doctors look at a nurse who has said too much, and next minute he was knocking at her studio door.

"I was so angry with him, though I could see he thought everything of them both! The baby was fretting and I walked with him to keep him quiet. It was an hour before the doctor came out. He was looking as miserable as if he'd lost a patient. He started to pass me without speaking, then reconsidered.

"'She needs a woman to be good to her, I guess,' said he. 'But you can't see your friends go over Niagara without a word; at least I can't.'

"'You don't need to push them further into the current, though,' I snapped. He wasn't offended in the least.

"'No,' said he. 'That would be a terrible pity.'

"He gave me some valerian for her and said to try to get her coffee away. Then he took a look at the babies and brightened up a bit. I saw he liked the way I was caring for them.

"As soon as the baby was quiet I ran up to Mrs. Sterret, but she answered that she was working and would have her dinner on a tray.

"'I dare say I shall work late,' she said. 'I really must finish something to-night. Then I can send it off to-morrow and we shall see.' She smiled and looked as bright as a button, but her hand was a lump of ice and her cheeks had two red spots.

"'He means well. He's our best friend. And it may be he is right. I'm going to try to prove him wrong to-night. Nobody would be better pleased than he if I proved him wrong.' That was the way she took it.

"I couldn't sleep that night. The baby was a little restless. I didn't undress. I took off my cap and dozed a little on the couch, but I felt as if I were alone on night duty in the hospital, only worse, because there you *can* get help, and there you have only sick people to think about. And in sickness there are things you can do; it's tangible—but this—well, it was the Beast that I had felt that first night. I drew the curtains tight, for the Thing was so real that I half expected to see a snake face glaring through the black glass. And about once an hour I went and listened outside Mrs. Sterret's studio door. I could hear her stepping back and forth and her charcoal scratching. Now and then she hummed a little tune. But I was terribly anxious, for I knew what the strain had been, and I had seen nurses collapse and be good for nothing ever afterward. You *can't*, you know——

"'Finally—when the windows were turning gray I heard her give a little cry as if she were hurt, and then——

"'After all!' said she. 'After all!'

"Then I went in. I thought it was time.

"The pictures seemed to have faded and dulled overnight like fire gone to ashes. Some she had rubbed out, some were twisted and distorted. All deformed, ugly, dead, spoiled. I had felt for a week that she was not getting on with them, but she had held her own until the doctor came and talked to her, and now——

"She had put out her light and was standing by the window looking out.

"'See the morning,' said she. 'It is like iron—rigid and gray and cold—and over there a little flame of red. I can imagine a great battle beginning on a morning like this. Don't you see the tents over there—' It was a ragged line of clouds. 'Mars and Venus and Juno and Athena camping above the field of Troy.' She stood among her unfinished canvases, in her trailing wrapper, with her hair all wild, both hands against her head. 'And I don't believe any of the great generals fought and thought and suffered more than I—an ignorant and incompetent woman—trying to overcome my ignorance and incompetence so that I can save my babies. . . . I should not have been ignorant and incompetent. No woman has any business to bring children into the world unless she is able to protect them against such a chance as this. . . .'

"'You go to bed,' said I.

"'To bed?' said she. 'Why, Troy is burning—tall Troy town—and you tell me

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to go to bed! We must take the sick and the children and go. Æneas escaped with Anchises—we will escape, somehow. . . . Troy is burning,' she said again.

her as she fell. She was little, anyway, and so thin that I carried her to her bed like a child. But I wasn't going to send for a doctor—not just yet. She opened her eyes

"I had to give baby his breakfast bottle. . . . Then little Anne began *her* day."—Page 314.

"I sat down and cried. Then I remembered I had left the baby's bottle heating and ran back to get it. It was too hot, so I had to make another. While I was doing that she came and stood behind me. I didn't dare turn around with my eyes all red like that.

" 'Auntie,' said she, 'I'm—not—feeling well,'—and I turned just in time to catch

after a minute and I got her warm and comfortable. She was terribly sub-normal; weak and dull and all played out.

" 'I've failed, Auntie,' said she. 'I can't do it, after all. It was foolish to try, as Doctor Kean said, but I loved them so, and I was sure love would teach me. I ought to have tried keeping boarders at the start. Now I've used up all the strength

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and money that I might have used to succeed at that. Now Will can't go South, and so he will die—perhaps I'll die, too, Auntie. Mothers do—I thought I couldn't. I was very vainglorious. I thought I loved them too much to die. But now—it's got inside me—as forts are taken. . . . I'll try. . . but——'

"And then I seemed to see the whole thing. 'You *haven't* failed,' I shouted. 'You're all in, but you've really won. It's all in your head and fingers now, just as my training is. All you need is to sleep and eat and rest for twenty-four hours, and you'll see—you'll see! You're not even sick,' I said.

"But I thought I was lying.

"'Auntie,' said she, 'after paying our debts we sha'n't have one penny in the world after the first of the month. I've thrown it all away—all—but I thought I was going to—save us all,' said she. 'But we're going over the falls—Niagara—the babies——'

"'You sleep,' I said. 'Falls—no such thing. *Your* sort don't go over Niagara.'

"I gave her a hypodermic and left her, for the baby was howling blue murder and little Anne was fretting. She was asleep when I looked in next. She slept for twelve hours. Then I heard her get up and go into the studio.

"I knew better than to go near her then. I—well I prayed a little, and vowed I'd drug those babies silly if they dared raise a row before she came out.

"I've seen relatives waiting while an operation was going on, and they made me very cross. It seemed so silly, when they couldn't do anything and all modern science was at work for them, to stand around in the reception-room and try to imagine what was going on—perhaps half a block away. Though as to that I don't know but it makes you still crosser when there aren't any relatives to be anxious, or when those that do exist don't care or are thinking about money—(there's a funny look to the eye that always gives 'em away when they're thinking that, always).

"But my business has been on the inside of the closed door, you see, where I didn't have to wonder and where the patient didn't belong to me. Now I felt that Mrs. Sterret *did* belong to me. People do when they've cried on you—and I was shut out and couldn't help a bit, at least on *her* side of the door. There she was, with tools as mysterious to me as a surgeon's knives would be to her, concerned in something as important as a major operation, with nothing but a little stick of charcoal and some paper between her and the Beast. Think of working at babies' smiles on paper in such a mood as that! Trying to scare away the snake with a picture of a child laugh!

"I suppose I passed her door fifty times that night, if once, and I haven't scorned the relatives since.

"At about four o'clock I heard her stirring and smelt coffee. Then a great scratching of charcoal until sunrise. Just as the sun came up I heard the fixatif going on, and that made me hope, for it meant that something was finished. After that came the rattle of paper as though she were pinning more sheets to her board, and this time she sang under breath as she worked. Still, I'd known her to do that when things were going against her most.

"By that time I had to give baby his breakfast bottle and I scurried to keep him from talking too loud about it. Then little Anne began *her* day. I had the second girl take her out as soon as she had had her 'gubbum,' which was the word she had invented for breakfast, and then I devoted myself to guarding the studio door and keeping baby quiet. When he took his morning nap I fell asleep myself on a couch that stood in the hall. It was about noon when I awoke, feeling as one does when it is time for a patient's medicine. She was standing beside me dressed for the street.

"'I've just had my luncheon,' she announced calmly, 'and I'm going to take my pictures into town. I dare say I shall be back by four,' and out she went.

"*That*, if you please, after such a night—such a series of nights as she—and I—had spent. She would have had me fooled—I should have thought her as calm as she looked but for one thing. She didn't look at the children or speak of them, though the baby woke up just then with a delicious coo. That showed she couldn't trust herself. I looked out of the window to see that she was really gone, and saw her with the big portfolio standing on the corner waiting for the car. She looked as matter of fact and prosperous and well dressed as if she were going out for a matinée. She *could* dress when she chose.

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"Then I sneaked into the studio and the first thing I saw was this"—Miss Waite opened the Nancy Dancy book to the figure of a little girl squealing with laughter.

"It was a study she had made for this, I mean. The finished one had gone to town with her. It was on the easel, put there for me to see—to tell me what she couldn't trust herself to talk about. It was life-size—just the face. It was all that the unfinished things had promised. Even I could see that it had been done with as little effort as you or I would write a page of a letter. A few flat tones—sunlight behind the head outlining the dear fluffy hair; a few strong lines that were soft and delicate too; everything about it just right—and under it what do you think she had written? 'The Rubber Stamp.' I have it now in my room at the club where I can see it whenever I wake up. It does put the heart in one so.

"You have the rest of the story in these little books, and you knew before I began that she succeeded. Hardly a magazine comes out now without a drawing of hers in it, and they have a perfectly lovely house in South Carolina for winters and a New England farm for summers, and Mr. Sterret is as brown and strong as any other farmer, even though one lung has to do the work of two. Little Anne rides a pony like a circus performer, with her daddy around the farm overseeing, and the boy was scolding to be allowed to have a horse too when I was there last, and they were wondering whether his legs were long enough; by this time he has one, no doubt.

"And that's all I know about women who have what newspapers call 'careers.' She fought herself nearly dead for her husband and babies—and won. She says that the babies did it because she learned all she knew from them. And that is partly true.

"Oh, did I tell you how she acted when she came back with the first big check in her pocket? I saw her coming and I did not meet her for fear I should cry, whatever the news was, and if it should be bad I'd want all the nerve I had, so I went up to the nursery with the children and got the baby to goo-ing and Anne to romping, and let Mrs. Sterret come to find me. I didn't turn around at first when I knew she stood in the door, but Anne rushed and caught her around the knees. 'Oh, Mother, how pretty you are!' said she.

"Then I turned. I had expected her to collapse, victory or defeat—after that strain. Collapse! She looked six inches taller and ten years younger. Younger? No—young people don't look like that. It was the expression you see in those big strong men who do things.

"'Auntie dear,' said she, 'can you get the babies and Daddy ready to go South to-morrow? I shall have to stay here for a fortnight longer to fill an order.'

"Then the iron look in her face melted and she threw up her arms laughing. 'Now I'll tell Will,' said she, and rushed upstairs like a child. 'Will! Will!' I heard her calling all the way—then the door shut on them and I was too busy with the babies to think of anything else."

"Little Anne rides a pony like a circus performer, with her daddy around the farm overseeing."

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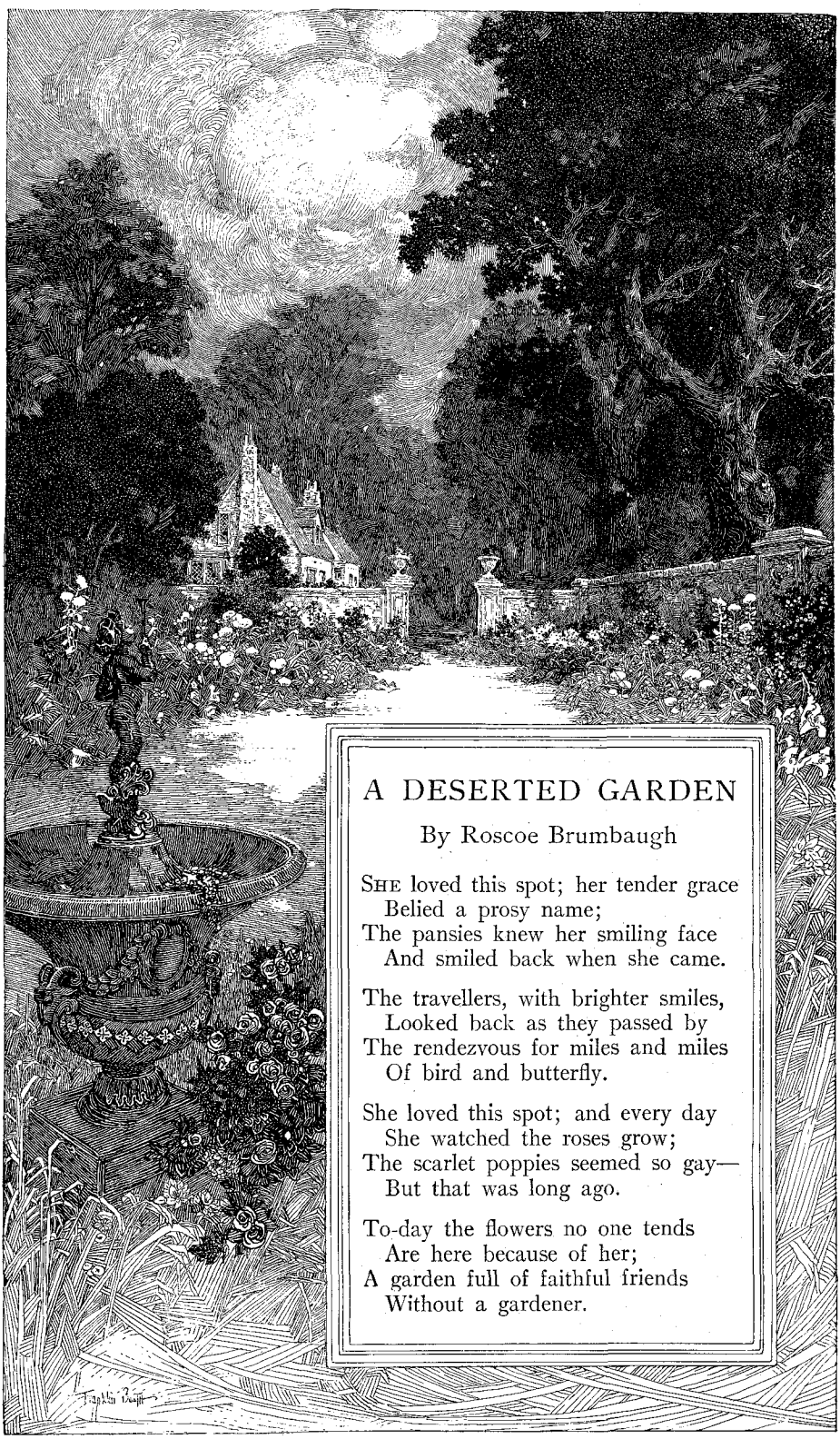

A DESERTED GARDEN

By Roscoe Brumbaugh

She loved this spot; her tender grace
Belied a prosy name;
The pansies knew her smiling face
And smiled back when she came.

The travellers, with brighter smiles,
Looked back as they passed by
The rendezvous for miles and miles
Of bird and butterfly.

She loved this spot; and every day
She watched the roses grow;
The scarlet poppies seemed so gay—
But that was long ago.

To-day the flowers no one tends
Are here because of her;
A garden full of faithful friends
Without a gardener.

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ETHAN FROME

BY EDITH WHARTON

III

THERE was some hauling to be done at the lower end of the wood-lot, and Ethan was out early the next day.

The winter morning was as clear as crystal. The sunrise burned red in a pure sky, the shadows on the rim of the wood-lot were darkly blue, and beyond the white fields patches of far-off forest hung like smoke.

It was in the early morning stillness, when his muscles were swinging to their familiar task and his lungs expanding with long draughts of mountain air, that Ethan did his clearest thinking. He and Zeena had not exchanged a word after the door of their room had closed on them. She had measured out some drops from a medicine-bottle on a chair by the bed and, after swallowing them, and wrapping her head in a piece of yellow flannel, had lain down with her face turned away. Ethan undressed hurriedly and blew out the light so that he should not see her when he took his place at her side. As he lay there he could hear Mattie moving about in her room, and her candle, sending its small ray across the landing, drew a scarcely perceptible line of light under his door. He kept his eyes fixed on the light till it vanished. Then the room grew perfectly black, and not a sound was to be heard but Zeena's asthmatic breathing. Ethan felt confusedly that there were many things he ought to think about, but through his tingling veins and tired brain only one sensation throbbed: the warmth of Mattie's shoulder against his. Why had he not kissed her when he held her there? A few hours earlier he would not have asked himself the question. Even a few minutes earlier, when they had stood alone outside the house, he would not have dared to think of kissing her. But since he had seen her lips in the lamplight he felt that they were his.

Now, in the bright morning air, her face was still before him. It was part of the sun's red and of the pure glitter on the snow. How the girl had changed since she had come to Starkfield! He remembered what a colourless slip of a thing she had looked the day he had met her at the station. And all the first winter, how she had shivered with cold when the northerly gales shook the thin clapboards and the snow beat like hail against the loose-hung windows!

He had been afraid that she would hate the hard life, the cold and loneliness; but not a sign of discontent escaped her. Zeena took the view that Mattie was bound to make the best of Starkfield since she hadn't any other place to go to; but this did not strike Ethan as conclusive. Zeena, at any rate, did not apply the principle in her own case.

He felt all the more sorry for the girl because misfortune had, in a sense, indentured her to them. Mattie Silver was the daughter of a cousin of Zenobia Frome's, who had inflamed his clan with mingled sentiments of envy and admiration by descending from the hills to Connecticut, where he had married a Stamford girl and succeeded to her father's thriving "drug" business. Unhappily Orin Silver, a man of far-reaching aims, had died too soon to prove that the end justifies the means. His accounts revealed merely what the means had been; and these were such that it was fortunate for his wife and daughter that his books were examined only after his impressive funeral. His wife died of the disclosure, and Mattie, at twenty, was left alone to make her way on the fifty dollars obtained from the sale of her piano. For this purpose her equipment, though varied, was inadequate. She could trim a hat, make molasses candy, recite "Curfew shall not ring to-night," and play "The Lost Chord" and a potpourri from "Carmen." When she tried to extend the field of her activities in the direction of stenography and book-keeping her health broke down, and six months on her feet behind the counter of a department store did not tend to restore it. Her nearest relations had been induced to place their savings in her father's hands,

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and though, after his death, they ungrudgingly acquitted themselves of the Christian duty of returning good for evil by giving his daughter all the advice at their disposal, they could hardly be expected to supplement it by material aid. But when Zenobia's doctor advised her to look about for some one to help her with the housework the clan instantly saw the chance of exacting a compensation from Mattie. Zenobia was doubtful of the girl's efficiency, but tempted by the freedom to find fault without much risk of losing her; and so Mattie came to Starkfield.

Zenobia's fault-finding was of the silent kind, but not the less discouraging for that. During the first months Ethan alternately burned with the desire to see Mattie defy her and trembled with fear of the result. Then the situation grew less strained. The pure air, and the long summer hours in the open, gave back life and elasticity to Mattie, and Zeena, with more leisure to devote her complex ailments, grew less watchful of the girl's omissions; so that Ethan, struggling on under the burden of his barren farm and failing saw-mill, could at least imagine that peace reigned in his house.

There was really, as yet, no evidence to the contrary; but since the previous night a vague dread had hung on his sky-line. It was formed of Zeena's obstinate silence, of Mattie's sudden look of warning, of the memory of just such fleeting imperceptible signs as those which told him, on certain stainless mornings, that before night there would be rain.

His dread was so strong that, man-like, he sought to postpone certainty. The hauling was not over till mid-day, and as the lumber was to be delivered to Andrew Hale, the Starkfield builder, it was really easier for Ethan to send Jotham Powell, the hired man, back to the farm on foot, and drive the load down to the village himself. He had scrambled up on the logs, and was sitting astride of them, close over his shaggy grays, when, coming between him and their steaming necks, he had a vision of the warning look that Mattie had given him the night before.

"If there's going to be any trouble I want to be there," was his vague reflection, as he threw to Jotham the unexpected order to unhitch the team and lead them back to the barn.

It was a slow trudge home through the heavy fields, and when the two men entered the kitchen Mattie was lifting the coffee from the stove and Zeena was already at the table. Her husband stopped short at sight of her. Instead of her usual calico wrapper and knitted shawl she wore her best dress of brown merino, and from her thin strands of hair, which still held the tight undulations of the crimping-pins, rose a hard perpendicular bonnet, as to which Ethan's clearest notion was that he had had to pay five dollars for it at the Bettsbridge Emporium. On the floor beside her stood his old valise and a bandbox wrapped in newspapers.

"Why, where are you going, Zeena?" he exclaimed.

"I've got my shooting pains so bad that I'm going over to Bettsbridge to spend the night with Aunt Martha Pierce and see that new doctor," she answered in a matter-of-fact tone, as if she had said she was going into the store-room to take a look at the preserves, or up to the attic to go over the blankets.

In spite of Zeena's sedentary habits such abrupt decisions were not without precedent in her history. Twice or thrice before she had suddenly packed Ethan's valise and started off for Bettsbridge, or even Springfield, to seek the advice of some new doctor, and her husband had grown to dread these expeditions because of their cost. Zeena always came back laden with expensive remedies, and her last visit to Springfield had been commemorated by her paying twenty dollars for an electric battery of which she had never been able to learn the use. But for the moment his sense of relief was so great that it precluded all other feelings. He had now no doubt that Zeena had spoken the truth in saying, the night before, that she had sat up because she felt "too mean" to sleep: her abrupt resolve to seek medical advice showed that, as usual, she was wholly absorbed in her health.

As if expecting a protest, she continued plaintively: "If you're too busy with the hauling I presume you can let Jotham Powell drive me over with the sorrel in time to ketch the train at the Flats."

Her husband hardly heard her. He was lost in a rapid calculation. During the winter months there was no stage between

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Starkfield and Bettsbridge, and the trains which stopped at Corbury Flats were slow and infrequent. Zeena could not be back at the farm before the following evening . . .

"If I'd supposed you'd 'a' made any objection to Jotham Powell's driving me over—" she began again, as if his silence had implied refusal. On the brink of departure she was always seized with a flux of words. "All I know is," she continued, "I can't go on the way I am much longer. The pains are clear down to my ankles now, or I'd 'a' walked in to Starkfield on my own feet, sooner'n put you out, and asked Michael Eady to let me ride over on his wagon to the Flats, when he sends to meet the train that brings his groceries. I'd 'a' had two hours to wait in the station, but I'd sooner 'a' done it, even with this cold, than to have you say——"

"Of course Jotham'll drive you over," Ethan roused himself to answer. He became suddenly conscious that he was looking at Mattie while Zeena talked to him, and with an effort he turned his eyes to his wife. She sat opposite the window, and the pale light reflected from the banks of snow made her face look more than usually drawn and bloodless, sharpened the three parallel creases between ear and cheek, and drew querulous lines from her thin nose to the corners of her mouth. Though she was but six years her husband's senior, and he was only twenty-eight, she was already an old woman.

Ethan tried to say something befitting the occasion, but there was only one thought in his mind: the fact that, for the first time since Mattie had come to live with them, Zeena was to be away for a night. He wondered if the girl were thinking of it too . . He knew that Zeena must be wondering why he did not offer to drive her over to the Flats and let Jotham Powell take the lumber in to Starkfield, and at first he could not think of a pretext for not doing so; then he said: "I'd take you over myself, only I've got to collect the cash for the lumber."

As soon as the words were spoken he regretted them, not only because they were untrue—there being no prospect of his receiving cash payment from Hale—but also because he knew from experience the imprudence of letting Zeena think he was in funds on the eve of one of her therapeutic excursions. At the moment, however, his one desire was to avoid the long drive with her behind the ancient sorrel who never went out of a walk.

Zeena made no reply: she did not seem to hear what he had said. She had already pushed her plate aside, and was measuring out a draught from a large bottle at her elbow.

"It ain't done me a speck of good, but I guess I might as well use it up," she remarked; adding, as she pushed the empty bottle toward Mattie: "If you can get the taste out it'll do for the pickles."

IV

As soon as his wife had driven off Ethan took his coat and cap from the peg. Mattie was washing up the dishes, humming one of the dance tunes of the night before. He said "So long, Matt," and she answered gaily "So long, Ethan"; and that was all.

It was warm and bright in the kitchen. The sun slanted through the south window on the girl's moving figure, on the cat dozing in a chair, and on the geraniums brought in from the door-way, where Ethan had planted them in the summer to "make a garden" for Mattie. He would have liked to linger on, watching her tidy up and then settle down to her sewing; but he wanted still more to get the hauling done and be back at the farm before night.

All the way down to the village he continued to think of his return to Mattie. The kitchen was a poor place, not "spruce" and shining as his mother had kept it in his boyhood; but it was surprising what a homelike look the mere fact of Zeena's absence gave it. And he pictured how it would look that evening, when he and Mattie were there after supper. For the first time they would be alone together indoors, and they would sit there, one on each side of the stove, like a married couple, he in his stocking feet and smoking his pipe, she laughing and talking in that funny way she had, which was always as new to him as if he had never heard her before.

The sweetness of the picture, and the relief of knowing that his fears of "trouble" with Zeena were unfounded, sent up his spirits with a rush, and he, who was usually

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so silent, whistled and sang aloud as he drove through the snowy fields. There was in him a slumbering spark of sociability which the long Starkfield winters had not yet extinguished. By nature grave and inarticulate, he admired recklessness and gaiety in others and was warmed to the marrow by friendly human intercourse. At Worcester, though he had the name of keeping to himself and not being much of a hand at a good time, he had secretly gloried in being clapped on the back and hailed as "Old Ethe" or "Old Stiff"; and the cessation of such familiarities had increased the chill of his return to Starkfield.

There the silence had deepened about him year by year. Left alone, after his father's accident, to carry the burden of farm and mill, he had had no time for convivial loiterings in the village; and when his mother fell ill the loneliness of the house grew deeper than that of the fields. His mother had been a talker in her day, but after her "trouble" the sound of her voice was seldom heard, though she had not lost the power of speech. Sometimes, in the long winter evenings when, in desperation, her son asked her why she didn't "say something," she would lift a finger and answer: "Because I'm listening"; and on stormy nights, when the wind was about the house, she would complain, if he spoke to her: "They're talking so out there that I can't hear you."

It was only when she drew toward her last illness, and his cousin Zenobia Pierce came over from the next valley to help him nurse her, that human speech was heard again in the house. After the mortal silence of his long imprisonment Zeena's volubility was music in his ears. He felt that he might have "gone like his mother" if the sound of a new voice had not come to steady him. Zeena seemed to understand his case at a glance. She laughed at him for not knowing the simplest sick-bed duties and told him to "go right along out" and leave her to see to things. The mere fact of obeying her orders, of feeling free to go about his business again and talk with other men, restored his shaken balance and magnified his sense of what he owed her. Her efficiency shamed and dazzled him. She seemed to possess by instinct all the household wisdom that his long apprenticeship had not taught him. When the end came it was she who had to tell him to hitch up and go for the undertaker; and she thought it "funny" that he had not settled beforehand who was to have his mother's clothes and the sewing-machine. After the funeral, when he saw her preparing to go away, he was seized with an unreasoning dread of being left alone on the farm; and before he knew what he was doing he had asked her to stay there with him. He had often thought since that it would not have happened if his mother had died in spring instead of winter . . .

When they married it was agreed that, as soon as he could straighten out the difficulties resulting from his mother's long illness, they would sell the farm and sawmill and try their luck in a large town. Ethan's love of nature did not take the form of a taste for agriculture. He had always wanted to be an engineer, and to live in towns, where there were lectures and big libraries and "fellows doing things." A slight engineering job in Florida, put in his way during his period of study at Worcester, increased his faith in his ability as well as his eagerness to see the world; and he felt sure that, with a "smart" wife like Zeena, it would not be long before he had made himself a place in it.

Zeena's native village was slightly larger and nearer to the railway than Starkfield, and she had let her husband see from the first that life on an isolated farm was not what she had expected when she married. But purchasers were slow in coming and while he waited for them Ethan learned the impossibility of transplanting her. She chose to look down on Starkfield, but she could not have lived in a place which looked down on her. Even Bettsbridge or Shadd's Falls would not have been sufficiently aware of her, and in the greater cities which attracted Ethan she would have suffered a complete loss of identity. And within a year of their marriage she developed the "sickliness" which had since made her notable even in a community rich in pathological instances. When she came to take care of his mother she had seemed to Ethan like the very genius of health, but he soon saw that her skill as a nurse had been acquired by the absorbed observation of her own symptoms.

Then she too fell silent. Perhaps it was the inevitable effect of life on the farm, or

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perhaps, as she sometimes said, it was because Ethan "never listened." The charge was not wholly unfounded. When she spoke it was only to complain, and to complain of things not in his power to remedy; and to check a tendency to impatient retort he had first formed the habit of not answering her, and finally of thinking of other things while she talked. Of late, however, since he had had reasons for observing her more closely, her silence had begun to trouble him. He recalled his mother's growing taciturnity, and wondered if Zeena were also turning "queer." Women did, he knew. Zeena, who had at her fingers' ends the pathological chart of the whole region, had cited many cases of the kind while she was nursing his mother; and he himself knew of certain lonely farm-houses in the neighbourhood where stricken creatures pined, and of others where sudden tragedy had come of their presence. At times, looking at Zeena's shut face, he felt the chill of such forebodings. At other times her silence seemed deliberately assumed to conceal far-reaching intentions, mysterious conclusions drawn from suspicions and resentments impossible to guess. That supposition was even more disturbing than the other; and it was the one which had come to him the night before, when he had seen her standing in the kitchen door.

Now her departure for Bettsbridge had once more eased his mind, and all his thoughts were on the prospect of his evening with Mattie. Only one thing weighed on him, and that was his having told Zeena that he was to receive cash for the lumber. He foresaw so clearly the consequences of this imprudence that with considerable reluctance he decided to ask Andrew Hale for a small advance on his load.

When Ethan drove into Hale's yard the builder was just getting out of his sleigh.

"Hello, Ethe!" he said. "This comes handy."

Andrew Hale was a ruddy man with a big gray moustache and a stubbly double-chin unconstrained by a collar; but his scrupulously clean shirt was always fastened by a small diamond stud. This display of opulence was misleading, for though he did a fairly good business it was known that his easy-going habits and the demands of his large family frequently kept him what Starkfield called "behind." He was an old friend of Ethan's family, and his house one of the few to which Zeena occasionally went, drawn there by the fact that Mrs. Hale, in her youth, had done more "doctoring" than any other woman in Starkfield, and was still a recognized authority on symptoms and treatment.

Hale went up to the grays and patted their sweating flanks.

"Well, sir," he said, "you keep them two as if they was pets."

Ethan set about unloading the logs and when he had finished his job he pushed open the glazed door of the shed which the builder used as his office. Hale sat with his feet up on the stove, his back propped against a battered desk stewn with papers: the place, like the man, was warm, genial, and untidy.

"Sit right down and thaw out," he greeted Ethan.

The latter did not know how to begin, but at length he managed to bring out his request for an advance of fifty dollars. Under the sting of Hale's surprise, the blood mounted to Ethan's thin skin. It was the builder's custom to pay at the end of three months, and there was no precedent between the two men for a cash settlement. Ethan felt that if he had pleaded an urgent need Hale might have made shift to pay him; but pride, and an instinctive prudence, kept him from resorting to this argument. After his father's death it had taken time to get his head above water, and he did not want Andrew Hale, or any one else in Starkfield, to think he was going under again. Besides, he hated lying: if he wanted the money he wanted it, and it was nobody's business to ask why. He therefore put his request with the awkwardness of a proud man who will not admit to himself that he is stooping; and he was not much surprised at Hale's refusal.

The builder refused genially, as he did everything else: he treated the matter as something in the nature of a practical joke, and wanted to know if Ethan meditated buying a grand piano or adding a "cupolo" to his house: offering, in the latter case, to give his services free of cost.

Ethan's arts were soon exhausted, and after an embarrassed pause he wished Hale good day and opened the door of the office. As he passed out the builder suddenly

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called after him: "See here—you ain't in a tight place, are you?"

"Not a bit," Ethan's pride retorted, before his reason had time to intervene.

"Well, that's good! Because I *am*, a shade. Fact is, I was going to ask you to give me a little extra time on that payment. Business is pretty slack, to begin with, and then I'm fixing up a little house for Ned and Ruth when they're married. I'm glad to do it for 'em, but it costs." His look appealed to Ethan for sympathy. "The young people like things nice. You know how it is yourself: it's not so long ago since you fixed up your own place for Zeena."

Ethan left the grays in Hale's stable and went about some other business in the village. As he walked away the builder's last phrase lingered in his ears, and he reflected grimly that his seven years with Zeena seemed to Starkfield "not so long."

The afternoon was drawing to an end, and here and there a lighted pane spangled the cold gray dusk and made the snow look whiter. The bitter weather had driven every one indoors and Ethan had the long rural street to himself. Suddenly he heard the brisk play of sleigh-bells and a cutter passed him, drawn by a free-going horse. Ethan recognized Michael Eady's roan colt, and young Denis Eady, in a handsome new fur cap, leaned forward and waved a greeting. "Hello, Ethe!" he shouted and spun on.

The cutter was going in the direction of the Frome farm, and Ethan's heart contracted as he listened to the dwindling bells. What more likely than that Denis Eady had heard of Zeena's departure for Bettsbridge, and was profiting by the opportunity to spend an hour with Mattie? Ethan was ashamed of the storm of jealousy in his breast. It seemed unworthy of the girl that his thoughts of her should be so violent.

He walked on to the church corner and entered the shade of the Varnum spruces, where he had stood with her the night before. As he passed into their gloom he saw an indistinct outline just ahead of him. At his approach it melted for an instant into two separate shapes and then conjoined again, and he heard a kiss, and a half-laughing "Oh!" provoked by the discovery of his presence. Again the outline hastily disunited and the Varnum gate slammed on one half while the other hurried on ahead of him. Ethan smiled at the discomfiture he had caused. What did it matter to Ned Hale and Ruth Varnum if they were caught kissing each other? Everybody in Starkfield knew they were engaged. It pleased Ethan to have surprised a pair of lovers on the spot where he and Mattie had stood with such a sense of nearness in their hearts; but he felt a pang at the thought that these two need not hide their happiness.

He fetched the grays from Hale's stable and started on his long climb back to the farm. The cold was less sharp than earlier in the day and a thick fleecy sky threatened snow for the morrow. Here and there a star pricked through, showing behind it a deep well of blue. In an hour or two the moon would push up over the ridge behind the farm, burn a gold-edged rent in the clouds, and then be swallowed by them. A mournful peace hung on the fields, as though they felt the relaxing grasp of the cold and stretched themselves in their winter sleep.

Ethan's ears were alert for the jingle of sleigh-bells, but not a sound broke the silence of the lonely road. As he drew near the farm he saw, through the thin screen of larches at the gate, a light twinkling in the house above him. "She's up in her room," he said to himself, "fixing herself up for supper;" and he remembered Zeena's sarcastic stare when Mattie, on the evening of her arrival, had come down to supper with smoothed hair and a ribbon at her neck.

He passed by the graves on the knoll and turned his head to glance at one of the older head-stones, which had interested him deeply as a boy because it bore his name.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
ETHAN FROME AND ENDURANCE HIS WIFE,
WHO DWELLED TOGETHER IN PEACE
FOR FIFTY YEARS.

He used to think that fifty years sounded like a long time to live together; but now it seemed to him that they might pass in a flash. Then, with a sudden dart of irony, he wondered if, when their turn came, the same epitaph would be written over him and Zeena.

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He opened the barn-door and craned his head into the obscurity, half-fearing to discover Denis Eady's roan colt in the stall beside the sorrel. But the old horse was there alone, mumbling his crib with toothless jaws, and Ethan whistled cheerfully while he bedded down the grays and shook an extra measure of oats into their mangers. His was not a tuneful throat, but harsh melodies burst from it as he locked the barn and sprang up the hill to the house. He reached the kitchen-porch and turned the door-handle; but the door did not yield to his touch.

Startled at finding it locked he rattled the handle violently; then he reflected that Mattie was alone and that it was natural she should shut herself in at twilight. He stood in the darkness expecting to hear her step. It did not come, and after vainly straining his ears he called out in a voice that shook with joy: "Hello, Matt!"

Silence answered; but in a minute or two he caught a sound on the stairs and saw a line of light about the door-frame, as he had seen it the night before. So strange was the precision with which the incidents of the previous evening were repeating themselves that he half expected, when he heard the key turn, to see his wife before him on the threshold; but the door opened, and it was Mattie who stood there.

She stood just as Zeena had stood, a lifted lamp in her hand, against the black background of the kitchen. She held the light at the same level, and it drew out with the same distinctness her slim young throat and the brown wrist no bigger than a child's. Then, striking upward, it threw a lustrous fleck on her lips, edged her eyes with velvet shadow, and laid a warm whiteness above the black curve of her brows.

She wore her usual dress of dark stuff, and there was no bow at her neck; but through her hair she had run a streak of crimson ribbon. This tribute to the unusual transformed and glorified her. She seemed to Ethan taller, fuller, more womanly in shape and motion. She stood aside, smiling silently, while he entered, and then moved away from him with something soft and flowing in her gait. She set the lamp on the table, and he saw that it was carefully laid for supper, with fresh doughnuts, stewed blueberries and his favourite pickles in a dish of gay red glass. A bright fire glowed in the stove, and the cat lay stretched before it, watching the table with a drowsy eye.

Ethan was suffocated with the sense of well-being. He went out into the passage to hang up his coat and pull off his wet boots. When he came back Mattie had set the teapot on the table and the cat was rubbing itself persuasively against her ankles.

"Why, Puss! I nearly tripped over you," she exclaimed, her eyes all laughter.

Again Ethan felt a sudden twinge of jealousy. Could it be his coming that gave her such a kindled face?

"Well, Matt, any visitors?" he threw off, stooping down carelessly to examine the fastening of the stove.

She nodded and laughed. "Yes, one," and he felt a blackness settling on his brows.

"Who was that?" he questioned, raising himself up to slant a glance at her beneath his scowl.

Her eyes danced with malice. "Why, Jotham Powell. He came in after he got back, and asked for a drop of coffee before he went down home."

The blackness lifted and light flooded Ethan's brain. "That all? Well, I hope you made out to let him have it." And after a pause he felt it right to add: "I suppose he got Zeena over to the Flats all right?"

"Oh, yes; in plenty of time."

The name threw a chill between them, and they stood a moment looking sideways at each other before Mattie said with a shy laugh: "I guess it's about time for supper."

They drew their seats up to the table, and the cat, unbidden, jumped between them onto Zeena's chair. "Oh, Puss!" said Mattie, and they laughed again.

Ethan, a moment earlier, had felt himself on the brink of eloquence; but the mention of Zeena had paralyzed him. Mattie seemed to feel the contagion of his embarrassment, and sat with downcast eyes, sipping her tea, while he feigned an insatiable appetite for doughnuts and pickles. At last, after casting about for an effective opening, he took a long gulp of tea, cleared his throat, and said: "Looks as if there'd be more snow."

She feigned great interest. "Is that so? Do you suppose it'll interfere with Zeena's

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getting back?" She flushed red as the question escaped her, and hastily set down the cup she was lifting.

Ethan reached over for another helping of pickles. "You never can tell, this time of year, it drifts so bad on the Flats." The name had benumbed him again, and once more he felt as if Zeena were in the room between them.

"Oh, Puss, you're too greedy!" Mattie cried.

The cat, unnoticed, had crept up on muffled paws from Zeena's seat to the table, and was stealthily elongating its body in the direction of the milk-jug, which stood between Ethan and Mattie. The two leaned forward at the same moment and their hands met on the handle of the jug. Mattie's hand was underneath, and Ethan kept his clasped on it a moment longer than was necessary. The cat, profiting by this unusual demonstration, tried to effect an unnoticed retreat, and in doing so backed into the pickle dish, which fell to the floor with a crash.

Mattie, in an instant, had sprung from her chair and was down on her knees by the fragments.

"Oh, Ethan, Ethan—it's all to pieces! What will Zeena say?"

But this time his courage was up. "Well, she'll have to say it to the cat, any way!" he rejoined with a laugh, kneeling down at Mattie's side to scrape up the swimming pickles.

She lifted stricken eyes to him. "Yes, but, you see, she never meant it should be used, not even when there was company; and I had to get up on the step-ladder to reach it down from the top shelf of the china-closet, where she keeps it with all her best things, and of course she'll want to know why I did it——"

The case was so serious that it called forth all of Ethan's latent resolution.

"She needn't know anything about it if you keep quiet. I'll get another just like it to-morrow. Where did it come from? I'll go to Shadd's Falls for it if I have to!"

"Oh, you'll never get another even there! It was a wedding present—don't you remember? It came all the way from Philadelphia, from Zeena's aunt that married the minister. That's why she wouldn't ever use it. Oh, Ethan, Ethan, what in the world shall I do?"

She began to cry, and he felt as if every one of her tears were pouring over him like burning lead. "Don't, Matt, don't—oh, *don't!*" he implored her.

She struggled to her feet, and he rose and followed her helplessly while she spread out the pieces of glass on the kitchen dresser. It seemed to him as if the shattered fragments of their evening lay there.

"Here, give them to me," he said in a voice of sudden authority.

She drew aside, instinctively obeying his tone. "Oh, Ethan, what are you going to do with it?"

Without replying he gathered the pieces of glass into his broad palm and walked out of the kitchen to the passage. There he lit a candle-end, opened the china-closet, and, reaching his long arm up to the highest shelf, laid the pieces together with such accuracy of touch that a close inspection convinced him of the impossibility of detecting from below that the dish was broken. If he glued it together the next morning months might elapse before his wife noticed what had happened, and meanwhile he might after all be able to match the dish at Shadd's Falls or Bettsbridge. Having satisfied himself that there was no risk of immediate discovery he went back to the kitchen with a lighter step, and found Mattie disconsolately removing the last scraps of pickle from the floor.

"It's all right, Matt. Come back and finish supper," he commanded her.

Completely reassured, she shone on him through tear-hung lashes, and his soul swelled with pride as he saw how his tone subdued her. She did not even ask what he had done. Except when he was steering a big log down the mountain to his mill he had never known such a thrilling sense of mastery.

V

THEY finished supper, and while Mattie cleared the table Ethan went to look at the cows and then took a last turn about the house. The earth lay dark under a muffled sky and the air was so still that now and then he heard a lump of snow come thumping down from a tree far off on the edge of the wood-lot.

When he returned to the kitchen Mattie had pushed up his chair to the stove and seated herself near the lamp with a bit of

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sewing. The scene was just what his morning vision had shown him. He sat down, drew his pipe from his pocket and stretched his feet to the glow. His hard day's work in the keen air made him feel at once lazy and light of mood, and he had a confused sense of being in another world, where all was warmth and harmony and time could bring no change. The only drawback to his complete well-being was the fact that he could not see Mattie from where he sat; but he was too indolent to move and after a moment he said: "Come over here and sit by the stove."

Zeena's empty rocking-chair stood opposite him. Mattie rose obediently, and seated herself in it. Seeing her young brown head against the chintz cushion that habitually framed his wife's gaunt countenance, Ethan had a momentary shock. It was almost as if the other face, the face of the superseded woman, had obliterated that of the intruder. After a moment Mattie seemed to be affected by the same sense of constraint. She changed her position, leaning forward to bend her head above her work, so that he saw only the foreshortened tip of her nose and the streak of red in her hair; then she slipped to her feet, saying, "I can't see to sew," and went back to her chair by the lamp.

Ethan made a pretext of getting up to replenish the stove, and when he returned to his seat he pushed it sideways that he might get a view of her profile and of the lamplight falling on her hands. The cat, who had been a puzzled observer of these unusual movements, jumped up into Zeena's chair, rolled itself into a ball, and lay watching them with narrowed eyes.

Deep quiet sank on the room. The clock ticked above the dresser, a piece of charred wood fell now and then in the stove, and a faint sharp scent from the geraniums mingled with the odour of Ethan's smoke, which began to throw a blue haze about the lamp and to hang like cobwebs in the shadowy corners of the room.

All constraint had vanished between the two, and they began to talk easily and simply. They spoke of every-day things, of the prospect of snow, of the next church sociable, of the loves and quarrels of Starkfield. The commonplace nature of what they said produced in Ethan an illusion of long-established intimacy which no outburst of emotion could have given, and he set his imagination adrift on the fiction that they had always spent their evenings thus and would always go on doing so . . .

"This is the night we were to have gone coasting, Matt," he said at length, with the rich sense, as he spoke, that they could go on any other night they chose, since they had all time before them.

She smiled back at him. "I guess you forgot!"

"No, I didn't forget; but it's as dark as Egypt out-doors. We might go to-morrow if there's a moon."

She laughed with pleasure, and the lamplight sparkled on her lips and teeth. "That would be lovely, Ethan!"

He kept his eyes fixed on her, wondering at the way her face changed with each turn of their talk, like a wheat-field under the breeze. It was intoxicating to find such magic in his clumsy words, and he longed to try new ways of using it.

"Would you be scared to go down the Corbury road with me on a night like this?" he asked.

Her cheeks burned redder. "I ain't any more scared than you are!"

"Well, *I'd* be scared, then; I wouldn't do it. That's an ugly corner down by the big elm. If a fellow didn't keep his eyes open he'd go plumb into it." He luxuriated in the sense of protection and authority which his words conveyed. To prolong and intensify the feeling he added: "I guess we're well enough here."

She let her lids sink slowly, in the way he loved. "Yes, we're well enough here," she sighed.

Her tone was so sweet that he took the pipe from his mouth and drew his chair up to the table. Leaning forward, he touched the farther end of the strip of brown stuff that she was hemming. "Say, Matt," he began with a smile, "what do you think I saw under the Varnum spruces, coming along home just now? I saw a friend of yours getting kissed."

The words had been on his tongue all the evening, but now that he had spoken them they struck him as inexpressibly vulgar and out-of-place.

Mattie blushed to the roots of her hair and pulled her needle rapidly twice or thrice through her work, insensibly drawing the end of it away from him. "I sup-

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pose it was Ruth and Ned," she said in a low voice, as though he had suddenly touched on something grave.

Ethan had imagined that his allusion might open the way to the accepted pleasantries, and these perhaps in turn to a harmless caress, if only a mere touch on her hand. But now he felt as if her blush had set a flaming guard about her. He supposed it was his natural awkwardness that made him feel so. He knew that most young men made nothing at all of giving a pretty girl a kiss, and he remembered that the night before, when he had put his arm about Mattie, she had not resisted. But that had been out of doors, under the open irresponsible night. Now, in the warm lamplit room, with all its ancient implications of conformity and order, she seemed infinitely farther away from him and more unapproachable.

To ease his constraint he said: "I suppose they'll be setting a date before long."

"Yes. I shouldn't wonder if they got married some time along in the summer." She pronounced the word *married* as if her voice caressed it. It seemed a rustling covert leading to enchanted glades. A pang shot through Ethan, and he said, twisting away from her in his chair: "It'll be your turn next, I wouldn't wonder."

She laughed a little uncertainly. "Why do you keep on saying that?"

He echoed her laugh. "I guess I do it to get used to the idea."

He drew up to the table again and she sewed on in silence, with dropped lashes, while he sat in fascinated contemplation of the way in which her hands went up and down above the strip of stuff, just as he had seen a pair of birds make short perpendicular flights over a nest they were building. At length, without turning her head or lifting her lids, she said in a low tone: "It's not because you think Zeena's got anything against me, is it?"

His former dread started up full-armed at the suggestion. "Why, what do you mean?" he stammered.

She raised distressed eyes to his, her work dropping on the table between them. "I don't know. I thought last night she seemed to have."

"I'd like to know what," he growled.

"Nobody can tell with Zeena." It was the first time they had ever spoken so openly of her attitude toward Mattie, and the repetition of the name seemed to carry it to the farther corners of the room and send it back to them in long repercussions of sound. Mattie waited, as if to let the echo drop, and then went on: "She hasn't said anything to *you?*"

He shook his head. "No, not a word."

She tossed the hair back from her forehead with a laugh. "I guess I'm just nervous then. I'm not going to think about it any more."

"Oh, no—don't let's think about it, Matt!"

The sudden heat of his tone made her colour mount again, not with a rush, but gradually, delicately, like the reflection of a thought stealing slowly across her heart. She sat silent, her hands clasped on her work, and it seemed to him that a warm current flowed toward him along the strip of stuff that still lay unrolled between them. Cautiously he slid his hand palm-downward along the table till his finger-tips touched the end of the stuff. A faint vibration of her lashes seemed to show that she was aware of his gesture, and that it had sent a counter-current running back to her; and she let her hands lie motionless on the other end of the strip.

As they sat thus he heard a sound behind him and turned his head. The cat had jumped from Zeena's chair to dart at a mouse in the wainscot, and as a result of the violent movement the empty chair had set up a spectral rocking.

"She'll be rocking in it herself this time to-morrow," Ethan thought. "I've been in a dream, and this is the only evening we'll ever have together."

The return to reality was as painful as the return to consciousness after taking an anæsthetic. His body and brain ached with indescribable weariness, and he could think of nothing to say or to do that should arrest the mad flight of the moments.

His alteration of mood seemed to have communicated itself to Mattie. She looked up at him languidly, as though her lids were weighted with sleep and it cost her an effort to raise them. Her glance fell on his hand, which now completely covered the end of her work and grasped it as if it were a part of herself. He saw a scarcely perceptible tremor cross her face, and without knowing what he did he stooped his head

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and kissed the bit of stuff in his hold. As his lips rested on it he felt it glide slowly from beneath them, and saw that Mattie had risen and was silently rolling up her work. She fastened it with a pin, and then, finding her thimble and scissors, put them, with the roll of stuff, into the box covered with fancy paper which he had once brought to her from Bettsbridge.

He stood up also, looking vaguely about the room. The clock above the dresser struck eleven.

"Is the fire all right?" she asked in a low voice.

He opened the door of the stove and poked aimlessly at the embers. When he raised himself again he saw that she was dragging toward the stove the old soap-box lined with carpet in which the cat made its bed. Then she recrossed the floor and lifted two of the geranium pots in her arms, moving them away from the cold window. He followed her and brought the other geraniums, the hyacinth bulbs in a cracked custard bowl and the German ivy trained over an old croquet hoop.

When these nightly duties were performed there was nothing left to do but to bring in the tin candlestick from the passage, light the candle and blow out the lamp. Ethan put the candlestick in Mattie's hand and she went out of the kitchen ahead of him, the light that she carried before her making her dark hair look like a drift of mist on the moon.

"Good-night, Matt," he said as she put her foot on the first step of the stairs.

She turned and looked at him a moment. "Good night, Ethan," she answered, and went up.

When the door of her room had closed on her he remembered that he had not even touched her hand.

VI

THE next morning at breakfast Jotham Powell was between them, and Ethan tried to hide his joy under an air of exaggerated indifference, lounging back in his chair to throw scraps to the cat, growling at the weather, and not so much as offering to help Mattie when she rose to clear away the dishes.

He did not know why he was so irrationally happy, for nothing was changed in his life or hers. He had not even touched the tip of her fingers or looked her full in the eyes. But their evening together had given him a vision of what life at her side might be, and he was glad now that he had done nothing to trouble the sweetness of the picture. He had a fancy that she knew what had restrained him . . .

There was a last load of lumber to be hauled to the village, and Jotham Powell—who did not work regularly for Ethan in winter—had "come round" to help with the job. But a wet snow, melting to sleet, had fallen in the night and turned the snowy roads to glass. There was more wet in the air and it seemed likely to both men that the weather would "milden" toward afternoon and make the going safer. Ethan therefore proposed to his assistant that they should load the sledge at the wood-lot, as they had done on the previous morning, and put off the "teaming" to Starkfield till later in the day. This plan had the advantage of enabling him to send Jotham to the Flats after dinner to meet Zenobia, while he himself took the lumber down to the village.

He told Jotham to go out and harness up the grays, and for a moment he and Mattie had the kitchen to themselves. She had plunged the breakfast dishes into a tin dish-pan and was bending above it with her slim arms bared to the elbow, the steam from the hot water beading her forehead and tightening her rough hair into little brown rings like the tendrils on the traveller's joy.

Ethan stood looking at her, his heart in his throat. He wanted to say: "We shall never be alone again like this." Instead, he reached down his tobacco-pouch from a shelf of the dresser, put it into his pocket and said: "I guess I can make out to be home for dinner."

She answered "All right, Ethan," and he heard her singing over the dishes as he went.

As soon as the sledge was loaded he meant to send Jotham back to the farm and hurry on foot into the village to buy the glue for the pickle-dish. With ordinary luck he should have had time to carry out this plan; but everything went wrong from the start. On the way over to the wood-lot one of the grays slipped on a glare of ice and cut his knee; and when they got

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him up again Jotham had to go back to the barn for a strip of rag to bind the cut. Then, when the loading finally began, a sleety rain was coming down once more, and the tree-trunks were so slippery that it took twice as long as usual to lift them and get them in place on the sledge. It was what Jotham called a sour morning for work, and the horses, shivering and stamping under their wet blankets, seemed to like it as little as the men. It was long past the dinner hour when the job was done, and Ethan had to give up going to the village because he wanted to lead the injured horse home and wash the cut himself.

He thought that by starting out again with the lumber as soon as he had finished his dinner he might get back to the farm with the glue before Jotham and the old sorrel had had time to fetch Zenobia from the Flats; but he knew the chance was a slight one. It turned on the state of the roads and on the possible lateness of the Bettsbridge train. He remembered afterward, with a grim flash of self-derision, what importance he had attached to the weighing of these probabilities . . .

As soon as dinner was over he set out again for the wood-lot, not daring to linger till Jotham Powell left. The hired man was still drying his wet feet at the stove, and Ethan could only give Mattie a quick look as he said beneath his breath: "I'll be back early."

He fancied that she nodded her comprehension; and with that scant solace he had to trudge off through the rain.

He had driven his load half-way to the village when Jotham Powell overtook him, urging the reluctant sorrel toward the Flats. "I'll have to hurry up to do it," Ethan mused, as the sleigh dropped down ahead of him over the dip of the school house hill. He worked like ten at the unloading, and when it was over hastened on to Michael Eady's for the glue. Eady and his assistant were both "down street," and young Denis, who seldom deigned to take their place, was lounging by the stove with some of the golden youth of Starkfield. They hailed Ethan with ironic compliment and offers of conviviality; but no one knew where to find the glue. Ethan, consumed with the longing for a last moment alone with Mattie, hung about impatiently while Denis made an ineffectual search in the obscurer corners of the store. "Looks as if we were all sold out. But if you'll wait around till the old man comes along maybe he can put his hand on it."

"I'm obliged to you, but I'll try if I can get it down at Mrs. Homan's," Ethan answered, burning to be gone.

Denis's commercial instinct compelled him to aver on oath that what Eady's store could not produce would never be found at the widow Homan's; but Ethan, heedless of this boast, had already climbed to the sledge and was driving on to the rival establishment. Here, after considerable search, and sympathetic questions as to what he wanted it for, and whether ordinary flour paste wouldn't do as well if she couldn't find it, the widow Homan finally hunted down her solitary bottle of glue to its hiding-place in a medley of cough-lozenges and corset-laces.

"I hope Zeena ain't broken anything she sets store by," she called after him as he turned the grays toward home.

The fitful bursts of sleet had changed into a persistent rain and the horses had heavy work even without a load behind them. Once or twice, hearing sleigh-bells, Ethan turned his head, fancying that Zeena and Jotham might overtake him; but the old sorrel was not in sight, and he set his face against the rain and urged on his ponderous pair.

The barn was empty when the horses turned into it and, after giving them the most perfunctory ministrations they had ever received from him, he strode up to the house and pushed open the kitchen door.

Mattie was there alone, as he had pictured her. She was bending over a pan on the stove; but at the sound of his step she turned with a start and sprang to him.

"See here, Matt, I've got some stuff to mend the dish with! Let me get at it quick," he cried, waving the bottle in one hand while he put her lightly aside with the other; but she did not seem to hear him.

"Oh, Ethan—Zeena's come," she said in a whisper, clutching his sleeve.

They stood and stared at each other, pale as culprits.

"But the sorrel's not in the barn!" Ethan stammered.

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"Jotham Powell brought some goods over from the Flats for his wife, and he drove right on with them," she explained.

He gazed blankly about the kitchen, which looked cold and squalid in the rainy winter twilight.

"How is she?" he asked, dropping his voice to Mattie's whisper.

She looked away from him uncertainly. "I don't know. She went right up to her room."

"She didn't say anything?"

"No."

Ethan sent out his doubts in a low whistle and thrust the bottle back into his pocket. "Don't fret; I'll come down and mend it in the night," he said. He pulled on his wet coat again and went back to the barn to feed the grays.

While he was there Jotham Powell drove up with the sleigh, and when the horses had been attended to Ethan said to him: "You might as well come back up for a bite." He was not sorry to assure himself of Jotham's neutralizing presence at the supper table, for Zeena was always "nervous" after a journey. But the hired man, though seldom loth to accept a meal not included in his wages, opened his stiff jaws to answer slowly: "I'm obliged to you, but I guess I'll go along back."

Ethan looked at him in surprise. "Better come up and dry off. Looks as if there'd be something hot for supper."

Jotham's facial muscles were unmoved by this appeal and, his vocabulary being limited, he merely repeated: "I guess I'll go along back."

To Ethan there was something vaguely ominous in this stolid rejection of free food and warmth, and he wondered what had happened on the drive to nerve Jotham to such stoicism. Perhaps Zeena had failed to see the new doctor or had not liked his counsels: Ethan knew that in such cases the first person she met was likely to be held responsible for her grievance.

When he re-entered the kitchen the lamp lit up the same scene of shining comfort as on the previous evening. The table had been as carefully laid, a clear fire glowed in the stove, the cat dozed in its warmth, and Mattie came forward carrying a plate of dough-nuts.

She and Ethan looked at each other in silence; then she said, as she had said the night before: "I guess it's about time for supper."

VII

ETHAN went out into the passage to hang up his wet garments. He listened for Zeena's step and, not hearing it, called her name up the stairs. She did not answer, and after a moment's hesitation he went up and opened her door. The room was almost dark, but in the obscurity he saw her sitting by the window, bolt upright, and knew by the rigidity of the outline projected against the pane that she had not taken off her travelling dress.

"Well, Zeena," he ventured from the threshold.

She did not move, and he continued: "Supper's about ready. Ain't you coming?"

She replied: "I don't feel as if I could touch a morsel."

It was the consecrated formula, and he expected it to be followed, as usual, by her rising and going down to supper. But she remained seated, and he could think of nothing more felicitous than: "I presume you're tired after the long ride."

Turning her head at this, she answered solemnly: "I'm a great deal sicker than you think."

Her words fell on his ear with a strange shock of wonder. He had often heard her pronounce them before—what if at last they were true?

He advanced a step or two into the dim room. "I hope that's not so, Zeena," he said.

She continued to gaze at him through the twilight with a mien of wan authority, as of one consciously singled out for a great fate. "I've got complications," she said.

Ethan knew the word for one of exceptional import. Almost everybody in the neighbourhood had "troubles," frankly localized and specified; but only the chosen had "complications." To have them was in itself a distinction, though it was also, in most cases, a death-warrant. People struggled on for years with "troubles," but they almost always succumbed to "complications."

Ethan's heart was jerking to and fro between two extremities of feeling, but for the moment compassion prevailed. His wife

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looked so hard and lonely, sitting there in the darkness with such thoughts.

"Is that what the new doctor told you?" he asked, instinctively lowering his voice.

"Yes. He says any regular doctor would want me to have an operation."

Ethan was aware that, in regard to the important question of surgical intervention, the female opinion of the neighbourhood was divided, some glorying in the prestige conferred by operations while others shunned them as indelicate. Ethan, from motives of economy, had always been glad that Zeena was of the latter faction.

In the agitation caused by the gravity of her announcement he sought a consolatory short cut. "What do you know about this doctor anyway? Nobody ever told you that before."

He saw his blunder before she could take it up: she wanted sympathy, not consolation.

"I didn't need to have anybody tell me I was losing ground every day. Everybody but you could see it. And everybody in Bettsbridge knows about Dr. Buck. He has his office in Worcester, and comes over once a fortnight to Shadd's Falls and Bettsbridge for consultations. Eliza Spears was wasting away with kidney trouble before she went to him, and now she's up and around, and singing in the choir."

"Well, I'm glad of that. You must do just what he tells you," Ethan answered sympathetically.

She was still looking at him. "I mean to," she said. He was struck by a new note in her voice. It was neither whining nor reproachful, but drily resolute.

"What does he want you should do?" he asked, with a mounting vision of fresh expenses.

"He wants I should have a hired girl. He says I oughtn't to have to do a single thing around the house."

"A hired girl?" Ethan stood transfixed.

"Yes. And Aunt Martha found me one right off. Everybody said I was lucky to get a girl to come away out here, and I agreed to give her a dollar extry to make sure. She'll be over to-morrow afternoon."

Wrath and dismay contended in Ethan. He had foreseen an immediate demand for money but not a permanent drain on his scant resources. He no longer believed what Zeena had told him of the supposed seriousness of her state: he saw in her expedition to Bettsbridge only a plot hatched between herself and her Pierce relations to foist on him the cost of a servant; and for the moment wrath predominated.

"If you meant to engage a girl you ought to have told me before you started," he said.

"How could I tell you before I started? How did I know what Dr. Buck would say?"

"Oh, Dr. Buck—" Ethan's incredulity escaped in a short laugh. "Did Dr. Buck tell you how I was to pay her wages?"

Her voice rose furiously with his. "No, he didn't. For I'd 'a been ashamed to tell *him* that you grudged me the money to get back my health, when I lost it nursing your own mother!"

"*You* lost your health nursing mother?"

"Yes; and my folks all told me at the time you couldn't do no less than marry me after——"

"Zeena!"

Through the obscurity which hid their faces their thoughts seemed to dart at each other like serpents shooting venom. Ethan was seized with horror of the scene and shame at his own share in it. It was as senseless and savage as a physical fight between two enemies in the darkness.

He turned to the shelf above the chimney, groped for matches and lit the one candle in the room. At first its weak flame made no impression on the shadows; then Zeena's face stood grimly out against the uncurtained pane, which had turned from gray to black.

It was the first scene of open anger between the couple in their sad seven years together, and Ethan felt as if he had lost an irretrievable advantage in descending to the level of recrimination. But the practical problem was there and had to be dealt with.

"You know I haven't got the money to pay for a girl, Zeena. You'll have to send her back: I can't do it."

"The doctor says it'll be my death if I go on slaving the way I've had to. He doesn't understand how I've stood it as long as I have."

"Slaving!—" He checked himself again. "You sha'n't lift a hand, if he says so. I'll do everything round the house myself——"

She broke in: "You're neglecting the farm enough already," and this being true,

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NORMAL SCHOOL

he found no answer, and left her time to add ironically: "Better send me over to the almshouse and done with it. I guess there's been Fromes there afore now."

The taunt burned into him, but he let it pass. "I haven't got the money. That settles it."

There was a moment's pause in the struggle, as though the combatants were testing their weapons. Then Zeena said in a level voice: "I thought you were to get fifty dollars from Andrew Hale for that lumber."

"Andrew Hale never pays under three months." He had hardly spoken when he remembered the excuse he had made for not accompanying his wife to the station the day before; and the blood rose to his frowning brows.

"Why, you told me yesterday you'd fixed it up with him to pay cash down. You said that was why you couldn't drive me over to the Flats."

Ethan had no suppleness in deceiving. He had never before been convicted of a lie, and all the recourses of evasion failed him. "I guess that was a misunderstanding," he stammered.

"You ain't got the money?"

"No."

"And you ain't going to get it?"

"No."

"Well, I couldn't know that when I engaged the girl, could I?"

"No." He paused to control his voice. "But you know it now. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. You're a poor man's wife, Zeena; but I'll do the best I can for you."

For awhile she sat motionless, as if reflecting, her arms stretched along the arms of her chair, her eyes fixed on vacancy. "Oh, I guess we'll make out," she said mildly.

The change in her tone reassured him. "Of course we will! There's a whole lot more I can do for you, and Mattie——"

Zeena, while he spoke, seemed to be following out some elaborate mental calculation. She emerged from it to say: "There'll be Mattie's board less, anyhow——"

Ethan, supposing the discussion to be over, had turned to go down to supper. He stopped short, not grasping what he heard. "Mattie's board less—?" he began.

Zeena laughed. It was an odd unfamiliar sound—he did not remember ever having heard her laugh before. "You didn't suppose I was going to keep two girls, did you? No wonder you were scared at the expense!"

He still had but a confused sense of what she was saying. From the beginning of the discussion he had instinctively avoided the mention of Mattie's name, fearing he hardly knew what: criticism, complaints, or vague allusions to the imminent probability of her marrying. But the thought of a definite rupture had never come to him, and even now could not lodge itself in his mind.

"I don't know what you mean," he said. "Mattie Silver's not a hired girl. She's your relation."

"She's a pauper that's hung onto us all after her father'd done his best to ruin us. I've kep' her here a whole year: it's somebody else's turn now."

As the shrill words shot out Ethan heard a tap on the door, which he had drawn shut when he turned back from the threshold.

"Ethan—Zeena!" Mattie's voice sounded gaily from the landing, "do you know what time it is? Supper's been ready half an hour."

Inside the room there was a moment's silence; then Zeena called out from her seat: "I'm not coming down to supper."

"Oh, I'm sorry! Aren't you well? Sha'n't I bring you up a bite of something?"

Ethan roused himself with an effort and opened the door. "Go along down, Matt. Zeena's just a little tired. I'm coming."

He heard her "All right!" and her quick step on the stairs; then he shut the door and turned back into the room. His wife's attitude was unchanged, her face inexorable, and he was seized with the despairing sense of his helplessness.

"You ain't going to do it, Zeena?"

"Do what?" she emitted between flattened lips.

"Send Mattie away—like this?"

"I never bargained to take her for life!"

He continued with rising vehemence: "You can't put her out of the house like a thief—a poor girl without friends or money. She's done her best for you and she's got no place to go to. You may forget she's your kin but everybody else'll remember it. If you do a thing like that what do you suppose folks 'll say of you?"

Zeena waited a moment, as if giving him time to feel the full force of the contrast be-

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tween his own excitement and her composure. Then she replied in the same smooth voice: "I know well enough what they say of my having kep' her here as long as I have."

Ethan's hand dropped from the door-knob, which he had held clenched since he had drawn the door shut on Mattie. His wife's retort was like a knife-cut across the sinews and he felt suddenly weak and powerless. He had meant to humble himself, to argue that Mattie's keep didn't cost much, after all, that he could make out to buy a stove and fix up a place in the attic for the hired girl—but Zeena's words revealed the peril of such pleadings.

"You mean to tell her she's got to go—at once?" he faltered out, in terror of letting his wife complete her sentence.

As if trying to make him see reason she replied impartially; "The girl will be over from Bettsbridge to-morrow, and I presume she's got to have somewheres to sleep."

Ethan looked at her with loathing. She was no longer the listless creature who had lived at his side in a state of sullen self-absorption, but a mysterious alien presence, an evil energy secreted from the long years of silent brooding. It was the sense of his helplessness that sharpened his antipathy. There had never been anything in her that one could appeal to; but as long as he could ignore and command he had remained indifferent. Now she had mastered him and he abhorred her. Mattie was her relation, not his: there were no means by which he could compel her to keep the girl under her roof. All the long misery of his baffled past, of his youth of failure, hardship and vain effort, rose up in his soul in bitterness and seemed to take shape before him in the woman who, at every turn, had barred his way. She had taken everything else from him; and now she meant to take the one thing that made up for all the others. For a moment such a flame of hate rose in him that it ran down his arm and clenched his fist against her. He took a wild step forward and then stopped.

"You're—you're not coming down?" he said in a bewildered voice.

"No. I guess I'll lay down on the bed a little while," she answered mildly; and he turned and walked out of the room.

In the kitchen Mattie was sitting by the stove, the cat curled up on her knees. She sprang to her feet as Ethan entered and carried the covered dish of meat-pie to the table.

"I hope Zeena isn't sick?" she asked.

"No."

She shone at him across the table. "Well, sit right down then. You must be starving." She uncovered the pie and pushed it over to him. So they were to have one more evening together, her happy eyes seemed to say!

He helped himself mechanically and began to eat; then disgust took him by the throat, and he laid down his fork.

Mattie's tender gaze was on him and she marked the gesture.

"Why, Ethan, what's the matter? Don't it taste right?"

"Yes—it's first-rate. Only I—" He pushed his plate away, rose from his chair, and walked around the table to her side. She started up with frightened eyes.

"Ethan, there's something wrong! I *knew* there was!"

She seemed to melt against him in her terror, and he caught her in his arms, held her fast there, felt her lashes beat his cheek like netted butterflies.

"What is it—what is it?" she stammered; but he had found her lips and was drinking unconsciousness of everything but the joy they gave him.

She lingered a moment, caught in the same strong current; then she slipped from him and drew back a step or two, pale and troubled. Her look smote him with compunction, and he cried out, as if he saw her drowning in a dream: "You can't go, Matt! I'll never let you!"

"Go—go?" she stammered. "Must I go?"

The words went on sounding between them as though a torch of warning flew from hand to hand through a black landscape.

Ethan was overcome with shame at his lack of self-control in flinging the news at her so brutally. His head reeled and he had to support himself against the table. All the while he felt as if he were still kissing her, and yet dying of thirst for her lips.

"Ethan, what has happened? Is Zeena mad with me?"

Her cry steadied him, though it deepened his wrath and pity. "No, no," he assured

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her, "it's not that. But this new doctor has scared her about herself. You know she believes all they say the first time she sees them. And this one's told her she won't get well unless she lays up and don't do a thing about the house—not for months——"

He paused, his eyes wandering from her miserably. She stood silent a moment, drooping before him like a broken branch. She was so small and weak-looking that it wrung his heart; but suddenly she lifted her head and looked straight at him. "And she wants somebody handier in my place? Is that it?"

"That's what she says to-night."

"If she says it to-night she'll say it to-morrow."

Both bowed to the inexorable truth: they knew that Zeena never changed her mind, and that in her case a resolve once taken was equivalent to an act performed.

There was a long silence between them; then Mattie said in a low voice: "Don't be too sorry, Ethan."

"Oh, God—oh, God," he groaned. The glow of passion he had felt for her had melted to an aching tenderness. He saw her quick lids beating back the tears, and longed to take her in his arms and soothe her.

"You're letting your supper get cold," she admonished him with a pale gleam of gaiety.

"Oh, Matt—Matt—where'll you go to?"

Her lids sank and a tremor crossed her face. He saw that for the first time the thought of the future came to her distinctly. "I might get something to do over at Stamford," she faltered, as if knowing that he knew she had no hope.

He dropped back into his seat and hid his face in his hands. Despair seized him at the thought of her setting out alone to renew the weary quest for work. In the only place where she was known she was surrounded by indifference or animosity; and what chance had she, inexperienced and untrained, among the million bread-seekers of the cities? There came back to him miserable tales he had heard at Worcester, and the faces of girls whose lives had begun as hopefully as Mattie's. . . It was not possible to think of such things without a revolt of his whole being. He sprang up suddenly.

"You can't go, Matt! I won't let you! She's always had her way, but I mean to have mine now——"

Mattie lifted her hand with a quick gesture, and he heard his wife's step behind him.

Zeena came into the room with her dragging down-at-the-heel step, and quietly took her accustomed seat between them.

"I felt a little mite better, and Dr. Buck says I ought to eat all I can to keep my stren'th up, even if I ain't got any appetite," she said in her flat whine, reaching across Mattie for the teapot. Her "good" dress had been replaced by the black calico and brown knitted shawl which formed her daily wear, and with them she had put on her usual face and manner. She poured out her tea, added a greal deal of milk to it, helped herself largely to pie and pickles, and made the familiar gesture of adjusting her false teeth before she began to eat. The cat rubbed itself ingratiatingly against her, and she said "Good Pussy," stooped to stroke it and gave it a scrap of meat from her plate.

Ethan sat speechless, not pretending to eat, but Mattie nibbled valiantly at her food and asked Zeena one or two questions about her visit to Bettsbridge. Zeena answered in her every-day tone and, warming to the theme, regaled them with several vivid descriptions of intestinal disturbances among her friends and relatives. She looked straight at Mattie as she spoke, a faint smile deepening the vertical lines between her nose and chin.

When supper was over she rose from her seat and pressed her hand to the flat surface over the region of her heart. "That pie of yours always sets a mite heavy, Matt," she said, not ill-naturedly. She seldom abbreviated the girl's name, and when she did so it was always a sign of affability.

"I've a good mind to go and hunt up those stomach powders I got last year over in Springfield," she continued. "I ain't tried them for quite a while, and maybe they'll help the heart-burn."

Mattie lifted her eyes. "Can't I get them for you, Zeena?" she ventured.

"No. They're in a place you don't know about." Zeena answered darkly, with one of her secret looks.

She went out of the kitchen and Mattie,

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rising, began to clear the dishes from the table. As she passed Ethan's chair their eyes met and clung together desolately. The warm still kitchen looked as peaceful as the night before. The cat had sprung to Zeena's rocking-chair, and the heat of the fire was beginning to draw out the faint sharp scent of the geraniums. Ethan dragged himself wearily to his feet.

"I'll go out and take a look round," he said, going toward the passage to get his lantern.

As he reached the door he met Zeena coming back into the room, her lips twitching with anger, a flush of excitement on her sallow face. The shawl had slipped from her shoulders and was dragging at her down-trodden heels, and in her hands she carried the fragments of the red glass pickle-dish.

"I'd like to know who done this," she said, looking sternly from Ethan to Mattie.

There was no answer, and she continued in a trembling voice: "I went to get those powders I'd put away in father's old spectacle-case, top of the china-closet, where I keep the things I set store by, so's folks sha'n't meddle with them—" Her voice broke, and two small tears hung on her lashless lids and ran slowly down her cheeks. "It takes the step-ladder to get at the top shelf, and I put Aunt Philura Maple's pickle-dish up there o' purpose when we was married, and it's never been down since, 'cept for the spring cleaning, and then I always lifted it with my own hands, so's it shouldn't get broke." She laid the fragments reverently on the table. "I want to know who done this," she quavered.

At the challenge Ethan turned back into the room and faced her. "I can tell you, then. The cat done it."

"The *cat?*"

"That's what I said."

She looked at him hard, and then turned her eyes to Mattie, who was carrying the dish-pan to the table.

"I'd like to know how the cat got into my china-closet," she said.

"Chasin' mice, I guess," Ethan rejoined. "There was a mouse round the kitchen all last evening."

Zeena continued to look from one to the other; then she emitted her small strange laugh. "I knew the cat was a smart cat," she said in a high voice, "but I didn't know he was smart enough to pick up the pieces of my pickle-dish and lay 'em edge to edge on the very shelf he knocked 'em off of."

Mattie suddenly drew her arms out of the steaming water. "It wasn't Ethan's fault, Zeena! The cat *did* break the dish; but I got it down from the china-closet, and I'm the one to blame for its getting broken."

Zeena stood beside the ruin of her treasure, stiffening into a stony image of resentment. "*You* got down my pickle-dish—what for?"

A bright flush flew to Mattie's cheeks. "I wanted to make the supper-table pretty," she said.

"You wanted to make the supper-table pretty; and you waited till my back was turned, and took the thing I set most store by of anything I've got, and wouldn't never use it, not even when the minister come to dinner, or Aunt Martha Pierce come over from Bettsbridge—" Zeena paused with a gasp, as if terrified by her own evocation of the sacrilege. "You're a bad girl, Mattie Silver, and I always known it. It's the way your father begun, and I was warned of it when I took you, and I tried to keep my things where you couldn't get at 'em—and now you've took from me the one I cared about most of all—" She broke off in a short spasm of sobs that passed and left her more than ever like a shape of stone.

"If I'd 'a listened to folks, you'd 'a gone before now, and this wouldn't 'a happened," she said; and gathering up the bits of broken glass she went out of the room as if she carried a dead body. . .

(To be concluded.)

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DESIGN

By Kenyon Cox

PERHAPS the greatest weakness of modern art is the relative neglect of what is ordinarily called composition, or what I prefer to call by the good old word design. The word composition means, of course, the putting together of the picture, and seems to imply a more or less mechanical assemblage of separately existing parts. The word design conveys the finer and truer idea of an original guiding thought, a principle of unity, out of which the parts and details of a picture are developed by a natural and organic growth. You compose a pudding or a black draught—you design a work of art. Yet the word composition is a convenient one, and one so commonly understood that I shall use it interchangeably with the word design.

Whatever it is to be called, that the thing itself is rather out of fashion there can be no doubt. Our tendency has been to exalt the other parts of the art of painting at the expense of this fundamental one of design, and to decry and belittle composition as a thing of small or no importance. Indeed, if one may believe all one hears, its very existence has been denied; for a well-known and justly admired American painter has been quoted as telling his pupils that "There is no such thing as composition." If he ever said so, one is left in doubt as to just what he can have meant. It is possible that he intended to say that there is no science of composition, and no valid rules for it—that design is, and must be, a matter of instinct and of unconscious creative action on the part of the artist. In that case, what is true in his statement is equally true of drawing and color and handling. In all these things the business of the artist is to create, and to leave to others the task of finding out the reasons for the form of his creations. It is possible, in any art, to formulate principles to account for what has first been done—it is impossible, by the application of rules based on these principles, to create a new and vital work. This is not a reason for neglecting the study of the masterpieces of art, for ignorance was never yet creative. It is simply the statement, in another form, that the artist, however well trained, must be an artist born, and work as the artist has always worked.

It is possible, also, that what was meant to be expressed was merely a personal preference for informal and expressive design over formal and monumental design; for the composition of the isolated easel picture over the composition of the great mural painting. If so, it was the expression of a preference so common in our time as to be nearly universal; a preference which has caused us to place on the walls of great public buildings pictures that seem to defy rather than to enrich the design of the surrounding architecture; a preference which has led to the writing of text-books on composition that include in the list of their don'ts nearly all the things which a study of the great masters would inculcate as things to do.

Whatever else was meant, it is almost inconceivable that a literal denial of the existence of composition, or design, can have been intended, for that would have been the denial to the arts of the one thing they have in common, of the one great fundamental and unifying principal that makes art art. Design is arrangement, is order, is selection. Design is the thing that makes a work of art a unit, that makes it a whole rather than a hap-hazard collection of unrelated things or a slice of unassimilated nature. It does not merely concern itself with great decorative compositions or arrangements of many figures—it is necessarily present in the simplest problems art can set itself. Suppose you are to paint a portrait head. There will be questions of drawing, of character and expression, of light and shade and color, of the handling of your material, to all of which you must find answers; but before you can consider any of these things, there will be the initial question: where are you to place the head on your canvas? How far from the top

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and the botton, how far from the left or right hand border? And what is the shape of your canvas to be, rectangular or circular or oval, and what shall be the proportion of height to width? This is the fundamental problem of design, the problem of the division of space. If you are going to do a little more of the figure, other problems will come into play. Shall you include the hands, and, if so, where shall you place them? That is the problem of the balancing of dominant and subordinate masses. What is the general silhouette of your figure, and where shall it cut the borders of your canvas? That is the problem of line. If you do not settle it intentionally and well it will settle itself accidentally, and, in all probability, badly. The problems of design are essentially the same in everything you do; they only become more complicated as the subject becomes more complex.

If you are to paint a still-life it is evident that you must arrange the objects somehow—they will not come together of themselves. You might, conceivably, begin a portrait and wait for a happy accident—a spontaneous pose of the sitter—to give you the arrangement of the hands: you cannot wait for the copper kettle and the dead fish to place themselves agreeably. And still less can nature or accident determine your composition of a number of figures, unless you rely entirely upon snap shots. If you have any intention, any story to tell, any idea to express—if it is no more than the idea of a crowd—you *must* arrange your figures, well or ill. Even in landscape painting of the most naturalistic kind, where it is not uncommon to-day to accept what nature gives, abdicating the right to put in or leave out and retaining only that right of choosing an agreeable view which the photographer exercises equally with the painter—even there, though you may reproduce a natural landscape as literally as you are able, you must determine where to cut it off. You must decide where to make the division between your chosen matter and the rest of nature which you reject, you must think whether your material will go best onto an upright canvas or an oblong one, and what are to be its proportions and dimensions. In that act you are exercising the art of design. You cannot escape from design; you cannot avoid composing. You may compose badly but compose you must.

And if the demands of design are fundamental they are also universal. It is not only your lines and masses that must be composed, but your light and shade, your color, your very brushmarks must be arranged; and the task of composition is not done until the last touch has been placed upon the canvas, although, for the sake of convenience, the term composition, or design, is generally limited to the arrangement of lines and masses, the arrangement of the other elements of the picture being considered separately.

As design is the underlying and unifying principle of every work of art, so it is the classic principle, par excellence, the principle which makes for order and stability and clarity and all that the Classic Spirit holds most dear. It is conservative in its nature, and tends to preserve the old molds even when new matter is put into them. It holds on to tradition and keeps up the connection with the past. It changes, but it changes more slowly than almost any other element of art. Great and original power of design is more rare than any other of the powers of an artist and a radically new form of design is very nearly inconceivable. Artists will make a thousand new observations of nature and almost entirely alter the contents of a work of art before they make any but slight changes in the pattern in which it is cast; and in all the history of painting the men are but a handful who have made any material addition to the resources of the designer. If in our own day we seem to have cut loose from tradition and to have lost our connection with the great design of the past it is not because we have suddenly acquired a surprising degree of designing power and are inventing a new and modern art of composition, but because most of us have forgotten altogether how to compose and are trying to get on without any design at all; the result being bad design and mere chaos. Wherever, in modern art as in the art of the past, you find an artist of real power of design—and we have had such—you find the note of classicism, of respect for tradition, of connection with everything fine and noble that has gone before.

This conservatism of design follows naturally from the fact that it is not imitative of nature, and is therefore unaffected by the investigation of natural appearances. It

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Death of St. Francis. By Giotto.
In the Church of Santa Croce, Florence.

is, of course, founded on natural laws—on the laws of sight and on the laws of the human mind—but it is only accidentally and occasionally that it is directly influenced by anything outside itself. The naturalistic temper will, as it has done at various times, lead to the neglect of composition: it will not lead to new discoveries in composition. The study of anatomy revolutionized and greatly enriched the drawing of the human figure; the study of natural light and color has added something to the resources of the painter, if it has also subtracted something from them; the only study that has ever greatly helped the designer is the study of design as it has been practised before him. To look long at the great compositions of the master designers of the world; to try to find in them, not hard and fast rules of what to do and what to avoid, but the guiding principles on which they are built; to steep one's self in tradition; and then to set one's self to invent new forms which shall be guided by the principles and contained within the boundaries of the old —that is the only way to study design. It is precisely because design must be studied in this way, because it makes for tradition and continuity and leads away from a too exclusive study of nature, that, from the classic point of view, for which I speak, the study of design is the most salutary discipline possible in this too naturalistic age. If I could have my way in the training of young artists I should insist upon their spending a good deal of time in the study and designing of pure ornament, not that they might learn the "historic styles"—though that, too, would have its advantages —but that they might learn how independent fine design is of its content and how slight may be the connection between art and nature.

In all design concerned with the beautifying of surfaces, as painting is, from the simplest treatment of ornament to the most complicated of naturalistic pictures, the ends to be sought and the means of attaining these ends are the same. First, there is the division of the whole space to be treated into a number of smaller spaces, or masses, which shall be agreeable in their relation to each other and of interesting and beautiful shapes. Some of these spaces will be filled with minor divisions and enriched with details, while others will be left comparatively simple, like the background of ornament, and we have thus the balance of filled and empty spaces which is one of the great beauties of fine design. Some one of the masses will, by size, by position, or by isolation, sometimes by all three means, be

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made more important than the others, and this principle of subordination will be carried throughout the design, each mass which is subordinate to the principal one having other attendant masses subordinated to it.

The Virgin in Glory. By Perugino.
In the Pinacoteca, Bologna.

After the division of space comes the unification by line. The whole composition will be bound together by a series of lines, either the edges of the masses or interior lines within them, and these lines will not only be agreeable in themselves but will be so arranged as to lead the eye easily and without jar or fatigue, from one mass to another, bringing it finally to rest on the dominant mass of the composition. And these lines will have characters of their own, entirely apart from anything they may represent. Horizontal lines will suggest repose, vertical lines will suggest rigidity and stability, curved lines will convey the idea of motion; and the curves will differ among themselves, some being soft and voluptuous, others resilient and tonic.

In the use of these primary elements of composition a number of subsidiary principles will come into play: The principle of balance, either of like subordinate masses either side a central dominant, which is symmetrical and monumental composition, or of unlike masses at different distances from an ideal centre, which is free or pic-

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The Last Supper. By Leonardo da Vinci.
In Milan.

torial composition, though the Japanese use it in ornament: the principle of repetition, the extreme form of which is the continuous frieze or border, but which is constantly used in pictures: the principle of contrast, the straight line making the curve seem more graceful, the curve making the straight line seem more uncompromising and more rigid.

The structure of the design being thus formed it will be enriched and re-enforced by the use of light and dark and by the use of color. In a simple panel of ornament, for instance, the filled spaces, that is the ornament itself, will be either darker or lighter than the ground or empty spaces; or they will be of a different color from the empty spaces, without any greatly marked difference of value. Or the filled spaces may be both lighter and darker than the ground, as they would be in sculpture in relief. The dominance of the most important mass may be increased by making it the lightest or the darkest or the most powerfully colored mass, or by giving it the sharpest contrast of light and dark; and however this is done certain of the subsidiary masses will be given a secondary importance by a less marked use of the same means.

So far the process is identical, whether the content of the design is pure ornament or a great figure painting, but as we approach the free design of the easel picture a new element comes into play. Ornamental design is design in two dimensions only, and decorative painting always tends to retain, or to return to, two dimensional compositions. But in proportion as painting becomes desirous and able to convey the illusion of space it begins to compose in the third dimension also. The things it represents have not only an elevation but a ground plan, and the ground plan must be as thoroughly designed as the elevation. The distances of one mass from another in the direction of the depth of the picture must be as carefully proportioned as the vertical and lateral distances, and the lines traced upon the ideal ground plan must be as beautiful as those visible upon the vertical surface.

These are, as well as I can explain them in brief compass, the immutable principles of design: few in number, but admitting of so much variety in their application that all the great compositions that have ever been made have not begun to exhaust the possible combinations—there is room for an infinite number of fine compositions, still. The extent to which these principles govern the work of the great designers is almost incredible until one has convinced one's self of it by prolonged study. Their scope is co-extensive with the work, and in the masterpieces of design there is absolutely no room for accident. Every smallest detail, each fold of drapery, each leaf in each

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smallest spray of leafage, is where it must be, and is of its proper form and inevitable size to play its part in the symphony of design. It could no more be somewhere else or of some other shape than a note could be of another pitch in a musical composition. Any change in it would change the character of the whole. Designs of this perfection are rare, of course, but they exist; and in some of the compositions of Raphael and Veronese you could not change so much as a tendril of hair or a ring on a finger without loss.

The design of early and primitive artists is, naturally enough, extremely simple and formal. From Giotto to Raphael there is only a very gradual enrichment of a manner of composition which remains essentially the same. The pictures of this time are almost exclusively of two types: the narrative composition, devoted to the telling of Gospel stories or to the lives of the Saints; and the devotional composition or altar-piece.

The narrative composition, in early work, tends to the condition of the frieze or bas-relief. The figures are apt to be in profile and are nearly always in one plane, and they are rather isolated without much connection into groups. With all its simplicity this form of design is capable of great expressiveness, and, from its very limitations, is admirably fitted for architectural decoration. It was, perhaps, involuntarily that the work of Giotto was so unfailingly decorative, for the simplicity of division and the composition on one plane were inevitable at the stage of development which the art of painting had then reached. But the dignity and the inventiveness, within the limits of what was then possible, are the master's own. There have been more complete painters than Giotto, because there have been great men who came at periods of fuller ripeness in their art; but there have been few artists of greater essential power as designers. Again and again he found the best arrangement for the telling of his story, and settled the lines on which his successors were willing to work for a century or two. Such a composition as his "Death of St. Francis" remains to this day as simple and noble in its great lines and masses as anything that has been done and it would be hard to better it except in detail, or even to better its details without losing something of its majesty.

The devotional picture, the purpose of which was not to tell a story but merely to present objects for worship, descends from the Byzantine ancona, and was, at first, made up of a number of separate panels, framed together into a great altar-piece. There would be a Madonna and Child in the middle panel, probably on a larger scale than the other figures, and rows of saints on either side, each in his own niche. The first step in advance amounted to little more than removing the interior divisions, leaving the figures much as they were, even to the greater size of the central figure. Except for the elimination of this discrepancy in size there was little further development of this form of composition until Raphael took hold of it, but its essentially architectural character was appreciated, and it was applied to other than religious subjects. It became, especially, and has remained to this day, the natural form of composition for the lunette, or semicircular space, with its greatest height in the middle,where the central figure would come. But, in altar-pieces or decorative allegories, you may yet see, in the work of Perugino, how the subsidiary figures stand in a row, each almost as much alone as if it still had its own frame around it. Meantime the narrative composition had become richer and more complex, and the two forms met in Leonardo's "Last Supper," half narrative, half devotional, where the apostles, instead of sitting more or less equidistant from each other, are played about into groups of three and bound together with interlacing lines of arms and draperies. It is the first complete and fully perfected instance of formal design in modern art.

Then came Raphael, the greatest master of formal design that the world has seen, and gave us the still unequalled models of decorative composition. His fecundity and variety are astonishing. In one room, the Stanza della Segnatura in the Vatican, he has given us the perfect examples of composition for the circular medallion, the rectangular panel, the semicircular lunette, the segmental lunette, and the pierced lunette, or lunette with an opening cut through it; and in the second of these chambers of the Vatican are two other pierced lunettes, entirely different and equally admirable, the

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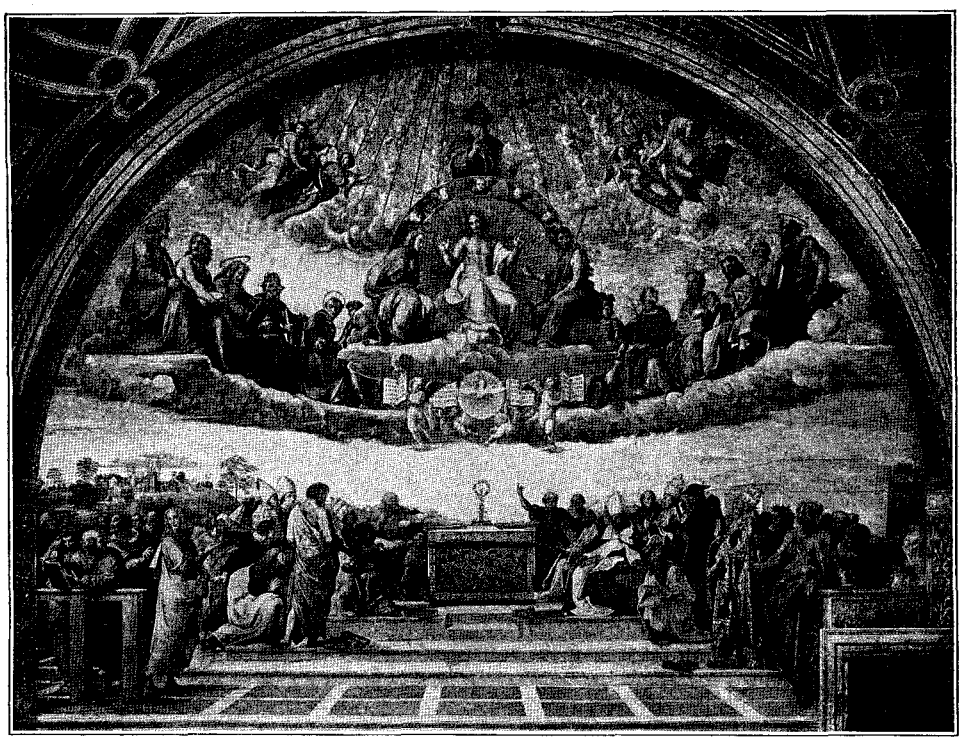

La Disputa By Raphael.
In the Vatican, Rome.

"Mass of Bolsena" and the "Deliverance of Peter." Besides these he has shown us, in Santa Maria della Pace, how to design a frieze interrupted by a central arch and, in the Farnesina, how to design a series of triangular pendentives; while a multitude of Madonnas and other pictures of smaller size are, almost invariably, masterpieces of composition. Yet he has introduced few absolute novelties, the chief of these being a strictly limited use of the third dimension. He still composes laterally instead of composing in depth, but, in the "Disputa," he has for the first time thrown the centre of his composition back and advanced the sides, achieving an effect as if the lunette had become a great semidome or apse. It is as architectural as composition in the flat, but while it definitely limits it also enlarges the apparent space and gives one breathing-room and a consequent sense of ease and enhanced well-being. Farther than this it is dangerous for purely decorative design to go, and composition in depth rarely has gone much farther in the hands of true decorators.

This whole composition, the earliest and the most formal of Raphael's great frescoes in the Vatican, is perhaps the most perfect of any for its decorative and symbolic purpose, and it is worth a little study to see how he has designed it much in the same way that a designer of ornament might fill the same space. The most important object in the picture, from the point of view of the story he had to tell, is the Host upon the altar, for the real presence in the celebration of the Mass is the central doctrine of Catholic theology. It is a small object and cannot be given predominance by size—it must attain it by position and by isolation. He places its little circle in the midst of a broad band of empty space—the only one—which extends from one end of the design to the other, and just at the level of the spring of the arch, so that the whole composition radiates from it as from a centre. Below it is the church on earth, above it the heavenly host—it dominates earth and heaven. Immediately above is the figure of Christ, in a great circular glory, with the Virgin and

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The Entombment. By Titian.
In the Louvre.

John Baptist on His right and left hands and the first and third Persons of the Trinity above and below Him—a compact group of great size and importance, yet a less important centre than the Host because less isolated. From this group sweeps to right and left the great semicircle of Apostles and Prophets, seated upon the level clouds, and this semicircle is repeated, higher up, by that of the Angels. Below are Popes, Bishops, Cardinals, poets, Fathers of the Church, disposed in two great, wedge-shaped masses, narrowing toward the central rectangle of the altar; and the presence of a door at one end of the wall has led to the introduction of balustrades at either corner which happily echo this rectangle, making it the apex of a triangle in the ground plan, while the long, horizontal line of the steps and pavement give stability and repose to the whole design.

So far, it is all formality and geometrical planning; but now the element of variety enters. It is very slight in the upper portion of the composition, only the leaning sidewise of St. Stephen breaking the uniformity of the rank of Saints; but it is almost infinite below—figures standing, sitting, kneeling, leaning, gathering into clumps and scattering again, their heads forming an intricate and ingenious skyline, yet always controlled by some hidden principle of unity, line balancing line and mass answering to mass by subtle and hardly discoverable conformities. Each group—each single figure almost—is as wonderful in its design as the great whole of which it forms a part. I could point out some of these minor felicities of arrangement, but it would take too long, and the student will get more out of the effort to find them for himself. And, long as I have studied the picture, I by no means understand it all, nor do I hope ever to do so. I only know that it is supremely right and perfect, altogether and forever satisfying.

I shall not attempt to analyze any other composition in such detail as this. My object is to show what design is, in one great example, and to set you to looking for it in other works of art. And you will find it in places where at first you would not think of looking for it. The splendor of Venetian color and the richness of Venetian light and shade have so blinded us to the presence of anything else in the works of Titian and Tintoretto that it is only after special study that one realizes their power of design. But if you will look over any of the

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old-fashioned histories of art which are illustrated with cuts in little more than outline, and bad outline at that, you will find that, after color and light and shade have been eliminated, and drawing denatured, there remains an indestructible element in the work of these men which announces, at the first glance, the presence of a master. That element is, and can be, nothing but design. It is more usually the free design suited to easel-painting—a form of art practically invented by Giorgione—but is none the less masterly and complete on that account. Take, for example, Titian's "Entombment" and see how the lines of the figures encompass the dead Christ; how every arm and hand and fold of drapery is played into a series of curves that sympathize with and accentuate the helpless droop of that dead body; how absolute and inevitable is the spacing within the frame; how impossible it would be to alter the smallest detail without destroying the harmony of the whole. Or take Tintoretto at his best, in the wonderful "Pallas Driving Away Mars" and see how everything in the picture reinforces and lends added strength to the push of the goddess's arm. And for an exquisite bit of contrast, see how the stiff straightness of Pallas's lance relieves and yet enhances the luxuriance of the curves, noting, at the same time, how the different angles of the two lances, as if sprung from a common centre like the spokes of a wheel, set everything swinging over to the right and send Mars tottering out of the picture faster, even, than his own attitude would carry him. This is design, and design of the best. As for Veronese, who added to all the other Venetian qualities a gayety of feeling and a brilliancy of workmanship which tend still more to disguise the underlying structure, he is, whether for formal and monumental or for free and fantastic composition, second only to Raphael, if he is second to any one. He is a decorator born, and the decorator, whatever his other gifts, is always pre-eminently and fundamentally a designer.

Since the time of these great sixteenth century masters there has been no new discovery in design. Its principles have been

Pallas Driving Away Mars. By Tintoretto.
In the Ducal Palace, Venice.

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The Gleaners. By Millet.
In the Louvre.

differently applied and have been applied to various purposes, but there has been no addition to the resources of the designer. Rubens, with all his giant-like strength and almost appalling abundance and fecundity, was by essential temper a classicist and a lover of tradition; only his was a classicism modified by and appropriate to his age, an age of the Baroque in architecture and of luxuriousness in life. In every part of his art he founded his practice upon that of his predecessors, and his composition is the composition of the great Venetians rendered a little looser, a little more florid. The straight line is almost entirely banished, the curved lines are more redundant and less severe, and have a strong tendency to the double, or S-shaped, curve, while the whole pattern is more irregular and picturesque. None the less is it a pattern, complete and self-contained, as inevitable in the logical connection of the parts with the main idea of the whole as one of Raphael's. Such grasp of composition as forces every limb of every one of the myriad figures in the "Small Last Judgment" into its predestined place in the huge, if sprawling design—for the design is huge though the canvas is small—is almost disconcerting.

During the same years in which Rubens was producing his Baroque classicism a classicist of a very different sort was at work in Rome. For Poussin, a man of cold temper and powerful intellect, the colorists did not exist. He founded his style on Raphael and, above all, on the study of the antique, and his composition is severe almost to baldness, but grandly expressive. Being more in harmony with his age, Rubens was immensely the more influential of the two. His composition, with slight modifications, becomes the composition of the whole of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, while in such splendid pieces of bravura as the "Rape of the Daughters of Leucippus" or the Medici series in The Louvre, we have the model of almost everything that Delacroix produced. Rubens is the fountainhead of modern art—Poussin has had few disciples. The greatest of these is Jean François Millet, whose description of his favorite mas-

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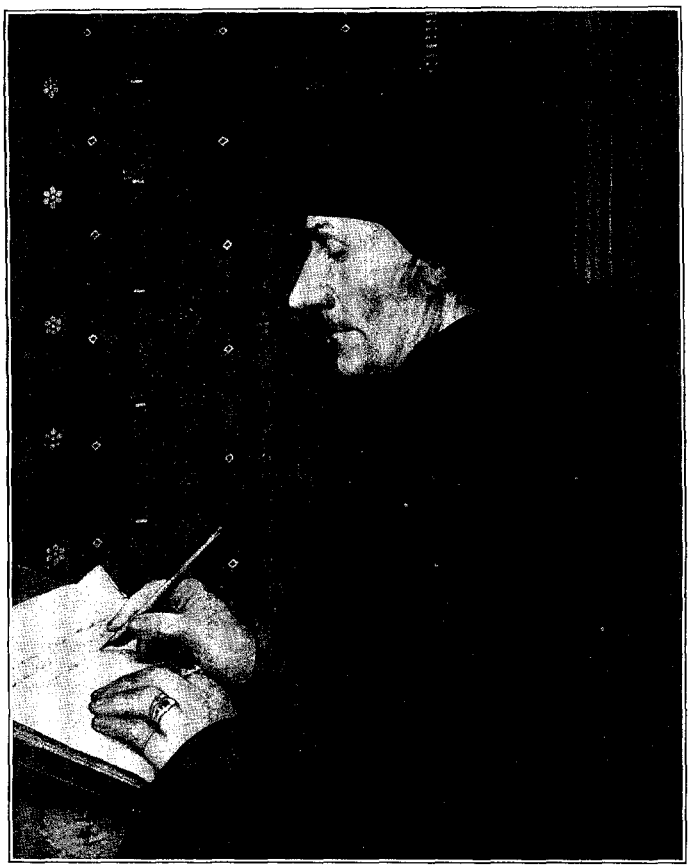
ter's "Testament of Eudamidas" you have already heard.

Of Millet's own design, as austere as Poussin's and as expressive, no better example could be given than "The Gleaners." It is design reduced to the barely necessary, purged of all luxury or superfluity, the naked expression of one idea and no more. The field is divided into two broad bands by the horizon line, at about two-thirds of the height of the canvas, and the long sky-line is broken only at the left by the simple mass of the wagon and the straw-stacks. Wholly within the lower division are the three figures, two of them forming a compact group, the third a little apart yet so near that a single sweeping curve would unite the three. The two are bent double to reach the ground, and their lines repeat each other almost exactly. The third is standing, but so stooped that the line of her body recalls and sympathizes with the stronger lines of the other two. That is all; but these few elements are placed with such perfect sense of weight and balance, the relations of the large and simple spaces to each other and to the enclosing border are so admirably right; the bounding and connecting lines are so noble and so expressive that nothing more could be asked for. Different as he was from Millet in every fibre of his artistic nature, it is by much such simple divisions of space and such economy of line that Whistler produces his finest effects. The design of both men is at the antipodes of the overflowing abundance and richness of that of Rubens; yet the severe and the luxurious are equally legitimate forms of design. Which one will prefer is a matter of tem-



Photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.

Erasmus. By Holbein.
In the Louvre.

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perament and of occasion—of what one has to do and of what one likes doing.

The great masters of design in portraiture, among the old masters, are Raphael, who was as wonderful as a portrait painter as he was as a decorator, and Holbein. Holbein also, as we know from a few paintings and many woodcuts, was a great figure designer, but, in his strongest years, he was permitted to produce little but portraits. These portraits, even the slightest drawings, are unfailingly perfect in design. The head is always in just the right spot on the canvas, the hands are at just the right distance from the head, the division of space between the figure and the background is always agreeable, the bounding line of the figure is always beautiful and always cuts the edge of the picture in the right place and at the right angle. Some of them are much more elaborate than others; but take one of the simplest of them, the incomparable "Erasmus" of the Louvre, and you will find it as admirable and perfect as a design as it is as a rendering of character—I do not know how to praise it more highly than that.

But the first half of the nineteenth century saw a master of design as great as any that ever lived, and I do not know but that some of the portraits of Ingres are the most complete and perfect examples of design as applied to portraiture in the whole range of art. For a design appropriate to and almost miraculously expressive of character and bodily habit it would be difficult to find anything approaching the "M. Bertin"; while for a design beautiful in its own right, rich, elaborate, gracious, yet with a lofty and serene austerity in its pure beauty, I know not where to find a parallel for the exquisite portrait of Mme. Rivière short of those Greek gems of which its oval form, no less than its artistic quality, reminds us.

Madame Rivière. By Ingres
In the Louvre.

I spoke, awhile ago, of design as preeminently the conservative and classic element in art. In no branch of art is this more true than in the painting of landscape.

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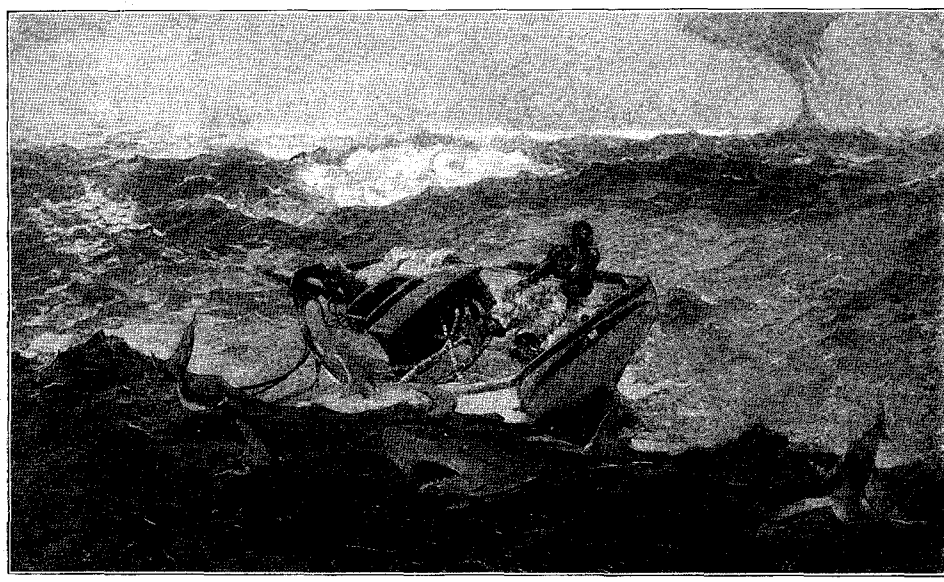

The Gulf Stream. By Winslow Homer.
Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Landscape painting is a comparatively modern form of art, and modern discoveries concerning light and atmosphere have so transformed our view of nature that, were it not for this element of design, which has no naturalistic origin, modern landscape painting would have been in danger of losing all touch with the past and thereby losing, also, that power of evoking memories of former pleasures which is one of the great pleasure-giving resources of all art. Fortunately the first great innovators in modern landscape were lovers of the past, and master designers. The detailed study of natural forms, the mystery of atmospheric effect, the glow of color or the delicate rendering of gradations of light were, with Rousseau and Corot, but the clothing of a pattern which was traditional and classic. It is this persistence of pattern which gives their work its air of permanence and finality—which makes it a part of the art of the world and of all time. With Corot, especially, the classic feeling was so strong that his pictures give you echoes of everything noble and lovely that has been done, of Titian and Giorgione, fathers of landscape painting, no less than of the severe grandeur of Poussin and the clear grace of Claude.

And it is this conservative, and preservative, element of design that will save such of the work of the successors of Corot and Rousseau as the world shall permanently enjoy. Monet and his friends have undoubtedly made some discoveries about natural light and the means of representing it in painting—discoveries not so new perhaps, or so important as they thought them, but still discoveries—and in so far as they have done this, they have been of use to those that shall come after them, as the naturalists of the fifteenth century, with their studies of anatomy and perspective, were serviceable to their successors; but in so far as they have neglected design they have forgotten to be artists and contented themselves with being investigators. For without design there may be representation, but there can be no art.

This tendency to a comparative neglect of design, to allowing representation to become an end instead of a means, to making what should be an embroidery of light and color take the place of the structure that should underlie the embroidery—a tendency which is the common temptation of the modern painter—is particularly insidious and dangerous to the painter of landscape. He finds the rendering of natural effect so difficult and so absorbing that he can think of nothing else, and nature is so beautiful that she usurps, for him, the

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place of art. He is apt to be, in the first place, one to whom light and color mean more than line and mass, or he would have chosen figure painting as his vocation, and he has not the figure painter's dominating necessity to compose somehow, well or ill. As most of his work, nowadays, is done in the open air, he must paint rapidly while the effect lasts, and has no time for ponderation and delicate balancing of mass against mass and line against line. He habituates himself to taking snapshots at things as they fly, satisfied if he can capture any reflection of the beauty of the scene before him, and contents himself with so much thought of composition as goes to the determination of what fragment of nature he may include within his frame.

The more to be admired are those painters whose native sense of design is so powerful as to give distinction and a classic grace even to their sketches from nature. One such, who has almost ceased to paint without ceasing to be an artist, is Charles A. Platt. First an etcher, then a painter of distinction, a member of the Society of American Artists, and now of the National Academy of Design, and a winner of the Webb Prize, he has produced a series of landscapes which, for elegance of line, dignity of spacing and beauty of arrangement are unique in our art. Some day, his pictures will be appreciated at their worth. Meanwhile, he has had to turn to another form of art and, as was the case with the great artists of the Renaissance, the same mastery of design that was so notable in his painting, has given him an assured place in the kindred art of Architecture.

Such refined design as Mr. Platt's has always been rare, but our art is not without other examples of the compatibility with the modern point of view of a real faculty for design. Even among the most forthright and least reflective of our painters—among those who seem to have placed truth far above beauty and with whom a certain almost violent effectiveness has taken the place of all subtler qualities—even in this muscular school of landscape there are different degrees of designing power; and it is, more than anything else, the possession of this power—the ability to give to each picture, no matter how instantaneously seen or swiftly rendered, the consistency of a pattern—that places such men as Gardner Symons and George Bellows above their companions.

But the strongest instance of such compatibility is the work of the great painter we have lately lost, Winslow Homer. A modern of the moderns, so original that his art seems, at first sight, to have no connection with any other, such an independent observer that he has painted whole series of things seen by no one else, he was yet essentially a designer, and it is his design that gives his work its authority. He was hardly a draughtsman, at least so far as the drawing of the human figure is concerned; he was rarely a colorist, in the full sense, and was often content with little more than black and white; he was still less an accomplished craftsman. What he had was an extraordinary vigor and originality of observation, which provided the substance of his works, and an equally original and vigorous design which gave them their form. Almost every work of his contains a new and striking pattern to which every detail is subordinated—a pattern as new and as striking as the material it moulds, and admirably suited to the expression of that material. It is his powerful design, even more than his clearness of vision, that makes him the great artist he was—the greatest we have had in America and one of the greatest of the latter part of the nineteenth century in any country.

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AMERICA AND THE CHINA LOAN

By Frederick McCormick

TWO centuries before America was discovered Ma Tuan-lin, the Chinese, wrote the whole story of China's money. In the seventeenth century a successor modernized his work. In 1910 it was still modern and showed that the currency mediums of China were tokens for exchange, and not fixed weights or measures. No progress was made until the great powers intervened, and America, by her aid, placed China, in 1911, among the currency reform nations of the world.

April 15, 1911, at America's solicitation, China signed terms for a currency loan from Great Britain, France, Germany, and the United States, and undertook, with the aid of these four capitalistic great contemporaries, broad measures in the form of a uniform standard currency scheme looking to the material reconstruction of the Celestial Empire, and June 13, in London, England, a financial council of these Western powers met to approve it.*

As there are but these four capitalistic great powers among nations, it may be said that the outer world, in fact, June 13, 1911, as so often pronounced in theory, established itself in council to sit upon the future of China, and that these things, directed to trade and industrial regeneration in China, are a realization of the desires of western nations from the beginning of trade relations with China in the sixteenth century, and of the active aims of England, France, and America for about seventy-five years. This is something of what reform in China, under the principles of the open door and the new diplomacy, means.

It has been regarded as only a question of time when China would be bankrupt. In such a case, on account of her debt to Europe, ever increasing, she would have to surrender her finances to the management of a European board of control, consisting of representatives of Great Britain, France, and Germany. Special policies for China's protection and safety, such as are embraced in the open door doctrine, would be endangered by this and if America remained traditionally disinterested the forces that have threatened to break up the Chinese Empire would operate in spite of the open door doctrine.

America's only chance of averting this lay in anticipating the capitalistic powers of Europe and reuniting all foreign financial and commercial interests on the lines of mutual advantage. It was not strange, therefore, that the government at Washington sought the opportunity to bring about the reform of China's currency, the organization of industrial development, and the creation of financial order.

Ten years before, John Hay arrested the partition of China by establishing among the powers the doctrine of the open door. Then began a dramatic Chinese struggle of peculiar oriental economic and political strategy against the modern science of money and commerce—a set fight with the money power of Europe covering six years, and until practical defeat forced China to seek foreign aid. It was a fact that in 1910 China was practically helpless before the European capitalistic allies, as in 1900 she was helpless before the military allies.

The question for China has been variously defined as foreign sciences, arms, foreign governmental methods, diplomacy, foreign religions, etc., but the bankers have determined it to be finance, and economists hold that if she does not reform her finances China is lost. Could America again save her from foreign domination and division by bringing about for her the creation of a system of finance? At the end of a decade of the open door doctrine, after the failure of the neutralization proposal in Manchuria—1909–1910—this was the foremost question of the American State Department. From its stand-point it was a question whether America might accomplish by

* Of the total amount of the loan, $50,000,000, five-ninths are apportioned to China proper and four-ninths to Manchuria. Of the Manchurian section about $10,000,000 is set aside for industrial and administrative purposes.

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the instrumentality of a currency loan what in 1909 she accomplished by the pen.

During all of 1909 and 1910 China had her ministers abroad, and others, feverishly working on plans for financial reform. Her minister in Washington, Chang Yin-tang, held half a dozen conferences with Jeremiah W. Jenks, of Cornell, who had made China's finances his special study. The internal financial drama in China, however, cut short all these endeavors; Chang Yin-tang received secret orders to suspend his investigations; China had been visited by overwhelming recognition of defeat in a lone effort to create a currency and fiscal system and could not delay her appeal for outside aid.

America was forearmed. October 2, 1902, China agreed in the American-Chinese treaty to adopt a uniform currency to improve trade. September, 1903, President Roosevelt sent Jeremiah W. Jenks as a special commissioner to confer with the Chinese Government regarding the introduction of the gold standard into China. China's persistent efforts at financial reform from then till 1910 have resulted in plans now approved by foreign experts, but every detail of her financial struggle was without success. She ignored the currency, and in 1906 founded the Board of Revenue Bank in Peking. According to her views she was now prepared to finance her own loans, but in beginning was without money, collateral, or national credit. Wrongly directed, her efforts to raise loans and reform finance were bound to fail, and a procession of the foremost officials surrendered the presidency of the Board of Revenue one after another. Advanced Chinese saw that nothing was being accomplished and in 1908 the late Empress Dowager supported an advanced policy, sending Tong Shao-yi to America to negotiate a loan.

Tong Shao-yi's mission, together with the adoption of a silver standard and uniform coinage, were a fiasco. Strange to say, China's credit steadily rose, owing to European competition to get firmly established in China's industrial development, and at the same time further alarmed the foreign bankers.

Foreign governments became anxious over the doubt raised by financiers as to China's solvency, and China became alarmed about her own safety on account of the influence in the country of foreign finance, which had become the instrument of foreign power formerly wielded through "spheres of influence" agreements. "Spheres of influence" had changed to "financial spheres," geographically defined. China became highly agitated and in December, 1908, the "National Debt Association" was formed by Chinese, at Tientsin, to pay off China's foreign debt and save the country. This plan to save China from insolvency attracted foreign attention as showing China's intellectual bankruptcy. It collapsed.

Sir John Jordan, the British Minister at Peking, assured China that the powers were not intending to assume control of the finances, but cautioned her to devise fiscal remedies. Foreign financiers were justly apprehensive and tendered anxious counsel. The British, French, and German bankers affiliated for mutual protection and to withstand the crisis.

Failure reached full headway in 1909. A report that the powers were about to take over China's finances and partition the empire swept the provinces. Viceroys and governors, fearing the Throne had been suddenly overawed by the foreign legations, telegraphed to inquire of the government what had happened. The government telegraphed its ministers abroad to trace the origin of the report.

China's alarm about herself was followed by fear of the consequences of foreign alarm, and she attempted to devise a budget. Duke Tsai Tseh, unable to audit or control expenditures, resigned. The Throne refused his resignation and then came the most desperate and futile measures of all. First, in defence against affiliated foreign finance, and increasing want, China addressed the powers, asking for an increase of her customs rate on imports. Although she was prepared to abolish internal restrictions on trade required by treaty, she was unprepared to reform the currency so that the powers were precluded from agreeing to increased duties. She then tried to inaugurate a stamp tax with stamps expensively made in America, but popular opposition and the veto of fifteen of the nineteen provinces prevented its execution. She made a futile attempt to force a domestic loan by distributing the bonds pro rata to her officials. Viceroys and governors ignored the call for

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financial reports for a budget. Duke Tsai Tseh denounced provincial authorities, and impeached the treasurers of six provinces. He issued modernized banking laws and undertook correction of the unauthorized issues of about $10,000,000 paper currency in the Yangtse Valley, which had become an obstacle to commerce. By December, 1909, the Board of Revenue was in a state of collapse, overwhelmed with suggestions from all over the empire, culminating, 1910, in sweeping recommendations by the two foremost viceroys, who urged the borrowing of millions, the building of trunk line railways in all directions within the coming decade, and carrying out of the nine years' reformation, otherwise China would default. The success of railways in the development of America was given in support of this recommendation.

Furthermore, China was now shocked by political developments. The startling diplomacy of America in 1909–1910, looking to the neutralization of railways in Manchuria, failed and was followed by the Russo-Japanese entente and later by Japan's annexation of Korea, and subsequent renewed encroachments in Manchuria, which long ago superseded the Yellow River as "China's Sorrow," all coming as a great light to the government in Peking. September 20, 1910, Duke Tsai Tseh, in an audience with the Prince Regent in the Forbidden City, disclosed the default of all efforts and plans for financial reform and asked for help in effecting reorganization of the imperial finances, otherwise he must resign.

China was face to face with the powers. In 1902 she had covenanted with them to reform her currency and failed to do so. In 1906 she adopted a nine years' programme of reform and started out to be a great power, without any banking or fiscal system, without finance, without a real currency, and practically without a national income. Eight years after—1910—without having remedied any of these fundamental defects, she faced her first reform crisis, that of foreign intervention in her finances.

It took the capitalistic powers of the world—Great Britain, France, Germany, and America—just two years—1909–1910—to get together and determine China's financial future. China, though politically wayward, yet measurably appreciated this movement, as has been shown, and September 20, 1910, after Duke Tsai Tseh's disclosures, the Prince Regent, with no alternative, afraid of default and of foreign intervention, and in view of the jeopardy of all reform, approved a reform loan if it could be obtained from America, as was intended in 1908, and according to plans worked out by the aid of Chen Chi-tao, a graduate of the University of California. In her struggle with modern finance China capitulated. September 22, 1910, the Vice-President of the Board of Communications, Sheng Hsuan-hwai, called on the American Minister, Mr. Calhoun, at Peking and asked him to telegraph to the government at Washington a request for a currency loan and an American financial adviser.

Two generations of the powers had waited in vain this event. A loan of $50,000,000 was conditionally agreed upon. October 27, 1910, a preliminary agreement was quickly signed in Peking. On the 29th an edict ratified it and China was committed to reform of her currency as provided in her treaties, and to employing an American adviser to carry it out.

It was a question with the powers of the world, after the neutralization proposal of 1909–1910 was disposed of, as to where America would turn up next in China. This then was her reappearance, and it was not less surprising to the powers than had been America's diplomacy of the year before. It was additionally important because it concerned China's credit. Moreover, the introduction of foreign advisers into China had long been the jealous enterprise of many a western nation, and America appeared to have beaten them all at it. She immediately had the lines of another fight in the making, not unlike that over the Hukuang loan, or the neutralization proposal, laid down before her. The European groups, since those events, were reconciled to American interests having due consideration in China, but they were still apprehensive of American leadership, and opposed to America's special position, not to say what they called "American methods."

The three European groups scrutinized China's favoritism and America's special position in this loan project, and the proposed American advisership, and then invited the American group to join them and obviate contention. The group had once

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before declined a similar proposal, saying it preferred to continue singly in China's financial field, but it reconsidered this decision and adopted the view that the co-operation of the powers was essential to the success of loans, and of currency reform. It invited the European groups to a meeting in Paris, where, November 10, 1910, the previous overtures from the groups for a quadrilateral agreement for equal participation in future loans was signed. The present or currency loan was specially excepted from the body of the agreement, but in the minutes of the meeting the American group agreed to European participation, conditional upon China's consent, and stipulations were imposed, leaving the conduct of all negotiations for the loan to the tact and endeavor of the American group.

This compact held out to the European groups the possibility of their participation in a loan which China had granted solely to America. It defined the essentially different positions of the American Government and the American bankers. Bankers can unite, and the American and European groups, in order to forestall Chinese financial tactics, of which they had had previous experience, quickly did so before the negotiations began. Governments find such a course impossible in the same degree in China, where they have always been played by her, one against another. The government at Washington, obliged to act alone, confined its activity to an effort to secure the appointment of an American adviser. Its course was based on considerations of equality for all, including China herself. It hoped that international capital would find its way into the loan and it deferred to the view that currency reform in China to be successful must have the co-operation of the powers. But comprehending the inevitable increase of foreign financial influence in China, fully appreciated by China also, it desired an American adviser, independent of foreign financial influence. It would have been glad to have had some adviser statesman like Jeremiah W. Jenks, its former currency commissioner. Had the adviserships come to America independent of the loan the government might have been able to have consummated its desires. But as the European groups were now involved the government agreed that no adviser would be chosen without consultation with the American group, which had the interests of the European groups in trust.

The action of the American group undermined the government's position. The European groups saw that equality in the loan implied joint advisership, but having received, as it were, a gift horse, they could not at the moment look it in the mouth. They could not then contest with America her reservation of an exclusive adviser.

The task of the American Government was to secure from China, without international interference, the American advisership as China had desired. The task of the American group was to persuade China to admit the European groups to the loan, thereby preventing competition on the loan terms.

The scene of action had been transferred to Peking. China, to the western world, is the battle-ground of nations, where the strong, aggressive, and needy struggle for trade and territory. It has been the bitterest international gridiron in Asia since the days of Seoul under the Japanese and Russians, and its comparative peace and political order is only due to the operation of the principles of the open door doctrine. It is the phenomenon of the era just beginning that capital has at last invested this battle-ground to resolve, maybe, by industrial development the problems that diplomacy has so far failed to solve, and that American capital in its first start abroad has selected this field.

When she obtained the preliminary agreement for her loan and foreign capital had again turned to Peking, China, under apprehension of further failures in finance, desired prompt action and called upon America to proceed with the loan, stating she was ready to telegraph her views as to terms.

The government at Washington in its first retort took the view that the next step was not the conclusion of details, but the confirmation in writing by China of her request for the American adviser. It stated that in consideration of China's desire for conclusion the American financiers were sending a special representative (Mr. Straight), authorized to take up all financial questions; but as to other matters they could be concluded immediately through diplomatic channels, and the State Department asked China, straight out, to name the adviser.

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China hesitated. She had never had an active adviser. She had nullified the influence of those advisers she had employed for various services in the past. It was seen that there was a division of views between her and America, and in America it was suspected that China had not intended a directing adviser, and not at all such an adviser as America had just provided for Persia, for example.

But something had happened in Peking. About November 15 France informally told China that in regard to the proposed loan, France maintained the right of participation, and joint advisership in case advisers were appointed. Japan and Russia came forward and while they did not impose direct opposition to the loan in Manchuria, yet affirmed right of equality and required of China an explanation of the objects of the loan with respect to Manchuria, acts strictly in accord with diplomatic practice in Peking, but totally disconcerting to China's intentions. In fact, they prevented her confirming her request to America for an adviser.

Although the European groups had a right to expect participation in the loan, America stuck to her understanding with China. No time was lost and it is to the credit of the official alertness of France, Russia, and Japan that they acted in Peking before China had time to name an adviser, if she so intended. Before November 29 Minister Calhoun had twice urged China to confirm in writing her oral request for an American adviser, and his government was prepared to instruct him to urge yet more strongly.

Mr. Straight, agent of the American group, now arrived in Peking. As the European groups expected participation in the loan their representatives there immediately placed themselves in communication with him, while their legations behind them watched the efforts of the American Government, through its legation, to introduce an adviser into the councils of China, something that had been tried by other governments many times before. In opening the loan terms negotiations the American group brought forward the proposal for European participation.

China had not intended this. China had asked America for a currency loan and for an American adviser to carry out its objects. She instantly perceived that there was a difference of position between the American Government and the American group, and the arrival of the group agent, completing the circle of the allied groups, gave her an excuse for deferring action on the advisership, pending their deliberations and the outcome of their difference with the American Government. China had not been promptly required to confirm in writing her request for an American adviser, and now that complications had arisen she evaded it.

It is always necessary for China, ground as she is between the millstones of the powers, to act slowly. She awaited the outcome of America's insistence, and the demonstrations of Russia and Japan on one hand, and the European groups and governments on the other. The representatives of the European groups sought to come into the negotiations, thinking complications might give them an opportunity to take the loan away from the Americans. But the American minister, and the agent of the American group, on instructions, refused to recognize them, pending further knowledge of China's intentions, which were the main consideration. China parleyed. The Washington Government, unable to proceed against her indisposition without creating another situation, sat down to take counsel.

Two months had elapsed, China would not confirm her request for nor appoint an adviser, and the government in Washington did not know whether she desired American pressure exerted against her, so that she might have an excuse for concluding her obligations to America, or whether she was sincerely afraid of the powers. An effort was made to find out, and in the end it was seen that the currency loan was involved in complications such as had affected the previous measures of the government's "plan of State" namely, the Hukuang loan, the Kinchou-Aigun railway project, and the neutralization proposal.

China could not be blamed for resisting, in view of the intimidation inherent in the representations of France, Russia, and Japan, who constituted a majority of the political combination of European and Asian powers called the Manchurian allies, nor for making use of them. When the American bankers promised participation

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to the European groups conditional upon China's consent without opposition of the Washington Government, China apprehended that she was about to fall into the trap she had planned to avoid. International control of her finances had come. She was safeguarded, through American participation, by the principles of equal opportunity and Chinese integrity, and by American Government supervision of American finance in China, yet her understanding with America was threatened with failure.

Her methods that had caused the bankers to combine, but which cannot accomplish an alliance of so many powers, China now repeated in her dealings with the American Government, seeming to justify the course which the bankers had taken. China could not play the bankers against each other, and to further boost her visible credit she played the American Legation in Peking against the American group there. Mr. Calhoun urged that the advisership be settled so the terms of the loan could be arranged. Mr. Straight urged the internationalization of the loan so as to insure success of currency reform, to give China's securities a wider market, to say nothing of protection for the American bankers. To Minister Calhoun China's objection was that Mr. Straight proposed admission of other powers; to Mr. Straight that Minister Calhoun urged American sole advisership. America's diplomatic position was defective.

This had its effect in Washington. November 28, 1910, when the final negotiations with China began in Peking, the governments of Great Britain, France, and Germany had in a night become tentative participants. Although the European groups had agreed not to interfere, the Washington Government could not refuse their governments, and the preliminary agreement with China had to be shown to the British and German ambassadors in Washington and then to the French, completing the admission of America's three capitalistic colleagues to the field of negotiations. America, however, could urge restraint upon them, and the State Department found it necessary to send a note to these three powers, assuring them of participation in the loan, including the right of signature, and deprecating the complication of the negotiations by the participation at this time of other governments as likely to defeat the loan itself, which was the main object aimed at.

European interests were directed to breaking down the preference China had given to America. Their financiers proposed a board of advisers. This opposed the positions both of the American Government and of China. It is hard to imagine diplomatic topsy-turviness more bewildering than this, but it was just at this time that all other forces capable of interference concentrated in Peking like rooks. Aside from the four allied capitalistic powers on one hand, there was another and greater power in China: the four Manchurian allies, swayed by the political questions of Manchuria and the Chinese border. There was the possibility that the apprehensions of two of the Manchurian allies, Russia and Japan, as to the application of loan moneys in a Chinese-American project in Manchuria, would inspire in Great Britain and France a disinclination to participate in the Manchurian section of the loan. But other influences arrayed themselves against China, America, and her capitalistic allies. These were the separate and peculiar interests of Japan, Russia, and of the Chinese reform and revolutionary agitators, having at the time a centre in the Chinese National Assembly, China's embryo parliament. The new provincial assemblies, and the National Assembly agitated against foreign loans. The Japanese press commenced a political agitation. What was really a simple international loan negotiation for mutual benefit had, therefore, within a month, become a political problem.

Certain fundamental facts of capital and finance, as well as statesmanship, determined its solution. Great Britain, for the good of the currency reform cause, in which she was deeply interested, exerted her influence upon Japan her ally, and then upon her financial ally, France, thus at the same time reaching Russia, the ally of France, expressing the hope that those powers would not obstruct a measure for progress. Russia and Japan, now the leaders of the Manchurian allies, had once before on account of their financial weaknesses dropped out of loan enterprise, namely, respecting the Hukuang loan, leaving the care of their interests and rights to their allies, France and Great Britain. They therefore repeated this invention and contented them-

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selves with China's assurances that in respect to future loans they would receive the same consideration as other powers in case they wished to participate, and left the way unobstructed for their allies, together with Germany, to come into the currency loan.

The American Minister, Mr. Calhoun, and the Legation Secretary of Chinese, Dr. Tenney, with admirable discretion assisted in bringing China's statesmen to accept this programme, greatly accelerating the work of the American group carried on by Mr. Straight, upon whom the weight of the negotiations fell.

Duke Tsai Tseh visited the National Assembly and explained the beneficial nature of the loan and quieted the misguided patriots from among the people.

Although Japan was accused of fomenting in China native opposition to American and European capital in order to minimize and obstruct the extension of American and other Western influence; and although Russia's interests have been said to lie in the same direction, these two powers remained neutral during the contentions. When China agreed to European participation, and this desired object was guaranteed, President Taft relinquished his expectation of an exclusive and independent American adviser, and the four powers, together with China, with remarkable and perhaps unexampled international co-ordination in Eastern Asia, reached an agreement.

As an American loan the adviser could only have been an American, but when the loan became international the advisership was a question of equal opportunity. China cordially accepted the views of the groups and governments, even to the advisership, which was to be neutral, and to complete the harmony of the powers China became satisfied that America should accompany the loan with an adviser of whatever nationality she deemed expedient. The groups jointly nominated an adviser from a country not concerned in the loan and his appointment was left to the President by reason of right of agreement with China. March 18, 1911, they met in Brussels to consider the details of China's currency scheme and of the loan agreement, and April 15, as already stated, the final agreement for the currency loan was signed in Peking by all concerned, thus according with the pledges given by the Washington Government to the three European powers in November, 1910.

By American diplomacy, in bringing about currency reform through the currency loan, a new force was created in China from the four capitalistic powers of the world that may be called The Capitalistic Allies. The acceptance by the hitherto intractable and unapproachable masters of the Celestial Empire of the most important reform required by present times and conditions is a tribute to the open door doctrine and is the first response from China of the effect of America's great doctrine upon her political life. America, by awakening and introducing currency reform and insuring the beginning of trade, financial, and industrial regeneration in China, becomes a financial ally of China, a member of the foreign financial council of China, and has in fact united the capitalistic powers and defeated the movement toward consolidated "financial spheres." It is likely that by the co-operation of the government and American financiers American political errors of the decade in Eastern Asia have been as nearly redeemed by this event as they could be. The object attained by the currency loan respecting Manchuria, to which four-ninths of the whole loan are applied, is approximately the same as aimed at in the neutralization proposal.

The signing of the currency loan is the result of President Taft's and Secretary Knox's plan of state for Eastern Asia. It is an achievement not less in importance perhaps than the securing of the pledges of the powers to the doctrine of the open door in 1899–1900. It may be said that not since the delegation by China of the American Minister, Anson Burlingame, as her special envoy to the West has China trusted or relied upon any foreign agencies as in this event of trusting the bringing about of her currency reform to American leadership. In American relations with China a wide gap since William H. Seward and Anson Burlingame has been thus bridged by President Taft and Secretary Knox.

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UNDER THE "PENOBSCOT'S" BOW

By John H. Walsh

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. C. HUTCHISON

ONCE on a November morning, Mr. Michael Weems, the diminutive and shrivelled foreman of ship fitters at the Sierra Navy Yard, pulled his large, red, tobacco-stained moustache impatiently and let an aimless stream of profanity bubble up from his heart—or his lungs, whichever is the seat of a man's feelings—to his lips and bubble over until the air of his office became the color that profanity does color air, whatever that color is.

"I should think," started to say his bespectacled timekeeper, who had nine children at home, and who earnestly desired to have his pay raised—for altruistic reasons.

"Gawd, if ye only *could* think!" blazed Mr. Weems, rising and eying his subordinate so fiercely that that trusted and valuable government servant withered and the shadow of him backed out of the office, for he had divined that Mr. Weems was not in a receptive mood for thought touching the insufficient emoluments of government clerks.

"I s'pose I'll be fired, all right," soliloquized Mr. Weems thoughtfully when he was alone. "I suppose the 'Con' has to do it. I'd do it mesilf if I was wearin' his boots—but fwhat's the difrince? I'll go to Yakima and slave out the rist of me loife raisin' apples and be happy and f'rgit the iron workers entirely—'tis a haard lot they are, anyhow——"

Mr. Weems was interrupted.

"Hello, Mike," crisped a staccato voice—and there entered that prosperous, if not elegant, gentleman, Mr. Emannalson Knott. Mr. Knott was twenty years younger than Mr. Weems, and forty times richer. He had a private car and a yacht, yet he nevertheless took a perverse pride in remembering that in his less prosperous days he had been a "rivet boy" in a "Frisco" repair shop, where Michael Weems was a journeyman fitter.

Mr. Weems said vociferously that he was glad to see Mr. Knott, then he patted him on the shoulder, poked him in the stomach, and cursed him in fond and fluent periods.

"Divil take us, but ye look foine, Em,—av course, ye feel foine—good; 'tis a shame we're not out av the Yard so we could get our noses over a glass of hot—no, av course ye don't drink—not me nayther; nobody does."

Mr. Knott examined Mr. Weems's countenance.

"Mike, you look seedy; has that boy of yours at last got in jail?"

"He has not—he's a fine bhoy; there's nawthin' the matter with him."

"Old lady sick?"

"Not that ye'd notice—she was scoldin' me only last night f'r—no matter fwhat—she'll live a cintury yet."

"M-m-m," grunts Mr. Knott, making a sound like Richard Mansfield in a death scene.

Silence for three minutes. Mr. Knott lights a cigar.

"I know smokin' violates Navy Yard rules," says he, "and if a marine discovers me, you can be found kicking me out of your office. I light this cigar only because 'tis my custom to smoke when my friends are in trouble—here's toward you," and he expansively threw his head back, blew toward the ceiling and sighed.

"'S far's trouble's concerned, I have it—ye're *damn* right. I have it, though 'tis not in me family it lies."

"Then where is it?"

"Not in yer shiny eye, annyhow—ye see 'tis this way. A fortnight ago that damn big cruiser *Penobscot* comes into this ya-ard with her bows smashed up by ice, land, rocks, brick hotels, and such other obstycles as they've encountered in Bering Sea—fwhat she was doin' up there don't ask me, 'twas niver I that sint her there."

"M-m-m," grunts Mr. Knott again, blowing smoke, "and what of that?"

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"Everything—she was no more'n in dock and poomped dry than the Commandant sinds for the foreman of shipfitters, which is me, sayin', 'Come to me office at wanct.' I wint, shakin' it up, too, pasth the orderly who sthands like a statue—I tell ye, Em, I'm an active old bhoy yet whin I thry."

"Were you fired?" mocks Mr. Knott.

"I was not," replied Mr. Weems with heat, "but I finds a grand colliction av talent there already, consistin' av the Admiral himself, the Naval Consthructhor, the Engineer av the Yard and wan av the Admiral's holders on—aids, they call 'em, Em. Well, the Admiral rumbles his voice, it sounds like a mop batin' a tatoo on a pla-ate av steel, and that frightens the orderly out av the room and he shuts the door as he goes. Thin the Admiral starts rumblin' agin.

"'Fwhat I wanted to say,' says he, "is that I've a tiligram here from the city av Washington, fwich it indicates that this country's likely to be suddenly heaved into a sta-ate of vioylent wa-ar—and that in a few days, too.'

"Well, I was thrown into a sta-ate of frinzy, Em—'war's me ilement. And 'tis Michael Weems comes into his own,' sez I to mesilf.

"Thin he goes on, hastenin' himsilf to talk fast, and 'twas like hastenin' a camel, Em—'This tiligram is not explicit, but the purport is plain, and they say the *Penobscot* must be ready f'r sea in twilve days.' After that he asks Misther McKinnon, the Consthructhor, how much work there is on the ship, and Misther McKinnon looks beyant the windy for a minute at the caisson and says twinty days, workin' three shifts—and he's a good judge av work, too, Em.

"Well, I was breathin' like a frish-caught fish, but Misther McKinnon was as calm as a bhillet of stheel—there's no excitin' that mon under hivin, his feet must be rivited to bed rock.

"'Say no more,' says I, breakin' in, 'we'll do it in tin days if it's war that's comin' on—or ilse I'll have twinty-sivin dead fitters piled up in me shed, to say nawthin' of bhoys, helpers and riveters!' 'Tis extravagant I talk, Em, but there was no offinse given or taken.

"'Can ye do it in tin days?' asks the Admiral, lookin' pleased.

"'I can,' sez I, 'if you'll let me tell the min what'll be doin'. If I whisper *war* to 'em nothin'll stop 'em at all at all.'

"'But we niver can hang diplimatic secrits on bulletin boards,' says the Admiral, 'and this is a secrit.'

"'Av course it is,' says I, addressin' both Misther McKinnon and him, and the bearin's of me mind runnin' hot with the speed of me thoughts. 'We'll get the min we want and put 'em down in the dock, and there we'll isylate 'em entoirely, tellin' 'em fwhy, av course; and we'll feed an' sleep 'em right there on the floor under the bow, and they'll have no chanct to tell any one what's doin'—and in twilve hours I'll have 'em so tired they wont want to talk, anyhow. But, anyhow, an iron worker can kape a secrit as well as any man.' Oh, I tell ye I talked to 'em, Em."

"Did they do what you told 'em?" asked Em.

"Well, partly; only partly; but the min did slape on the floor under the bow. But you get me ahead av the work. They sint me out, thin they called me back.

"'Go ahead, McKinnon,' says the Admiral, 'I give you *cart blank*'—or some such thing as that. Misther McKinnon turns to me and says, 'Heave around, Misther Weems; I hope you do fwhat ye say ye will, though I believe 'tis impossible.'"

"Was the *Penobscot* very bad?" breathed Mr. Knott.

"Was she bad! Fwhy ye've no conciption av it. Her nose was like yours'd be if I flung a sledge onto it. She was crumpled at the cut water for twinty-wan foot, plates twisthed and warped like they were beeswax, frames stritched and deformed till ye'd have cried. And clear to the water-line 'twas no betther.

"I put me gang to it at wanct, whisperin' the word *war* to 'em as I did so. And, Em, 'twas like feedin' 'em brandy. You know how the work goes—or rather, ye would know if ye hadn't been fired so soon from the heatin' rivet job in Frisco; not that ye lost anything by your loss—the fitters make a mark here and there and thin the chippers start their air hammers bawlin' and bellerin' like—like God knows fwhat; there's nothin' that's like it. The fitters thin go on makin' marks till the bottom looks like an almanac, only the inf'rmation is reliable. Thin they lift timplates and help back out

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some rivets, rig tackles and chain-blocks—the big travellin' crane gives a hand, too, and she's a fine, handy tool. And all this time the air tools are bawlin' and min are sweatin' like prize-fighters."

"I don't see any trouble for you," volunteers Mr. Knott.

"I s'pose not, but I'll tell ye av it. Misther McKinnon has a new Assistant who'd arrived only three days before from that tichnical school in Bosthon. He's a large chisted bhoy with a backbone as strong as an 'I' beam, and he wears socks as white as new snow. Oh, he's the iligant lad, though he'll make a man yet, his only fault bein' that he's no conciption av how iron workers feel concernin' the job they're workin' on. And that's important to any man that's goin' to spind his life at the bossin' av people loike me. Misther Munn was the bhoy's name. McKinnon gave him charge av the job. I forgive him f'r that, but 'twas a misthake.

"When McKinnon told me av it, I says, 'Aye, aye, sir,' thinkin' we could sthand that much handicap.

"Well, for three days it did not matter much, for the bhoy was off tiliphonin' and tiligraphin' f'r plates to iviry yard on the coast because those in our racks wouldn't do, bein' too thin and too small. And moind, he did a fhine job. Oh, he's a lively bhoy and I like him not less'n sixty-four per cint av the time."

"What did he do when he came back?" asked Mr. Knott.

"Do!—why nawthin', av course; foremin and officers niver do anything. He just sat on the job, and 'twas enough. The first day the min sthood it patiently, the sicond 'twas as though they had carbuncles all over 'em, and on the third day I saw we must do somethin' or the min would go off in a band and get drunk. Ye see, Em, ye can treat a man any way ye like for eight hours av the day, but ye've need for tact whin ye eliminate sleep. And our gang's sleep was just the ghost av sleep.

"Well, I did as well as I could. I wint to Dan Marker and I says:

"'Dan, me bhoy, ye must spoil complately wan av the plates ye're layin' off f'r the *Penobscot*—spoil it entirely,' says I, and I showed him how he could do it.

"Dan cried like a choild, he did, and he says:

"'Mike, I've not spoiled a plate in sivinteen years.'

"'Then, 'tis time ye spoiled wan,' says I; and he did it, just as I'd showed him.

"Av course the bhoy cussed Dan tremindous. 'Twas overeagerness,' I explained to him, but Dan said niver a word, and Mr. Munn went away agin and tiliphoned and tiligraphed for more plate for two days. Thin I had Dan find a plate that would do, he found it in the Sthore Keeper's shed. I'd had it hidden there all the toime, and be the time the bhoy was back on the job we were rivetin' up.

"Dad Harper, he's boss of riveters now, was handlin' the gang, and he's a great man, Em—no wan can swing riveters like him. Mr. Munn came down on him and sat all day on the job, and at night ivery man jack wanted to kill him, which feelin' was due mostly to havin' no sleep. 'Tis strange how it affects a man, Em.

"That night was the last night av the job. War wasn't started yet, and the newspapers had divil a word av it. 'But,' says I, ''twill come any minute now.' And the ship's people belaved so too, f'r the Captain was comin' and watchin' the work at all hours, and they'd loaded thimselves to the guards with ammunition and sthores, and the officers were watchin' for tiligrams like detectives.

"Well, that last night the officers av the Yard were fulfillin' a previous ingagemint to have a dance f'r some Frinch officers—the date had been set f'r more'n three weeks and there was no backin' out without reason—and the reason was secrit. So they had it, and the Admiral ordered Mr. Munn to attend—and God's mercy be on him f'r that. Ah, the Admiral's the wan that's the deep wan, Em.

"But sthill 'twas the divil's own night. The wind twisthed and whirled us, and the rain bate us till we could hardly keep the rivet forges goin' even under a canviss, The last thing 't came down was the shoe. which, as ye know, Em, proticts the turn av the cut-water. Fat Joe Bennett had been binding it with his hydraulic press for forty-two hours, ind on, and there's no wan else on this coast could have handled the job—that's right, I mean fwhat I say. 'Twas made av forty-pound plate, and weighed as much as tin men, and, Em, ye've no idea how min swear when they handle such weights.

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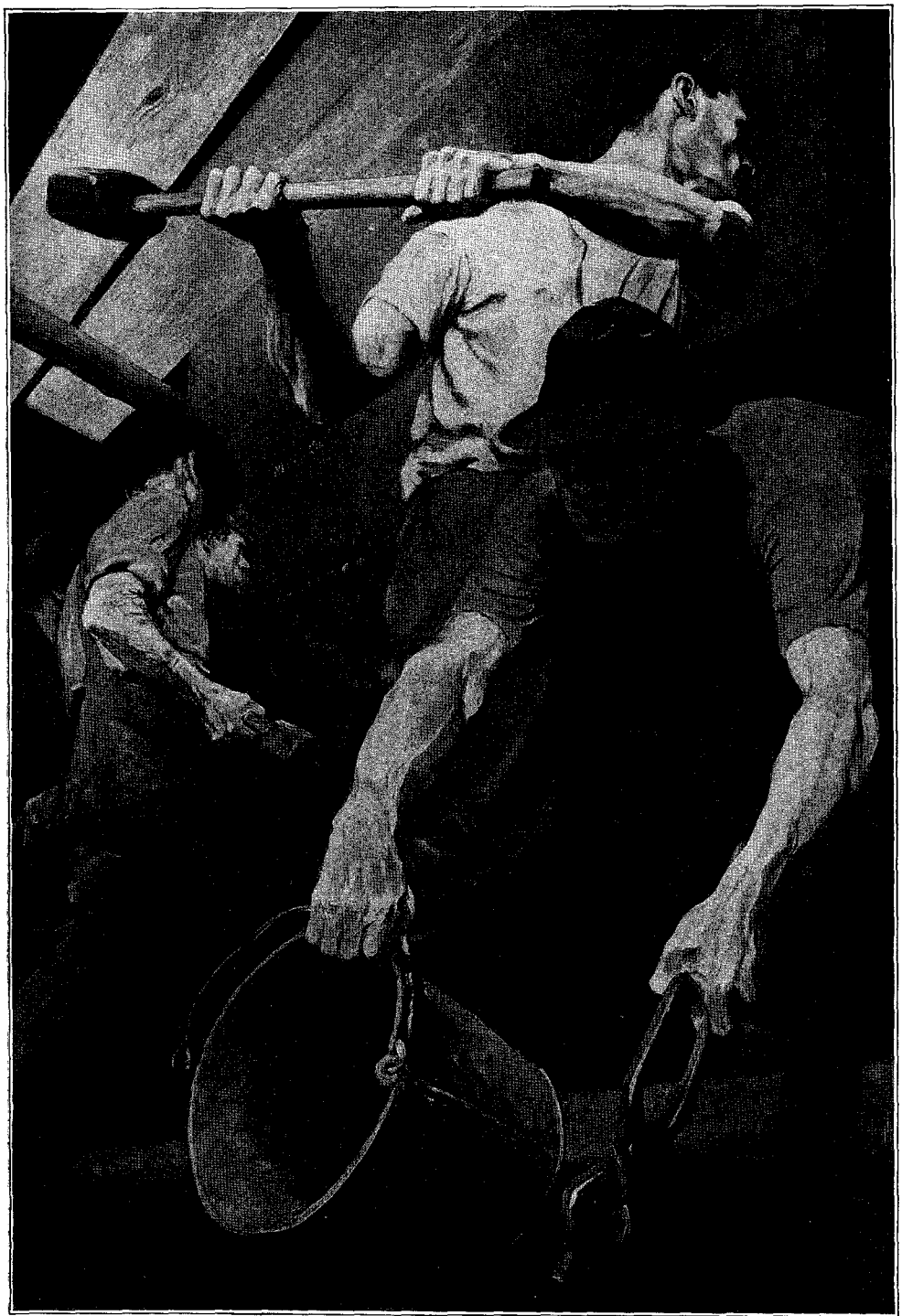

Drawn by D. C. Hutchison.

"We were rivetin' by hand, the machines bein' no good."—Page 360.

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"'Tek it out,' sez he.

"We got it in place, though, and the air machines wint to buzzin' like wasps. And while the reamers still were buzzin' out the long holes—some was eight inches long—we had rivets hot in the forges and ready to drive, with bull fitters workin' the cranks, for the rivet bhoys were sleepin' exhausted on the floor av the dock. We were rivetin' by hand, the machines bein' no good for those damn monsther rivets, and Dad Harper had a hammer himsilf. It made a fine show, and ye couldn't hear yersilf think.

"And so things wint on and about midnight the Consthructor himsilf comes to the copin' and sthands there in his evenin' clothes talkin' to me, not seemin' to know that the rain is washin' his shirt front and crumplin' his vest. He was in no hurry.

"'Whin will ye finish?' asks he.

"'About two av the clock,' says I, 'barrin' the acts av God.'

"And thin we sthands in the rain and talks, and I can hear the band in the sail loft fwhich was playin' twostips, or fwhatever substitute for jigs and strathspeys thim officers uses these days. And in the dock the rivet hammers roared, the reamers whirred, and the rivet forges spouted fire like little volcanoes, while, reglar-like as a clock, a rivet would spout up in an arc like a rocket—some one had thrown it with his tongs—thin a man twinty feet away wad catch it in a pail and slap it into a hole so Dad Harper and the riveters could lape onto it, and whang the stars out av it, and head it over in workmanlike style.

"It made a good show, the shadows of min dodgin' under the ram, rain, wind and band music, roarin' hammers and squealin' drills and the loike.

"'I'll be back lather,' says McKinnon, stridin' off in the dark. Thin pretty soon they blinked out the lights in the sail loft

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"'Aw, to hell with ye,' sez I."

and blanked off the music, but down in the dock we kept on hammerin' and sweathin' and cursin', every man av us feelin' like a sore toe from weariness, sleepiness, and sthrain.

"And thin Misther Munn came down in the dock in his slick, shiny oil-skins; and, 'fore God, McKinnon should have chloroformed or tied him up to a wall.

"'That's too long a rivet,' says he, the first thing.

"'Do ye think so?' says I, diggin' me toes into the planks and niver movin' to sthop it off or change it—and, Em, it *was* too long, the bhoy knows siviral things; but we were in a hurry, a hell av a hurry.

"'Tek it out,' sez he.

"'Aw, to hell with ye,' sez I, and I was goin' to hit him with a rivet hammer—s' help me, 'twas so, and me with twinty-eight years av Navy Yard service. I don't know how the thing came into me mind, but it did, and I drew back me hammer—and had I hit him 'twould have killed him. God saved me fr'm that. He stepped forward to look at the rivet, and he sthumbled and fell to the floor av the dock, twilve feet below, and he hit on his head and wint sinseless.

"'Twas I mesilf that picked him up—I really like the bhoy, Em—and Jimmy Jones and I brought him to and dragged him up to the surgeon. Thin I came back to the job and took a hammer and hammered at rivets like a crazy man, tryin' to work mesilf away from me thoughts. At six minutes past two we drove the last rivet, and the caulkers were so close behind that they finished nine minutes later, be the watch. And I tell ye, Em, the last clank of caulking tool was music."

"Did McKinnon come down?" asked Mr. Knott.

"He did.

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"I'll go see him this minute, and tell him . . . that I sphoke like a crazy man . . . "—Page 363.

"'We'll go over the job together,' says he; so he dragged his white vest and his paunch through ivery intricate chink in the peak av the ship—and his paunch is no slouch these last years.

"''Tis a pity about Mr. Munn,' says he, squeezin' through a manhole designed f'r a dwarf.

"'It is that,' said I, but to mesilf I thanked God that he'd fallen instead av bein' pushed by me. But at the same time I was wonderin' when I'd be fired for insubordination—I hate the word, Em.

"'The job is O.K.,' says Misther McKinnon, 'and 'tis a comfort to finish it.' Thin he bawled: 'Bergstrohm, open the valves and haul out the stagin'; the *Penobscot* goes out at daylight.' And Bergstrohm from way up on the coping says: 'Aye, aye, sir,' and Mr. McKinnon turns to the iron workers and says: 'Min, go home and sthay till ye are risted; 'tis a good job av work'—and we trailed off through the rain."

"And did the *Penobscot* come out?"

"Av course she did. There's no man so sure as McKinnon. He sthood on the dock for three hours in the rain, and she came out just at daylight."

"Then why, in the name of Gawd, aren't we at war?" asked Mr. Knott.

"I don't know mesilf. They called it off some way and whether it was to have been a shindy with England, Germany, Russia, or Japan, I'll niver tell ye. Maybe the bets was not posthed—now the *Penobscot's* gone off to a flower show."

"And your trouble, I don't see it."

"'Tis plain ye're not posthed in discipline, Em. Can a man recommind his boss to the divil with impunity? Not so. I'm to be discharged—I'd do it mesilf. Now this is the first mornin' since thin that I've been on the job—I hope that bhoy, Misther Munn, is doin' well—that bhoy was a wonder at rusthlin' stheel plates, God knows fwhere he got 'em—but he's no idea how an iron worker feels. McKinnon would niver have complained of long rivets that night, not—hup! there's me tiliphone."

Then to the telephone: "Yis, sor; Mr. Weems—very good, sor, I'll wait."

"Em, douse the *see*gar; Misther McKinnon's comin' in on his way to the power house—throw the butt out av the door;—yis, go yersilf, too, through the same door, I'll forgive ye yer absince—come back in half an hour and I'll commission ye to buy

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me an orchard in Yakima. I'm tired av iron workin', and 'tis no wonder."

Mr. Knott departed. Mr. Weems fumbled nervously over his desk, then he rose as a tall, thick-chested man with a paunch entered. He was a bearded, thoughtful, almost spiritual-looking man, and he wore habitually an abstracted air. He moved very quietly.

"Mr. Weems, I'm glad to see you back on the job. You look fit too. Men all right?"

"Perfectly sound, ivery man."

"Ah—good." He then went toward the door and spoke over his shoulder as he departed.

"Ah—Weems, Mr. Munn is ordered away, leaves to-night. He said you and he had—ah—some misunderstanding in the dock the other night, just before he fell—but he says it was private, and declines to make a report—ah, why not go see him? He would appreciate it—ah, why not go?"

Mr. Weems rose in excited admiration.

"Ah, he's a fine lad. He's goin' to be a great man, too—yes, sir, he is that. I'll go see him this minute, and tell him, as I tell ye, that I shpoke like a crazy man the other night—I hope I'll work under him another time—he'll learn—no, sir, not learn—he knows already—how an iron worker feels."

But Mr. McKinnon had gone on to the power plant.

A SADDLE SONG

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

LONG years from now when the autumn weather
Shall tingle our blood, grown slow and cold,
I think that the rides we have had together
Will still delight us, though gray and old.

Then perhaps on a day you will open the covers
Of some small book, and a hazard line
That tells of the rides of friends or lovers
Will sing of the rides that were yours and mine.

Again, while the sharp rain cuts without pity,
We'll gallop; again from the distant hill
We'll watch the stars and the lights of the city
Gleam out of the twilight, misty and still;

Again to the creak of saddle-leather
We'll climb the slope where the violets grow;
Or, low to the pommels, dash together
Under the apple-blossom snow.

Then here's good luck to the rollicking chorus
Of a horse's hoofs as they beat the ground,
And may there be many a mile before us
When our hearts shall keep time to the musical sound.

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Drawn by A. I. Keller.

"Take me everywhere and show me everything."—Page 373.

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KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY A. I. KELLER

XXVIII

BEN let him in.

He came as an apparition, and the old butler balanced the door in his hand for a moment, as if undecided what to do, trying all the while to account for the change in the young man's appearance—the width of shoulders, the rough clothes, and the determined glance of his eye.

"Fo' Gawd, it's Marse Harry!" was all he said when he could get his mouth open.

"Yes, Ben—go and tell your mistress I am here," and he brushed past him and pushed back the drawing-room door. Once inside he crossed to the mantel and stood with his back to the hearth, his sailor's cap in his hand, his eyes fixed on the door he had just closed behind him; through it would come the beginning or the end of his life. Ben's noiseless entrance and exit a moment after, and his repetition of his mistress's words, neither raised nor depressed his hopes. He knew she would not refuse to see him—what would come after was the wall that loomed up.

She had not hesitated, nor did she keep him waiting. Her eyes were still red with weeping, her hair partly dishevelled, when Ben found her and told her who was downstairs—but she did not seem to care. Nor was she frightened—nor eager. She just lifted her cheek from Mammy Henny's caressing hand—how many times had that same black hand soothed her—pushed back the hair from her face with a movement as if she was trying to collect her thoughts, and without rising from her knees heard Ben's message to the end. Then she answered calmly:

"Did you say Mr. Harry Rutter, Ben? Tell him I'll be down in a moment."

She entered with that same graceful movement which he loved so well—her head up, her face turned frankly toward him, one hand extended in welcome.

"Uncle George told me you were back, Harry. It was very good of you to come," and sank on the sofa.

It had been but a few steps to him—the space between the open door and the hearth rug on which he stood—and it had taken her but a few seconds to cross it, but in that brief interval the heavens had opened above her.

The old Harry was there—the smile—the flash in the eyes—the joy of seeing her—the quick movement of his hand in gracious salute; then there had followed a sense of his strength, of the calm poise of his body, of the clearness of his skin. How much handsomer he was,—and the rough sailor's clothes—how well they fitted his robust frame; and the clear calm eyes and finely cut features—no shrinking from responsibility in that face; no faltering—the old ideal of her early love and the new ideal of her sailor boy—the one Richard's voice had conjured—welded into one personality!

"Uncle George told me, Kate, you had just been in to see him and I tried to overtake you."

Not much: nothing in fact. Playwriters tell us that the dramatic situation is the thing and that the spoken word is as unimportant to the play as the foot-lights—except as a means of illuminating the situation.

"Yes—I have just left him, Harry. Uncle George looks very badly—don't you think so? Is there anything very serious the matter? I sent Ben to Dr. Teackle's, but he was not in his office."

Harry had moved up a chair and sat devouring every vibration of her lips, every glance of her eyes—all the little movements of her beautiful body—her dress—the way the stray strands of hair had escaped to her shoulders. His Kate!—and yet he dare not touch her!

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"No, he is not ill. He took a severe cold and only needs rest and a little care. I am glad you went and—" then the pent-up flood broke loose— "Are you glad to see me, Kate?"

"I am always glad to see you, Harry—and you look so well. It has been nearly three years, hasn't it?" Her calmness was maddening; she spoke as if she was reciting a part in which she had no personal interest.

"I don't know—I haven't counted—not that way. I have lain awake too many nights and suffered too much to count by years. I count by——"

She raised her hand in protest: "Don't, Harry—please don't. All the suffering has not been yours!" The impersonal tone was gone—there was a note of agony in her voice.

His manner softened: "Don't think I blame you, Kate. I love you too much to blame you—you did right. The suffering has only done me good—I am a different man from the one you once knew. I see life with a wider vision. I know what it is to be hungry; I know too what it is to earn the bread that has kept me alive. I came home to look after Uncle George. When I go back I want to take him with me. I won't count the years nor all the suffering I have gone through if I can pay him back what I owe him. He stood by me when everybody else deserted me."

She winced a little at the thrust, as if he had touched some sore spot sending a shiver through her frame, but she did not defend herself.

"You mustn't take him away, Harry—leave Uncle George to me," not as if she demanded it—more as if she was stating a fact.

"Why not? He will be another man out in Brazil—and he can live there like a gentleman on what he will have left—so Pawson thinks."

"Because I love him dearly—and when he is gone I have nobody left," she answered in a hopeless tone.

Harry hesitated, then he asked: "And so what Uncle George told me about Mr. Willits is true?"

Kate looked at him queerly—as if trying to read his mind and for answer bowed her head in assent.

"Didn't he love you enough?" There was a certain reproach in his tone, as if no one could love this woman enough to satisfy her.

"Yes."

"What was the matter, then? Was it—" He stopped—his eagerness had led him onto dangerous, if not discourteous, grounds. "No, you needn't answer—forgive me for asking—I had no right. I am not myself, Kate—I didn't mean to——"

"Yes, I'll tell you. I told Uncle George. I didn't like him well enough—that's all." All this time she was looking him calmly in the face. If she had done anything to be ashamed of she did not intend to conceal it from her former lover.

"And will Uncle George take his place now that he's gone? Do you ever know your own heart, Kate?" There was no bitterness in his question. Her frankness had disarmed him of that. It was more in the nature of an inquiry, as if he was probing for something on which he could build a hope.

For a brief instant she made no answer; then she said slowly and with a certain positiveness:

"If I had I would have saved myself and you a great deal of misery."

"And Langdon Willits?"

"No, he cannot complain—he does not—I promised him nothing. But I have been so beaten about, and I have tried so hard to do right; and it has all crumbled to pieces. As for you and me, Harry, let us both forget that we have ever had any differences. I can't bear to think that whenever you come home we must avoid each other. We were friends once—let us be friends again. I am glad you came here this morning; I'm glad you didn't wait. Don't be bitter in your heart toward me."

Harry rose from his chair and took a seat on the sofa beside her. If she had found a new Harry, a new Kate was developing now before him.

"Kate—look at me! Do you realize how I love you?—Do you know it sets me half crazy to hear you talk like that? When was I ever bitter toward you in my heart? I haven't come here to-day to reproach you—I have come to do what I can to help you, if you want my help. I told you the last time we talked in the park that I wouldn't stay in Kennedy Square a day longer, even if you begged me to. That is over now; I'll do now anything you wish me to do;

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I'll go or I'll stay. I love you too much to do anything else."

"No, you don't love me!—you can't love me! I wouldn't let you love me after all the misery I have caused you! I didn't know how much until I began to suffer myself and saw Mr. Willits suffer. I am not worthy of any man's love. I will never trust myself again—I can only try to be to the men about me as Uncle George is to everybody. Oh, Harry!—Harry!— Why was I born this way, headstrong—wilful—never satisfied? Why am I different from the other women?"

Harry tried to take her hand, but she wouldn't.

"No!—not that!—not that! Let us be just as we were when— Just as we used to be. Sit over there where I can see you better and watch your face as you talk. Tell me all you have done—what you have seen and what sort of places you have been in. We heard from you through——"

He squared himself and faced her, his voice ringing clear, his eyes flashing: something of the old Dutch admiral was in his face.

"Kate—I will have none of it! Don't talk such nonsense to me; I won't listen. If you don't know your own heart I know mine; you've *got* to love me!—you *must* love me! Look at me. In all the years I have been away from you I have lived the life you would have me live—every request you ever made of me I have carried out. I did this knowing you would never be my wife and you would be Willits's! I did it because you were my Madonna and my religion and I loved the soul of you and lived for you as men live to please the God they have never seen. There were days and nights when I never expected to see you or any one else whom I loved again—but you never failed—your light never went out in my heart. Don't you see now why you've got to love me? What was it you loved in me once that I haven't got now? How am I different? What do I lack? Look into my eyes—close—deep down—read my heart! Never, as God is my judge, have I done a thing since I last kissed your forehead, that you would have been ashamed of. Do you think, now that you are free, that I am going back without you? I am not that kind of a man any longer."

She half started from her seat: "Harry!" she cried in a helpless tone—"you do not know what you are saying—you must not——"

He leaned over and took both her hands firmly in his own.

"Look at me! Tell me the truth—as you would to your God! Do you love me?"

She made an effort to withdraw her hands, then she sank back.

"I—I—don't know—" she murmured.

"*You do*—search again—way down in your heart. Go over every day we have lived—when we were children and played together—all that horror at Moorlands when I shot Willits—the night of Mrs. Cheston's ball when I was drunk—all the hours I have held you in my arms, my lips to yours— All of it—every hour of it—balance one against the other. Think of your loneliness—not mine—yours—and then tell me you do not know! You *do* know! Oh, my God, Kate!—you *must* love me! What else would you want a man to do for you that I have not done?"

He stretched out his arms, but she sprang to her feet and put out her palms as a barrier.

"No. Let me tell you something. We must have no more misunderstandings—you must be sure—I must be sure. I have no right to take your heart in my hands again. It is I who have broken my faith with you, not you with me. I was truly your wife when I promised you here on the sofa that last time. I knew then that you would, perhaps, lose your head again, and yet I loved you so much that I could not give you up. Then came the night of your father's ball and all the misery, and I was a coward and shut myself up instead of keeping my arms around you and holding you up, just as Uncle George pleaded with me to do, to the best that was in you. And when your father turned against you and drove you from your home, all because you had tried to defend me from insult, I saw only the disgrace and did not see the man behind it; and then you went away and I stretched out my arms for you to come back to me and only your words echoed in my ears that you would never come back to me until you were satisfied with yourself. Then I gave up and argued it out with myself and said it was all over——"

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He had sprung from his seat and at every sentence had tried to take her in his arms, but she kept her palms toward him.

"No, don't touch me! You *shall* hear me out; I must empty all my heart! I was lonely and heart-sore and driven half wild with doubts and what people said, my father worse than all of them. And Mr. Willits was kind and always at my beck and call—and so thoughtful and attentive—and I tried and tried—but I couldn't. I always had you before me—and you haunted me day and night, and sometimes when he would come in that door I used to start, hoping it might be you."

"It *is* me, my darling!" he cried, springing toward her. "I don't want to hear any more—I must—I will——"

"But you must—you *shall!* There *is* something more. It went on and on and I got so that I did not care, and one day I thought I would give him my promise and the next day all my soul rebelled against it and it was that way until one night Mr. Horn read aloud a story—and it all came over me and I saw everything plain as if it had been on a stage, and myself and you and Mr. Willits—and what it meant—and what would come of it—and he walked home with me and I told him frankly, and I have never seen him since. And now here is the last and you must hear it out: There is not a word I have said to him which I would recall—not a thing I am ashamed of. Your lips were the last that touched my own. There, my darling, it is all told. I love you with my whole heart and soul and mind and body—I have never loved anybody else—I have tried and tried and couldn't. I am so tired of thinking for myself, so tired, so tired. Take me and do with me as you will!"

Again the plot is too strong for the dialogue. He had her fast in his arms before the last part of her confession was finished. Then the two sank on the sofa and she lay sobbing, he crooning over her—patting her cheeks, kissing away the wet drops from her eyelids; smoothing the strands of her hair with his strong, firm hands. It was his Kate that lay in his grasp—close—tightly pressed—her heart beating against his, her warm, throbbing body next his own, her heart swept of every doubt and care, all her will gone.

As she grew quiet she stretched up her hand, touching his cheek with her finger as if to reassure herself that it was really her lover. Yes! It was Harry—*her* Harry—who was dead and is alive again—to whom she had stripped her soul naked—and who still trusted and loved her.

A little later she loosened herself from his embrace and taking his face in her small, white hands looked long and earnestly, smoothing back the hair from his brow as she used to do; kissing him on the forehead, on each eyelid, and then on the mouth—one of their old-time caresses. Still remembering the old days she threw back his coat and let her hands wander over his full-corded throat and chest and arms. How big and strong he had become; and how handsome he had grown—the boy merged into the man. And that other something—(and another and stronger thrill shot through her) that other something which seemed to flow out of him; that dominating force that betokened leadership, compelling her to follow—not the imperiousness of his father, brooking no opposition no matter at what cost, but the leadership of experience, courage, and self-reliance.

Then the sense of possession swept over her. This was all her own and for ever! A man to lean upon; a man to be proud of; one who would listen and understand: to whom she could surrender her last stronghold—her will. And the comfort of it all; the rest, the quiet, the assurance of everlasting peace: she who had been so torn and buffeted and heart-sore.

For many minutes she lay still from sheer happiness, thrilled by the warmth and pressure of his strong arms. At last, when another thought could squeeze itself into her mind, she said: "Won't Uncle George be glad, Harry?"

"Yes," he answered, releasing her just far enough to look into her eyes. "It will make him well. You made him very happy this morning, His troubles are over, I hear—he's going to get a lot of his money back."

"Oh, I'm so glad. And will we take him with us?" she asked wonderingly, smoothing back his hair as she spoke.

"Take him where, darling?" he laughed.

"To where we are going— No, you needn't laugh—I mean it. I don't care where we go," and she looked at him in-

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tently. "I'll go with you anywhere in the world you say, and I'll start to-morrow."

He caught her in his arms again, kissed her for the hundredth time, and then suddenly relaxing his hold asked in assumed alarm: "And what about your father? What do you think he will say. He always thought me a madcap scapegrace—didn't he?" The memory brought no regret. He didn't care a rap what the Honorable Prim thought of him.

"Yes—he thinks so now," she echoed, wondering how anybody could have formed any such ideas of her Harry.

"Well, he will get over it when I talk with him about his coffee people. Some of his agents out there want looking after."

"Oh!—how lovely, my precious; talking coffee will be much pleasanter than talking me!—and yet we have got to do it somehow when he comes home."

And down went her head again, she nestling the closer as if terrified at the thought of the impending meeting; then another kiss followed—dozens of them—neither of them keeping count, and then—and then——

. . . . . .

And then— Ben tapped gently and announced that dinner was served, and Harry stared at the moon-faced dial and saw that it was long after two o'clock and wondered what in the world had become of the four hours that had passed since he had rushed down from his uncle's and into Kate's arms.

And so we will leave them—playing housekeeping—Harry pulling out her chair, she spreading her dainty skirts and saying, "Thank you, Mr. Rutter—" and Ben with his face in so broad a grin that it got set that way—Aunt Dinah, the cook, having to ask him three times "Was he gwine to hab a fit" before he could answer by reason of the chuckle which was suffocating him.

And now as we must close the door for a brief space on the happy couple—never so happy in all their lives—it will be just as well for us to find out what the mischief is going on at the club—for there is something going on—and that of unusual importance.

Everybody is out on the front steps—old Bowdoin is craning his short neck, and Judge Pancoast is saying that it is impossible and then instantly changing his mind, saying: "By Jove, it is!"—and Richard Horn and Warfield and Murdoch are leaning over the balcony rails still unconvinced, and old Harding is pounding his fat thigh with his pudgy hand in ill-concealed delight.

Yes—there is no doubt of it—hasn't been any doubt of it since the judge shouted out the glad tidings which emptied every chair in the club: Across the park, beyond the rickety, vine-covered fence and close beside the Temple Mansion, stands a four-in-hand, the afternoon sun flashing from the silver mountings of the harness and glinting on the polished body and wheels of the coach. Then a crack of the whip, a wind of the horn, and they are off, the leaders stretching the traces, two men on the box, two grooms in the rear. Hurrah! Well, by thunder, who would have believed it—that's Temple inside on the back seat! "There is he waving his hand and Todd is with him. And yes! Why of course it's Rutter! See him clear that cart! Not a man in this country can drive that way but him."

Round they come—the colonel straight as a whip—whitey-brown overcoat, flowers in his button-hole—bell-crown hat, brown driving gloves—perfectly appointed, even if he is a trifle pale and half blind. More horn—a long joyous note now, as if they were heralding the peace of the world, the colonel bowing like a grand duke as he passes the assembled crowd—a gathering of the reins together, a sudden pull-up at Seymours', everybody on the front porch—Kate peeping over Harry's shoulder—and last and best of all, St. George's cheery voice ringing out:

"Where are you two sweethearts!" Not a weak note anywhere; regular fog-horn of a voice blown to help shipwrecked mariners.

"All aboard for Moorlands, you turtle-doves—never mind your clothes, Kate—nor you either, Harry. Your father will send for them later. Up with you."

"All true, Harry," called back the colonel from the top of the coach (nobody alighted but the grooms—there wasn't time)—"Your mother wouldn't wait another hour and sent me for you, and Teackle said St. George could go, and we bundled him up and brought him along and you are all going to stay a month. No, don't wait a

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minute, Kate, I want to get home before dark. One of my men will be in with the carry-all and bring out your mammy and your clothes and whatever you want. Your father is away I hear, and so nobody will miss you. Get your heavy driving coat, my dear; I brought one of mine in for Harry—it will be cold before we get home. Matthew, your eyes are better than mine, get down and see what the devil is the matter with that horse. No, it's all right—the check-rein bothered him."

And so ended the day that had been so happily begun, and the night was no less joyful with the mother's arms about her beloved boy and Kate on a stool beside her and Talbot and St. George deep in certain vintages—or perhaps certain vintages deep in Talbot and St. George—especially that particular and peculiar old Madeira of 1800, which his friend Mr. Jefferson had sent him from Monticello, and which was never served except to some such distinguished guest as his highly esteemed and well-beloved friend of many years, St. George Wilmot Temple of Kennedy Square.

XXIX

It would be delightful to describe the happy days at Moorlands during St. George's convalescence, when the love-life of Harry and Kate was one long, uninterrupted, joyous dream. When mother, father, and son were again united—what a meeting that was when she got her arms around her son's neck and held him close and wept her heart out in thankfulness!—and the life of the old-time past was revived—a life softened and made restful and kept glad by the lessons all had learned. And it would be more delightful still to carry the record of these charming hours far into the summer had not St. George, eager to be under his own roof, declared he could stay no longer.

Not that his welcome had grown less warm. He and his host had long since unravelled all their difficulties, the last knot having been cut the afternoon the colonel, urged on by Harry's mother, his disappointment over his son's coldness set at rest by her pleadings, drove into Kennedy Square for Harry in his coach and swept the whole party, including St. George, out to Moorlands.

Various unrelated causes had brought about this much-to-be-desired result, the most important being the news of the bank's revival, which Harry, in his mad haste to overtake Kate, had forgotten to tell his uncle, and which St. George learned half an hour later from Pawson, together with a full account of what the colonel had done to bring about the happy result—a bit of information which so affected Temple that, when the coach with the colonel on the box had whirled up, he, weak as he was, had struggled to the front door, both hands held out, in welcome.

"Talbot—old fellow," he said with a quaver in his voice, "I have misunderstood you and I beg your pardon. You've behaved like a man, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart!"

At which the stern old aristocrat had replied, as he took St. George's two hands in his: "Let us forget all about it, St. George. I made a damned fool of myself. We all get too cocky sometimes."

Then there had followed—the colonel listening with bated breath—St. George's account of Kate's confession and Harry's sudden exit, Rutter's face brightening as it had not done for years when he learned that Harry had not yet returned from the Seymours', the day's joy being capped by the arrival of Dr. Teackle, who had given his permission with an "All right—the afternoon is fine and the air will do Mr. Temple a world of good," and so St. George was bundled up and the reader knows the rest.

Later on—at Moorlands of course—the colonel, whose eyes were getting better by the day and Gorsuch whose face was now one long continuous smile, got to work, and had a heart-to-heart—or rather a pocket-to-pocket talk—which was quite different in those days from what it would be now—after which both Kate and Harry threw to the winds all thoughts of Rio and the country contiguous thereto, and determined instead to settle down at Moorlands. And then a great big iron door sunk in a brick vault was swung wide and certain leather-bound books were brought out—and particularly a sum of money, which Harry duly handed over to Pawson the next time he went to town—(twice a week now)—and which, when recounted, balanced to a cent the total of the bills which Pawson had paid three years before,

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with interest added, and which list the attorney still kept in his private drawer with certain other valuable papers tied with red tape, marked "St. G. W. T." And still later on—within a week—there had come the news of the final settlement of the long-disputed lawsuit, with St. George as principal residuary legatee—and so the dear gentleman was once more placed upon his financial legs: the only way he could have been placed upon them or would have been placed upon them—a fact very well known to every one who had tried to help him, his philosophy being that one dollar borrowed is two dollars owed—the difference being a man's self-respect.

And it is truly marvellous what this change in his fortunes did for him. His slack body rounded out; his sunken cheeks plumped up until every crease and crack were gone, his color regained its freshness, his eyes their brilliancy; his legs took on their old-time spring and lightness—and a wonderful pair of stand-bys, or stand-ups, or stand-arounds they were as legs go—that is legs of a man of fifty-five.

And they were never idle: there was no sitting cross-legged in a chair for St. George: he was not constructed along those lines. Not many days had passed before he had them across Spitfire's mate; had ridden to hounds; danced a minuet with Harry and Kate; walked half-way to Kennedy Square and back—they thought he was going to walk all the way and headed him off just in time; and best of all—(and this is worthy of special mention)—had been slipped into the lower section of some new clothes—and these his own, although he had not yet paid for them—the colonel having liquidated their cost. These trousers, it is just as well to state, had arrived months before with a suit of Rutter's from Poole, and the colonel had forwarded a draft for the whole amount without examining the contents, until Alec had called his attention to the absurd brevity of the legs—and the ridiculous spread of the seat. After the scene in the Temple Mansion, my Lord of Moorlands had been afraid to send them in to St. George, and they had lain ever since on top of his wardrobe, with Alec as chief of the Moth Department. St. George, on his arrival, found them folded carefully and placed on a chair—Todd chief valet. Whereupon there had been a good-natured row when our man of fashion appeared at breakfast rigged out in all his finery, everybody clapping their hands and saying how handsome he looked—St. George in reply denouncing Talbot as a brigand of a Brummel who had stolen his clothes, tried to wear them, and then when out of fashion had thrown them back on his hands.

All these, and a thousand other delightful things, it would, I say, be eminently worth while to dilate upon—(including a series of whoops and hand-springs which Todd threw against the rear wall of the big kitchen five seconds after Alec had told him of the discomfiture of "dat red-haided gemman," and of Marse Harry's happiness)—were it not that certain mysterious happenings are taking place inside and out of the Temple house in Kennedy Square—happenings exciting universal comment, and of such transcendent importance that the Scribe, against his will—for the present one is rather short—is compelled to reserve them for a special chapter all to themselves.

XXX

For some time back, be it said, various strollers unfamiliar with the neighbors, or the neighborhood of Kennedy Square, poor benighted folk who knew nothing of the events set down in the preceding chapters had nodded knowingly or shaken their pates deprecatingly over the passing of "another old landmark." Some of these had remarked that the cause could be found in the fact that Lawyer Temple had run through what little money his father and grandmother had left him; additional wise-acres were of the opinion that some out-of-town folks had bought the place and were trying to prop it up so it wouldn't tumble into the street, while one, more facetious than the others, had claimed that it was no wonder it was falling down since the only new thing Temple had put upon it was a heavy mortgage.

The immediate neighbors, however—the friends of the house, had smiled and passed on. They had no such forebodings. On the contrary nothing so diverting—nothing so enchanting—had happened about Kennedy Square in years. In fact, when one of the humorists began speaking about it, every listener heard the story in

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a broad grin. Some of the more hilarious even nudged each other in the waistcoats and ordered another round of toddies—for two or three, or even five, if there were that number of enthusiasts about the club tables. When they were asked what it was all about they invariably shook their heads, winked, and kept still—that is, if the question were put by some one outside the magic circle of Kennedy Square.

All the general public knew was that men with bricks in hods had been seen staggering up the old staircase with its spindle banisters and mahogany rail; that additional operatives had been discovered clinging to the slanting roof long enough to pass up to further experts grouped about the chimneys small rolls of tin and big bundles of shingles; that plasterers in white caps and aprons, with mortar-boards in one hand and a trowel in the other, had been seen chinking up cracks; while any number of painters, carpenters, and locksmiths were working away for dear life all over the place from Aunt Jemima's kitchen to Todd's bunk under the roof.

In addition to all this curious wagons had backed up to the curb, from which were taken various odd-looking bundles; these were laid on the dining-room floor, a collection of paint pots, brushes, and wads of putty being pushed aside to give them room—and with some haste too, for every one seemed to be working overtime.

As to what went on inside the mansion itself not the most inquisitive could fathom; no one being permitted to peer even into Pawson's office, where so large a collection of household goods and gods were sprawled, heaped, and hung that it looked as if there had been a fire in the neighborhood, this room being the only shelter for miles around. Even Pawson's law books were completely hidden by the overflow and so were the tables, chairs, and shelves, together with the two wide window sills.

Nor did it seem to matter very much to the young attorney as to how or at what hours of the day or night these several commodities arrived. Often quite late in the evening—and this happened more than once—an old fellow, pinched and wheezy, would sneak in, uncover a mysterious object wrapped in a square of stringy calico, fumble in his pocket for a scrap of paper, put his name at the bottom of it, and sneak out again five, ten, or twenty dollars better off. Once, as late as eleven o'clock, a fattish gentleman with a hooked nose and a positive dialect, assisted another stout member of his race to slide a much larger object from out the tail of a cart. Whereupon there was an interchange of lesser commodities between Pawson and the fatter of the two, the late visitors bowing and smiling until they reached a street lantern, where they divided a roll of bank-notes between them.

And the delight that Pawson and Gadgem took in it all—assorting, verifying, checking off—slapping each other's backs in glee when some doubtful find was made certain, and growing even more excited on the day when Harry and Kate would drive or ride in from Moorlands—almost every day of late—tie the horse and carry-all, or both saddle-horses, to St. George's tree-boxes, and at once buckle on their armor. This, rendered into common prose, meant that Harry, after a prolonged consultation with Pawson and Gadgem, would shed his outer coat, the spring being now far advanced, blossoms out and the weather warm—and that Kate would tuck her petticoats clear of her dear little feet and go pattering round, her sleeves rolled up as far as they would go, her beautiful arms bare almost to her shoulders—her hair smothered in a brown barege veil to keep out the dust—the most bewitching parlor-maid you or anybody else ever laid eyes on. Then would follow such a carrying up of full baskets and carrying down of empty ones; such a spreading of carpets and rugs; such an arranging of china and glass; such a placing of andirons, fenders, shovels, tongs, and bellows; hanging of pictures, curtains, and mirrors—old and new; moving in of sofas, chairs, and rockers; making up of beds with fluted frills on the pillows—a silk patchwork quilt on St. George's bed and cotton counterpanes for Jemima and Todd!

And the secrecy maintained by everybody. Pawson might have been stone-deaf and entirely blind for all the information you could twist out of him—and a lot of people tried. And as to Gadgem—the dumbest oyster in Cherrystone Creek was a veritable magpie when it came to his giving the precise reason why the Temple Mansion was being restored from top to bottom and why all its old furniture, fittings, and

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trappings—(brand-new ones when they couldn't be found in the pawn shops or elsewhere)—were being gathered together within its four walls. When anybody asked Kate—and plenty of people did—she would throw her head back and laugh so loud and so merrily and so musically, that you would have thought all the birds in Kennedy Square park were still welcoming the spring. When you asked Harry he would smile and wink and perhaps keep on whispering to Pawson or Gadgem, whose eyes were glued to a list which had its abiding place in Pawson's top drawer.

Outside of these four conspirators—yes, six—for both Todd and Jemima were in it, only a very few were aware of what was really being done. The colonel knew, and so did Harry's mother—and so did old Alec, who had to clap his hand over his mouth to keep from laughing outright at the breakfast table when he accidentally overheard what was going on—an unpardonable offence—(not the listening, but the laughing). In fact everybody in the big house at Moorlands knew, for Alec spread it broadcast in the kitchen and cabins—. . . everybody *except St. George.*

Not a word reached St. George—not a syllable. No one of the house servants would have spoiled the fun, and certainly no one of the great folks. It was only when his visit to Moorlands was over and he had driven into town and had walked up his own front steps, that the true situation in all its glory and brilliancy dawned upon him.

The polished knobs, knocker, and the perfect level and whiteness of the marble steps first caught his eye; then the door swung open and Jemima in white apron and bandanna stood bowing to the floor, Todd straight as a ramrod in a new livery and a grin on his face that cut it in two, with Kate and Harry hidden behind them, suffocating from suppressed laughter.

"Why, you dear Jemima! Howdy—. . . Why, who the devil sent that old table back, Todd, and the hall rack and—What!" Here he entered the dining-room. Everything was as he remembered it in the old days. "Harry! Kate!—Why—" then he broke down and dropped into a chair, his eyes still roaming around the room taking in every object, even the loving-cup, which Mr. Kennedy had made a personal point of buying back from the French secretary, who was gracious enough to part with it when he learned the story of its enforced sale—each and every one of them—ready to spring forward from its place to welcome him!

"So this," he stammered out—"is what you have kept me up at Moorlands for, is it? You never say a word to me and—Oh, you children!—you children! Todd, did you ever see anything like it?—my guns—and the loving-cup—and the clock, and—Come here you two blessed things and let me get my arms around you! Kiss me, Kate—and Harry, my son—give me your hand. No, don't say a word—don't mind me—I'm all knocked out and——"

Down went his face in his hands and he in a heap in the chair; then he stiffened and gave a little shiver to his elbows in the effort to keep himself from going completely to pieces, and scrambled to his feet again, one arm around Kate's neck, his free hand in Harry's.

"Take me everywhere and show me everything. Todd, go and find Mr. Pawson and see if Mr. Gadgem is anywhere around; they've had something to do with this—" here his eyes took in Todd—"You damned scoundrel, who the devil rigged you out in that new suit?"

"Marse Harry done sont me to de tailor. See dem buttons?—but dey ain't nuthin' to what's on de top shelf—you'll bust yo'self wide open a-laughin', Marse George, when ye sees what's in dar—you gotter come wid me—please, Mistis, an', Marse Harry, you come too. Dis way——"

Todd was full to bursting. Had his grin been half an inch wider his ears would have dropped off. The darky threw back the door of the little cubby-hole of a room where the Black Warrior and his brethren had once rested in peace.

"Look at dat wine, will ye, Marse George, all racked up on dem shelves? Dat come f'om Mister Talbot Rutter wid dis yere cyard—" and he handed it out.

St. George reached over, took it from his hand, and read it aloud:

"With the compliments of an old friend, who sends you herewith a few bottles of the Jefferson and some Sercial and old Port—and a basket or two of Royal Brown Sherry—nothing like your own, but the best he could scare up."

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Soon the newly polished and replated knocker began to get in its liveliest work: "Mrs. Richard Horn's compliments, and would St. George be pleased to accept a basket of Maryland biscuit and a sallylunn just out of the oven." Mrs. Bowdoin's compliments with three brace of ducks—"a little late in the season, my dear St. George, but they are just up from Currytuck where Mr. Bowdoin has had extremely good luck—for Mr. Bowdoin." "Mrs. Cheston's congratulations, and would Mr. Temple do her the honor of placing on his sideboard an old Accomack ham which her cook had baked that morning and which should have all the charm and flavor of the State which had given him birth—" and last a huge basket of spring roses from Miss Lavinia Clendenning, accompanied by a card bearing the inscription—"You don't deserve them, you renegade," and signed—"Your deserted and heart-broken sweetheart." All of which were duly spread out on the sideboard, together with one lone bottle to which was attached a card.

Half the club had called before the day was over—Richard acting master of ceremonies—Kate and old Prim—(he seemed perfectly contented with the way everything had turned out)—doing the honors with St. George. Pawson had also put in an appearance and been publicly thanked—a mark of St. George's confidence and esteem which doubled his practice before the year was out, and Gadgem?——

No, Gadgem did not put in an appearance. Gadgem got as far as the hall and looked in and, seeing all the great people thronging about St. George, would have sneaked out again to await some more favorable occasion had not Harry's sharp eyes discovered the top of his scraggly head over the shoulders of some others, and gone out after him, and when he couldn't be made to budge, had beckoned to St. George, who hurried after and shook Gadgem's hand, heartily thanking him in so loud a voice—(so that everybody in the hall heard him)—that he could only sputter—"Didn't do a thing, sir—no, sir—and if I—" and then, overwhelmed, shot out of the door and down the steps and into Pawson's office where he stood panting, saying to himself—"I'll be tuckered if I ain't happier than I—yes—by Jingo, I am. Jimminy-Crimminy what a man he is!"

And so the day passed and the night came and the neighbors took their leave, and Harry escorted Kate back to Seymours' and the tired knocker gave out and fell asleep, and at last Todd said good-night and stole down to Jemima, and St. George found himself once more in his easy chair, his head in his hand; his eyes fixed on the dead coals of a past fire.

As the echo of Todd's steps faded away and he began to realize that he was alone, there stole over him for the first time in years the comforting sense that he was once more at home—under his own roof—his again and all that it covered—all that he loved. He rose from his chair and with a long, deep, indrawn breath, as if he had just sniffed the air from some open sea, drew himself up to his full height. There he stood looking about him, his shapely fingers patting his chest; his eyes wandering over the room, first with a sweeping glance, and then resting on each separate object as it nodded to him under the glow of the candles.

He had come into his possessions once more. Not that the belongings themselves made so much difference as his pride in their ownership. They had too in a certain sense regained for him his freedom—freedom to go and do as he pleased untrammelled by makeshifts and humiliating exposures and concealments. Best of all, they had given him back his courage, bracing the inner man, strengthening his beliefs in his traditions and in the things that his race and blood stood for.

Then, as a flash of lightning reveals from out black darkness the recurrent waves of a troubled sea, there rushed over him the roll and surge of the events which had led up to his rehabilitation. Suddenly a feeling of intense humiliation and profound gratitude swept through him. He raised his arms, covered his face with his hands, and stood swaying; forcing back his tears; muttering to himself: "How good they have been—how good, how good! All mine once more—wonderful—wonderful!" With a resolute bracing of his shoulders and a brave lift of his chin, he began a tour of the room, stopping before each one of his beloved heirlooms and treasures—his precious gun that Gadgem had given up—(the collector coveted it badly as a souvenir, and he got it the next day from St. George, with his com-

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pliments)—the beloved silver loving-cup with an extra polish Kirk had given it; his punch bowl—scarf rings and knick-knacks and the furniture and hangings of various kinds. At last he reached the sideboard, and bending over reread the several cards affixed to the different donations—Mrs. Cheston's, Mrs. Horn's, Miss Clendenning's, and the others. His eye now fell on the lone bottle—this he had not heretofore noticed—and the note bearing Mr. Kennedy's signature: "I send you back, St. George, that last bottle of old Madeira, the Black Warrior of 1810—the one you gave me and which we were to drink together. I hadn't the heart to drink my half without you and so here is the whole and my warmest congratulations on your home-coming and long life to you!"

He picked up the quaint bottle, passed his hand tenderly over its crusted surface, pausing for an instant to examine the cork, and then held it closer to the light that he might note its condition the better. There he stood musing, his mind far away, his fingers caressing its sides. All the aroma of the past; all the splendor of the old régime—all its good-fellowship, hospitality, and courtesy—that which his soul loved—lay imprisoned under his hand. Suddenly one of his old-time quizzical smiles irradiated his face: "By Jove!—just the thing!" he cried joyously, "it will take the place of the one Talbot didn't open!"

With a mighty jerk of the bell cord he awoke the echoes below stairs.

Todd came on the double quick:

"Todd!"

"Yes, Marse George."

"Todd, here's the last bottle of the 1810. Lay it flat on the top shelf with the cork next the wall. We'll open it at Mr Harry's wedding."

THE END.

ALISON'S MOTHER TO THE BROOK

By Josephine Preston Peabody

BROOK, of the listening grass,
Brook of the sun-flecked wings,
Brook of the same wild way and flickering spell!
Must you begone? Will you forever pass,—
After so many years and dear to tell?—
Brook of all hoverings, . . .
Brook, that I kneel above,
Brook of my love.

Ah, but I have a charm to trouble you;
A spell that shall subdue
Your all-escaping heart, unheeding one
And unremembering!
O mindless Water,
Now, when I make my prayer
To your wild brightness there,
That will but run and run,
Now will I bring
A grace as wild,—my little yearling daughter;
My Alison.

Heed well that threat,
And tremble for your hill-born liberty
So bright to see;—
Your shadow-dappled way, unthwarted yet,

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And the high hills whence all your dearness bubbled,—
You, never to possess!
For let her dip but once, O fair and fleet,
Here in your shallows, yes,
Here in your silverness
Her two blithe feet,—
O Brook of mine, how shall your heart be troubled!

The heart, the bright unmothering heart of you
That never knew;—
Oh never, more than mine of long ago!
How could we know?
For who should guess
The shock and smiting of that perfectness?—
The lily-thrust of those ecstatic feet
Unpityingly sweet!
Sweet beyond all the blurred, blind dreams that grope
The upward paths of hope.
And who could guess
The dulcet holiness,
The lilt and gladness of those jocund feet
Unpityingly sweet?

Ah, for your coolness that shall change and stir
With every glee of her!—
Under the fresh amaze
That drips and glistens from her wiles and ways;
When the endearing air
That everywhere
Must twine and fold and follow her, shall be
Rippled to ring on ring of melody:
Music, like shadows from the joy of her,
Small, starry Reveller!—
When, from her triumphings,—
All frolic wings—
Shall soar beyond the glories in the height,
The laugh of her delight!

And it shall sound, until
Your heart stand still;
Shaken to human sight,
Struck through with tears and light;
One with the one Desire
Unto that central fire
Of Love, the Sun whence all we lighted are,
Even from clod to star.

And all your glory, O most swift and sweet!—
And all your exultation only this:
To be the lowly and forgotten kiss
Beneath those feet.—

You, that must ever pass,
You, of the same wild way,
The silver-bright good-by without a look!—
You, that would never stay
For the beseeching grass, . . .
Brook!

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

WE have it on good authority that Thomas Carlyle once attempted to beguile a convalescence, doubtless from a bilious attack, with a course of current fiction, which gave rise to reflections tinged with the yellow of the malady. Captain Marryat was the purveyor of light reading recommended to the bilious sage, and he bewailed the time that he had been beguiled into spending upon "dogs with their tails cut off, and people in search of their fathers."

The modern philosopher or philosophaster, not being in his normal condition at all addicted to "best sellers," who for any reason has prescribed to him, or prescribes to himself, a course of "light reading," has his difficulties with his authors as the sage with "that person who was once a captain of the Royal Navy, and a very extraordinary ornament he must have been to it."

The New British Novelist

What strikes him about the novelists now most in vogue among critical readers, is by no means their imbecility. Far indeed from that. It is the very gloomy view they take of life. Mr. Hardy has now become a survivor of a former generation of novelists, among whom his sense of the excess of the tragic over the comic elements in human life and destiny was as noteworthy as his other gifts. The "happy-ending" was by no means so much a necessary element to him as to the easier-going of his fellow-craftsmen. We even find him in one of his earlier novels signalizing "the increasing difficulty of revelling in the general situation." He is by no means among the optimists. But his philosophy of life is a cheerful and jocund inculcation when it is confronted with that of those among the present purveyors of British fiction who are most distinguished for intellectual insight and technical skill. Mr. Hardy is a Pangloss compared with these. That terrible sentence of Swift's, "happiness is a perpetual possession of being well deceived," might be the motto of all their works. Life is not, in their pages, "a battle and a march," or even "a struggle" for itself. It is, simply, a "dose," an unmitigated dose. In the most authentic-looking report we can get of contemporary Britain, it is presented as a scene from which prompt suicide seems to offer the most dignified and agreeable escape. English life is of course not the utter failure that it is here represented. Contrariwise, it is a success to the extent and for the reason to and for which Horace Greeley claimed success for one of his lectures:—"More stayed in than went out." But the question recurs with urgency why it should be painted in such gloomy colors by the most artistic of its delineators.

Much is doubtless to be allowed for what may be called an era of transition; for the feeling of spiritual homelessness which, if not peculiar to Great Britain, but common, more or less, to all the modern world, is accompanied in Great Britain more than elsewhere by the shifting of landmarks, the transformation or disappearance of immemorial institutions. The feeling itself is no more novel than it is local or national. "In Memoriam" is over sixty years of age, and Clough's less popular but not less symptomatic questionings not much younger. Yet the novelists contemporary with these poets by no means anticipated the dejection of the novelists of the period, half a century later, which unfortunately has no poets of its own at all. Something there may be in the sense of comparative national failure, since, great and world-wide a fact as the British Empire is, and talking much more about its "Imperialism" than it was half a century ago, there is no denying that it is not altogether the overwhelming and incomparable fact that it was then. This may well be one of the reasons that make the contemporary British novelist feel, as one of him has described it, that he is "the son of a time between two ages." But it seems also that the new British novelist has betaken himself to France for his point of view as well as for his technique and

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his liberty. His enfranchisement, indeed, is itself a capital fact. He finds himself emancipated from the fear of the Young Person, to an extent of which his predecessors did not dream, and is quite free to talk about things which to them were "tacenda"; and he rejoices in what Macaulay calls "the evils of newly acquired freedom." But, it also seems, he finds a society in which "hedonism" has supplanted more strenuous forms of faith. French fiction, in the hands of its recent masters, takes as gloomy and dispiriting a view of human life and destiny as any literary expression ever did, and current British fiction seems to be adopting the French point of view. The primary necessity of amusement, taking largely, the form of the predominance of "sport," seems, by the evidence of these reporters, to have supplanted the old British subconsciousness that happiness was a by-product, and must come in the course of the day's work or not at all. This change is not, it must be owned, an exhilarating social phenomenon. One is struck, while meditating these things, by the report of a Briton, an exile from his native land for many years, who returns to London and tells, in the form not of fiction but of a letter to the *Times*, how London strikes him. This wanderer, apparently an Anglo-Indian, apprehends the renewal, on a great scale, of the struggle between Europe and Asia, and is by no means altogether confident of the victory of Europe; a main reason for his distrust being "the realization" by the swarming peoples of the East and South of Asia, "of the great truth which the West is forgetting, that true happiness lies in unhurried work and not in aimless leisure."

WHAT the outcome will be, no one can safely prophesy. At present we have found a fairly good working theory; but the possibility of a domestic cataclysm has more than once lain in a smaller cavity than the bowl of a corn-cob pipe. This is how it all came about:

The Story of a Thousand Bulbs

It was last spring when the serpent entered the Garden of Eden which Belinda and I had planted so carefully and tended so assiduously through many years. With characteristic craftiness he came in a guise that would have given him a welcome entrance into any household—as a big, handsome book, masking, in pictures of flower gardens and in graceful descriptions of the delights of country life, his malign purpose to undermine our happiness. It was a book, moreover, which we had both longed to possess, and great was our pleasure when it came to us at Easter through the remembrance of a friend who little thought what disturbing consequences were to flow from her kind thoughtfulness. Its pages were almost as attractive to Belinda as were those of the catalogues of the flower-seed houses, which, resplendent with their gorgeously colored blooms, come to her from all directions every spring, and in which, as is her annual wont, she buries and loses herself, fascinated with the task of filling out the order blank for seeds.

Although the area of the flower garden which is her personal delight and her personal care is only twenty by ten feet, she felt, on this memorable day in spring—a *dies irae* it proved to be for me!—under moral obligations, for some inscrutable reason, to fill in all the blanks in the triple column order sheet from her favorite seed house. It was while I was gently remonstrating with her for her extravagance in buying so many varieties of seeds for so small a flower garden that The Serpent made his unexpected and dramatic entrance upon the scene. Without replying to my remonstrance, Belinda picked up the Easter book which, with the seed catalogues, had occupied her undivided attention for several evenings, and, turning briskly to a full-page picture, the location of which she evidently knew by heart, she passed it over to me, remarking quietly, "Read that legend, please."

I did so. It ran as follows: "Poet's Narcissus, naturalized along an open woodland walk, where they require absolutely no care. A thousand bulbs cost less than fifty cigars." Somewhat dazed I read the last sentence again. Yes, there was no mistaking it; there it was, in uncompromising simplicity and directness—"*A thousand bulbs cost less than fifty cigars!*" It certainly was a facer, but so slow are my wits in such domestic emergencies that the perfectly obvious rejoinder which this incredible statement invited did not occur to me, in the exact phraseology which would have made my words most crushingly effective, until the next morning when I was spraying the young hollyhock leaves with Bordeaux mixture; and my pride as well as my sense of humor told me that it was then too late.

I did not give up smoking as a result of this encounter, but I did change my cigars to a less expensive brand, a concession which the logic of the situation seemed to demand. At

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the same time I thought it wise to supplant, if possible, the impression left in Belinda's mind by that mischievous legend under the picture of Poet's Narcissus, and to this end I blithely handed her one evening "My Lady Nicotine," asking her to look it over at her leisure. The selection was unfortunate. Indeed, I could not, as it turned out, have made a greater blunder. Many years had passed since I had read Barrie's delightful book, and I remembered it vaguely as devoted to the glorification of smoking. After glancing over a few pages Belinda's face lighted up, and with the eager words, "Listen to this!" she read: "If men would only consider that every cigar they smoke would buy part of a piano-stool in terra-cotta plush, and that for every pound tin of tobacco purchased, away goes a vase for growing dead geraniums in, they would surely hesitate."

Now Belinda can see the point of a joke, but the absorbing nature of the economic question involved in our controversy left her blind for the moment to the humorous significance of that inspired phrase in the last clause she had read, in which the author so deftly turns upside down the argument that his words seem at first to convey. Rather than risk overtaxing her reasoning faculty on this point, it was far easier to admit, with a more or less forced laugh, that she had scored again. Cowardly and condescendingly masculine, do you say? I plead guilty to both counts in the indictment. But you know in your heart of hearts, if you are a man, that you would have done the same.

As must always be the case, a compromise was the outcome of this awkward situation, Belinda cutting down her order from fifty to thirty packages of flower seeds, and I finally giving up, with a modicum of regret, even Connecticut cigars for a pipe. I began with a briarwood which, after a few weeks, by a supplementary clause to our original treaty, was left in the shed over nights. What the next step may be is in the hands of fate. A newspaper paragraph some time ago referred to the curious fact that five near-by towns in Missouri possessed a monopoly of the manufacture of corn-cob pipes, of which they make many millions every year, for distribution all over the world. If the price of flower seeds continues to increase, and if Belinda's garden ambition grows apace, I can foresee the awful possibility that I may even be forced to become a patron of this Missouri industry in one of the by-products of the vast corn fields of the Southwest. Then my humiliation will be complete —thanks to the Poet's Narcissus, of which "a thousand bulbs cost less than fifty cigars!"

NO, I don't mean the cat, the fireside sphinx which has been so happily exploited by Miss Repplier and others. I mean Bridget, or Hilda, or Chloe—the person who cooks our meals, waits on our tables, comes in and out of our bed-chambers, presides over our nurseries, knows our secrets and keeps her own. She sees us where we live our lives. We see her only where she does her work. And yet, time was when we knew (or did we only fancy that we knew?) something of the heart that beat behind the snowy bib, of the brain that worked underneath the immaculate cap. That time is past, even though one may find here and there a warm-hearted Irish woman or old-fashioned negro mammy.

The Sphinx in the Household

Doubtless this is partly our own fault, for we are not greatly interested in the private affairs of our servants, having many other things to think of. But it sometimes seems as though they guarded themselves as jealously from our interest as from our indifference; and so it comes about that, while we are of course aware that their point of view is different from ours, we are hardly apt to realize their actual attitude. Take, for instance, your good nurse who is so devoted to your children, and seems —and perhaps is—so attached to yourself. In the intimacy of the nursery she learns to know you well. You fancy, too, that you know her. You are sure that you know her disposition, and very likely she has told you many details of her past life, and it does not occur to you that there is very much more to learn. But one day it happens that in her presence a chance allusion is made to some detail of the labor question, perhaps to a strike in which she has no personal interest, and where the exactions of the strikers are so unreasonable that it never occurs to you that any intelligent working woman will not see the matter sensibly—that is, as you see it yourself. Watch her face as it hardens, becomes antagonistic, and, above all, secretive. You have a sudden cold feeling that you and she are on opposite sides of a gulf.

With regard to the confidences of our servants and the tales which they tell us of their families and their early lives, sympathetic though we may be by instinct, long experience

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has developed in us an attitude of incredulity. For, poor dears, they love to romance. Why should we wonder at it? It is thus that they grope for a foothold on the eminence where we stand. Also, it amuses them and gratifies the creative instinct. If they haven't inventive genius enough for anything else, they can at least tell us that they are only doing our work in order to "educate" a small brother or sister. That, to our knowledge, their wages go on their backs does not, to their minds, invalidate the tale.

As for the man-servant, who shall tell what thoughts are his? When you think of it, what is more remarkable than the self-control of the excellent man-servant? Most remarkable, of course, when he is young and when some outlet for animal spirits and physical energy seems a vital necessity. This youth who moves about your house with noiseless footfall, low, restrained voice, and deferential manner is holding down every natural impulse. That there should be a reaction seems almost inevitable, and we can hardly be surprised at any form that it may take. Probably it is not often so harmless as in a case which I heard of lately. A lady, a guest in the house of some friends, was one evening prevented by sudden indisposition from accompanying her hosts to an entertainment, and remained in her room. In the course of the evening she was alarmed by hearing loud howls and shrieks proceeding from one of the lower rooms. She hastened to investigate, and came upon a much embarrassed young butler.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said. "I'd never have done it if I'd known you were in."

In reply to her anxious questions he explained: "Why, you see, ma'am, I have to keep so still all day that I feel like I should go crazy, and so when the family are all out I just make a noise and feel better."

There are persons who think that we shall solve our servant question by reducing it to a purely business basis, as impersonal as the relations between factory hand and factory owner, but this seems impossible, for in the house so much living has to be mixed with the business. In the nature of the case the relation must be personal, at least in the average household, for it has to do with our most intimate life, and involves in the day's work many unexpected situations requiring a certain amount of consultation between mistress and servant. Then, too, there must be a spurt of work at one time, offset by unusual leisure at another. In short, the average housekeeping cannot be machine-made. To my thinking this is fortunate, as preserving the individuality of the laborer and promoting human relations between employer and employee. Yet, at best, it is a one-sided relation. To my servant I am an open book. To me my servant is a sphinx.

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THE FIELD OF ART

STRAY STATUES

THE Art Commission of New York City has been devoting a considerable part of its annual report to inculcating the desirableness of providing suitable sites and surroundings for public monuments. Very justly and wisely so. The effect of the best monuments, sculpturally and even architecturally considered, may be quite ruined and nullified by placing them where they cannot be really effective. On the other hand, a monument which is not in itself above mediocrity may take on real significance and even distinction from its effective filling of a frame or stopping of a vista.

There is not much to choose, in this respect, between the two branches of the English-speaking race. Neither is entitled to shoot out the tongue of scorn or raise the eyebrow of superiority at the monumental performances of the other.

The American in England, remarking the statues in the market-places, the "idola fori," is not likely to be put to patriotic shame by the contrast. Truly, is the Burns of Central Park (the work, by the way, of a British sculptor) any funnier than the Lichfield Sam Johnson? Nay, apart from its associations, why should American or Briton not frankly own that the transept of Westminster Abbey is little, if at all, less comical, or, if you choose, less tragical, than the "Chamber of Horrors" in the rotunda of the American Capitol? There is as little "collectivism," as much "individualism," in the one case as in the other—and this equally in the choice of subjects and in the choice of artists. It is a heterogeneous commemoration of a "job lot" of heroes, heterogeneous even in respect of the primary requirement of a common scale. A statuette of Daniel Webster cannot adjoin a colossal figure of Hannibal Hamlin, say, without exciting hilarity among the young and thoughtless, even though the statuette and the colossus should be equally and perfectly well done. Carlyle, in "Hudson's Statue," has described, with an accuracy equally applicable to America, the method in which the British promoter of a statue, whether to a permanent celebrity or an ephemeral notoriety, goes about to get that statue made.

> One of those unfortunates with money and no work, whose haunts lie in the dilettante line, among artists' studios, picture sales, and the like regions—an inane kingdom much frequented by the inane in these times—him it strikes, in some inspired moment, that if a public subscription for a statue to somebody could be started, good results would follow. Perhaps some artist, to whom he is Mæcenas, might be got to do the statue; at all events there would be extensive work and stir going on—whereby the inspired dilettante, for his own share, might get upon committees, see himself named in the newspapers; might assist in innumerable consultations, open utterances of speech and balderdash.

Deformed as these remarks are by the satirical spirit, no American who has frequented artistic circles with his eyes open can fail to recognize the picture. The natural result of the process, in America as in England, is, to continue quoting Carlyle: "They have raised a set of the ugliest statues, and to the most extraordinary persons, ever seen under the sun before." Thomas is concerned, in this essay, mainly with the memorability or commemorability of the subject. His opinion of the artistic merit of the resultant statue was not of much account. And, as to the question of site, he did not go into it at all, though it is at the base of the artistic discussion. Sure enough, we also, under the guidance of our own dilettanti, have erected some ugly statues to some unmemorable persons. The British project of a statue to Hudson, "the Railway King," which project Carlyle was immediately satirizing, fell through, indeed, in London, But New York came very perilously near erecting a statue to Boss Tweed, and did actually erect one to its then "Railway King," Commodore Vanderbilt. The "dilettante" to whom this work of art owed its existence was one De Groot, who may have been the sculptor as well as the promoter. You may see the astonishing result any time when you are in New York and will take the

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trouble to go around on the west side of the freight station with which the commodore overlaid and abolished St. John's Park, when the corporation of Trinity Parish had sold him that part of its birthright for a mess of pottage.

Highly absurd as the Vanderbilt bronze artistically may be, it has one artistic advantage which better works of art, celebrating men worthier of commemoration in perennial bronze, very commonly lack. It is in its proper place, and, if it was, in fact, erected at its subject's proper charges, one may almost say that it is no business of the public's. It is incorporated with a building which may fairly be regarded as the monument of the hero thus commemorated. That is a rare merit in a public statue. Hardly another of the public statues of New York shares it. To be sure, George Washington as President is entirely in place in Wall Street, and George Washington as general is not out of place in Union Square. He was on horseback there or thereabouts. Horace Greeley is appropriately inserted in the show-window on the ground-floor of the Tribune Building, which indeed was designed to contain his effigy—much more appropriately than another effigy of him placed so as to receive the drippings of the elevated railroad. Good old Peter Cooper appropriately confronts, or rather endorses, the Cooper Institute, and is protected from the weather by a classic canopy instead of the actual and invariable umbrella. But where else in New York can you find a portrait statue placed where it has either "literary" or decorative significance? From the literary point of view, one of the saddest aspects of the matter is that men who might have been readily recognized as entitled to commemoration in connection with institutions with which they had had something to do merely excite ribald inquiry when their images are dumped down in some casual open space. The Woman's Hospital, at the top of Central Park, is the virtual monument of a provident and benevolent physician, Dr. Marion Sims, whose statue would most pertinently adorn its court-yard, or a niche in one of its façades. Its absence is conspicuous. But if you enter Bryant Park, three miles to the southward, you will see an irrelevant and impertinent statue of the founder of the Woman's Hospital standing there "to advertise mystery and invite speculation." Similarly, the statue of William E. Dodge, a philanthropic and public-spirited merchant of his time, and in particular one of the pillars of the Chamber of Commerce, which, in fact, contributed to the representation of him which crowns an exedra in Herald Square where it again provokes inquiry. In front of the Chamber of Commerce building, on the other hand, or incorporated with that edifice, the statue would have had meaning and relevancy. To be sure, the building is later than the statue. But the Post Office in City Hall Park is earlier than the statue to "Sunset" Cox, who owes it to Congressional service he did the letter-carriers, and it would have been properly placed in connection with the edifice, whereas at present it crieth, or at least gesticulateth, and stretcheth out its hand in Astor Place, and no man regardeth it, or regardeth only to resent the obstruction to the highway. Soothly, S. S. was not a statuesque figure, but he might nevertheless have made a decent and becoming appearance if incorporated at full length with the exterior of the Post Office, or haply truncated into a bust in the corridor thereof, like the lamented Postmaster Pearson. And there is Alexander S. Holley, whose memory is warmly cherished by metallurgists by reason of some modification in the Bessemer process which he introduced. For which reason the dignified bust of him which now "dedecorates" Washington Square would have decorated the Engineers' Club in Fortieth Street, or the building of the Engineers' Society in Fifty-seventh, instead of tempting the boyish frequenters of the square to "heave half a brick at him" by way of attesting their own ignorance of his achievements and his eminence. At the time when this bust was "inaugurated" there appeared a newspaper defence of its position against a newspaper attack much in the spirit of these present remarks, which defence set forth the "educational value" to the riparian and foreign-born youth of Washington Square of being induced to learn who Holley was and what he had done. In view of the shortness and uncertainty of human life, and of the number of things more pressing for the alien child to learn, the vindication takes a touch of burlesque.

In Philadelphia things are better in this respect. From the statue of Stephen Girard, "Mariner and Merchant," one learns, probably to his surprise, that the pigtail survived the knee-breeches, and, in at least this instance, synchronized with the flapping and pendulous trouser-leg. But the New Yorker has gladly or sadly to own that the public statues in Philadelphia are by no means, as a rule, so sporad-

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ically and eccentrically placed as those of New York. In large part they are massed around the public buildings, where the heroes of Pennsylvania in general and Philadelphia in particular ought to be. Not surprising that they should be so largely equestrian statues of heroes of whom the most memorable are more worthily commemorated out in Fairmount Park. The equestrian show around the public buildings may recall to the reading observer that delightful couplet of the unsuccessful celebrant of the battle of Blenheim:

> "Think of two hundred gentlemen at least,
> And each man mounted on his capering beast."

There are really nothing like two hundred ("two thousand" is the original), but the visitor certainly does get the notion that there is a considerable deal of equestrian commemoration in Philadelphia. He also gets the notion that the equestrian figures, many or few, are properly placed with reference to a big and central public building.

Not less so, in fact more so, as he goes southward and surveys Baltimore. By dint of natural advantages or "civic improvement," or both, Baltimore possesses, in the region of Mount Vernon Place, a much more seemly scene than most of her sister cities for the commemoration of her local worthies. (Note always that we are not talking about the intrinsic merit of the statuary, but only about the appropriateness or inappropriateness of the setting which has been provided for it.) And, in that wide avenue up the hill, Baltimore has such a setting which, beginning in 1817 with Robert Mills's Washington Monument, that dignified Doric column, she has continued to fill with almost unvarying good luck, and to a very impressive result. So many things have contributed to this result, by no means all of them the effect of art and man's device, that one cannot reasonably exhort other cities to go and do likewise. He can only congratulate the "Monumental City" on her exceptional felicity.

Washington ought to be the most successful in this respect of all our cities. As we are only just beginning, thanks to the labors of the McKim-Burnham Commission, to appreciate, it was planned as a "Monumental City" which Baltimore was not. The "circles" accruing from the street plan, "a wheel laid on a gridiron," as Mr. Muirhead has it, offer settings for statues, where they can be really seen, from proper distances, and where each may fulfil the Japanese notion of a solitary decoration which shall, for the time being, fill and content the eye. Some of these opportunities, we are all agreed, have been worthily employed. Others, we are equally agreed, have been cast before inappreciative sculptors. But we must also agree that the good and the bad alike gain, that the good are better and the bad less bad, in their total effect, by the isolation and segregation and frame and vista which they owe to the original plan of the city, the plan which offers so many temptations and invitations to monumental decoration with which the commoner "gridiron" plan of American cities cannot possibly compete. Not, to be sure, that all statues are well placed, even in Washington, and by no means that all the tempting sites for statues are as yet occupied. The latter fact is gratifying, the former fact depressing. For example, there is that Hancock down in Pennsylvania Avenue. Can one ever come up the avenue without a vehement desire to abolish not only the actual statue, although the actuality may exacerbate his impatience, but any statue at all at that point, at which, in a busy thoroughfare, he must dodge about and elude the traffic at his proper risk, in order to gain a point of view?

Doubtless, the most obvious moral to be drawn from these comparisons is that to the securing of suitable sites for monuments, whether architectural or sculptural, the rectangular street plan borrowed by New York from Philadelphia is an obstacle wellnigh insurmountable. There is nothing to be said in favor of that arrangement excepting that it is a convenient arrangement. And that argument Fred. Law Olmsted disposed of, a full generation ago, when he was vainly endeavoring to prevent the extension of the street system of Manhattan Island beyond Manhattan Island, and proving that "the attempt to make all parts of a great city equally convenient for all uses" must result in making them equally inconvenient. But, so fully and expensively are New York and Philadelphia committed to their imposed street systems that to tell either to lay itself out anew is much like Bret Harte's prescription that in order to be virtuous you should begin by educating your grandmother. Some circumvention of the system is indeed possible. Philadelphia has planted her City Hall squarely across the most important of the longitudinal and lateral thoroughfares of her system. New York has stopped certain of her

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cross streets with a railroad station, a public library, a cathedral, a college, an art museum, to the great advantage of the monuments and at no cost in practical convenience. This process can and should be carried further when the importance of a building justifies the exception. And, short of this, good æsthetic results may be derived, and even suitable sites for monuments may accrue, from rounding or truncating street corners out of their normal rectangularity. That there are still such sites, in spite of the system, is shown by the placing of one of New York's latest monuments—that to Verrazano, which our compatriots of "Latin" origin have done themselves credit by erecting in advance of any adequate sculptural commemoration of Henry Hudson, thus emphasizing their contention that "Hudson's River" was really discovered, not by an Englishman in the Dutch service, but by an Italian in the French service; further emphasized by the quotation from John Fiske inscribed upon the pedestal—"There can be no doubt whatever as to Verrazano's entering New York Harbor in 1524." A statue of Verrazano must overlook that harbor, and on the Battery the statue of the Florentine explorer, taking the appropriate form of a "terminus," is as luckily placed as wrought.

If it be out of the question that a municipality once "regularly laid out" shall lay itself out over again and irregularly, it is not impracticable that every municipality shall "highly resolve" not to authorize any monument whatsoever until it has provided a seemly "place to put it." Given the gridiron, and that restriction will very often and perhaps commonly mean that the monument shall be conjoined or incorporated with a building. All the better. The association of sculpture with architecture, in the cases of public buildings of monumental pretensions, is thus far with us tentative and exceptional. It is much to be wished that it may become habitual and obligatory, to the advantage of both arts as well as to the solution of the particular problem of finding sites for monuments.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

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Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

OCTOBER HUNTING.

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